July 14, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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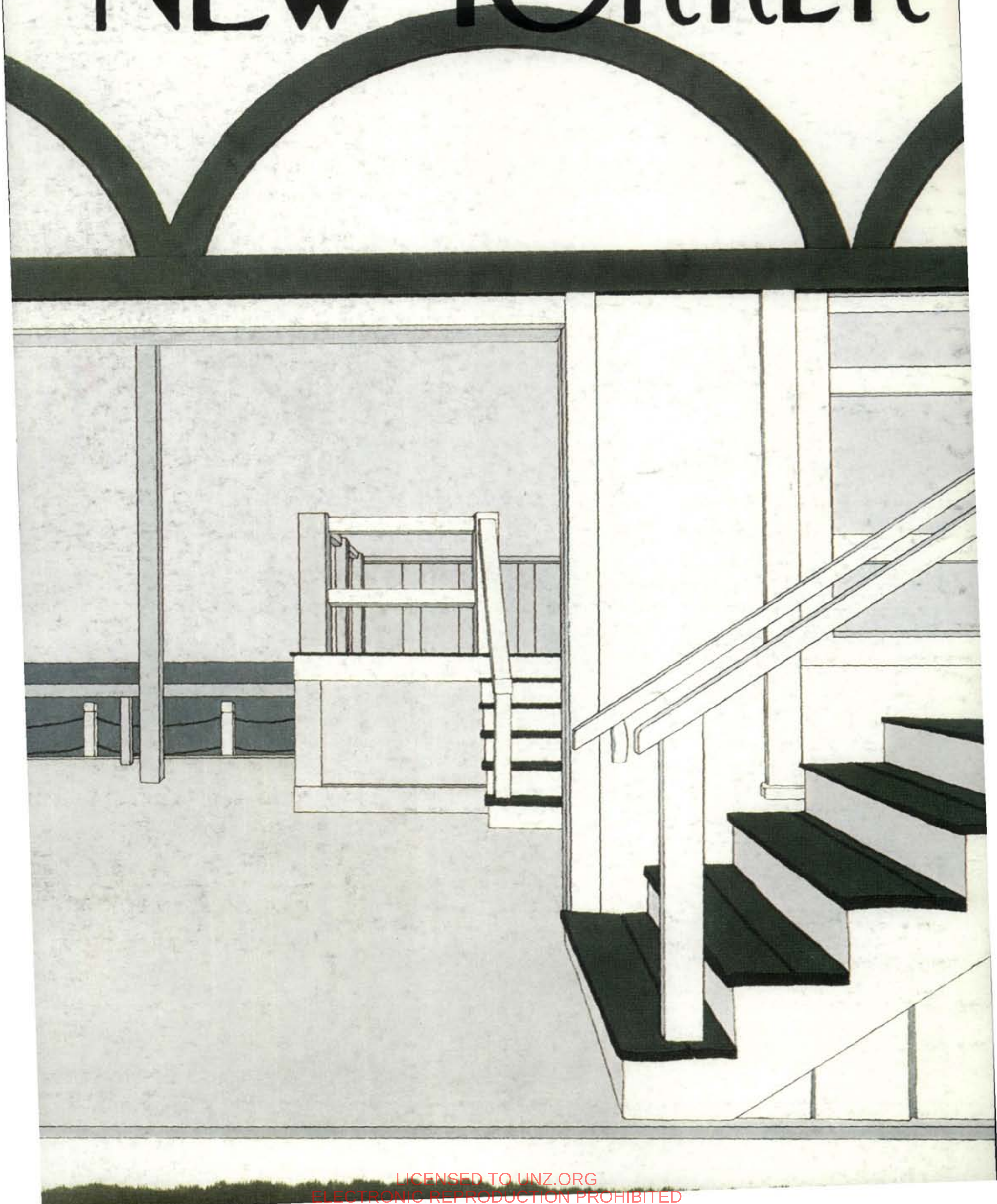

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the ten-o'clock show on Saturdays, and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—A magic show that is often corny, but the tricks are fantastic. Why on earth is that woman smiling while she is being sawed in half? (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Branches from the Same Tree—A play by Marge Eliot. Opens Thursday, July 10, and will run through Sunday, July 27. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Camelot—Richard Burton returns to his role as King Arthur in a revival of Lerner and Loewe's musical. Christine Ebersole, Richard Muenz, and Paxton Whitehead are also in the cast. Frank Dunlop is the director. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, **THE WOOLGATHERER**, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fallen Angels—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy, with Valerie French and Carol Teitel at the head of the cast. Opens Thursday, July 10. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang's original, lively comedy, with tragic undertones, about Chinese immigrants in California, past and present. The title is an acronym for "fresh off the boat." Fine performances by Ginny Yang, Calvin Jung, and John Lone, under Mako's direction. The charming musical direction is by Lucia Hwong. (6/16/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—*If even blind Homer* nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matineés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Leavings and **How Do You Do**—Two one-act plays by Ed Bullins, for which George Stubbs has provided the music. (Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. 228-8032. Sundays at 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 13: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 16-20: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-

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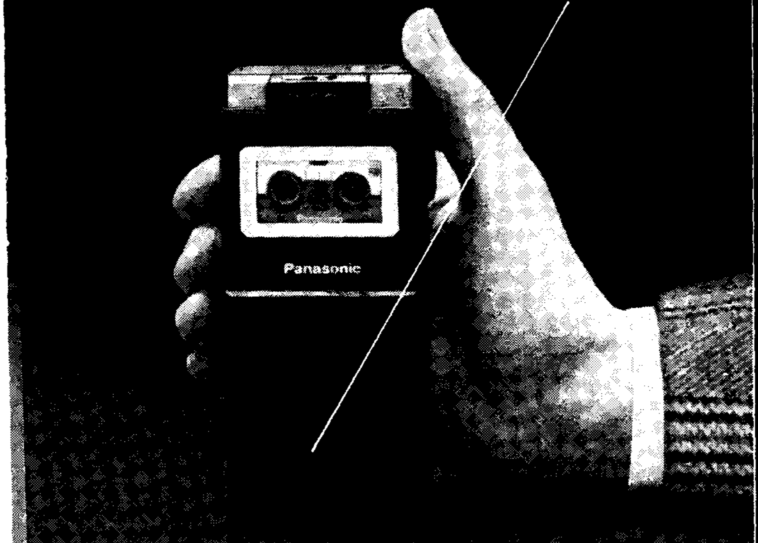

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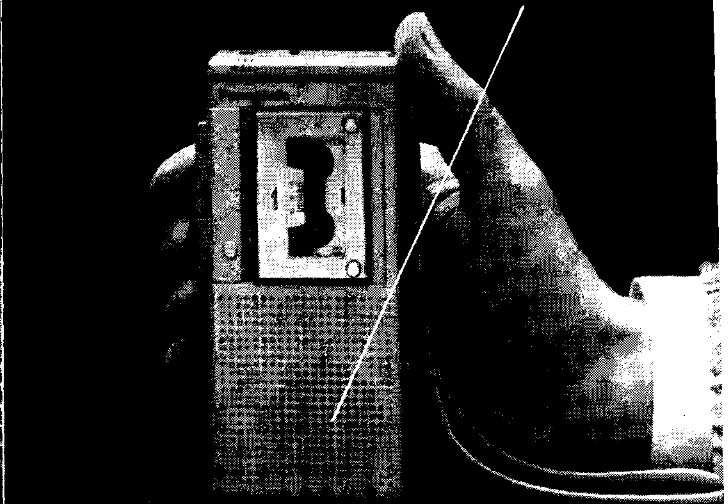

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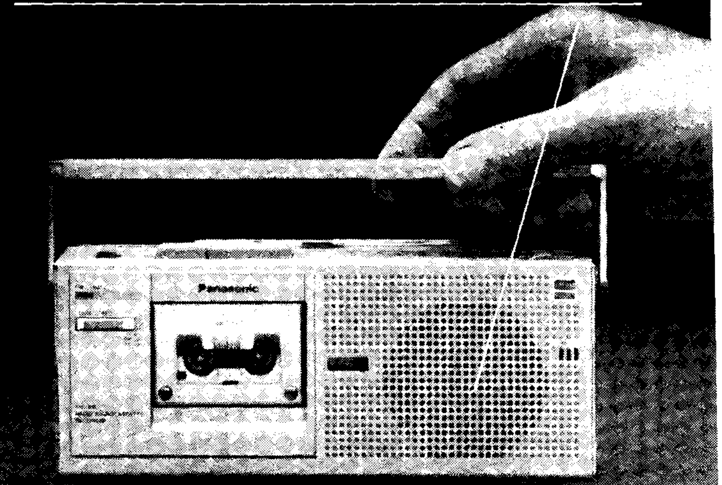

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. The excellent Milo O'Shea is the priest and Mr. Davis has assumed the role of the seminarian. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Tom Topor has written a play about a woman seeking to prove she is sane and therefore capable of standing trial for manslaughter. A courtroom drama that succeeds in large part because the woman is played by Anne Twomey. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

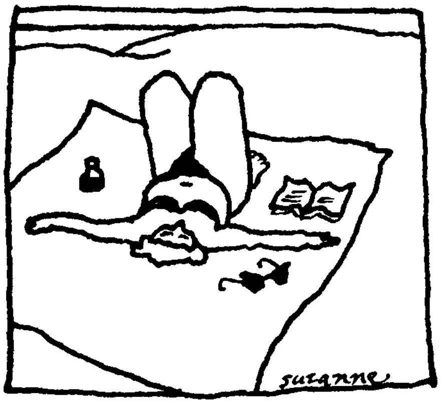
Sister and Miss Lexie—Brenda Currin in a one-woman show adapted by Mark Kaplan and Miss Currin from the writings of Eudora Welty. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays through Saturdays at 11, and Sundays at 8.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has turned the Gospel According to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a figure of speech not much in tune with the New Testament. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,400 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **PETER PAN**: High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES**: The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Berlin Ballet—With Rudolf Nureyev and Galina and Valery Panov, in an engagement that will run through Saturday, July 26—Tuesday

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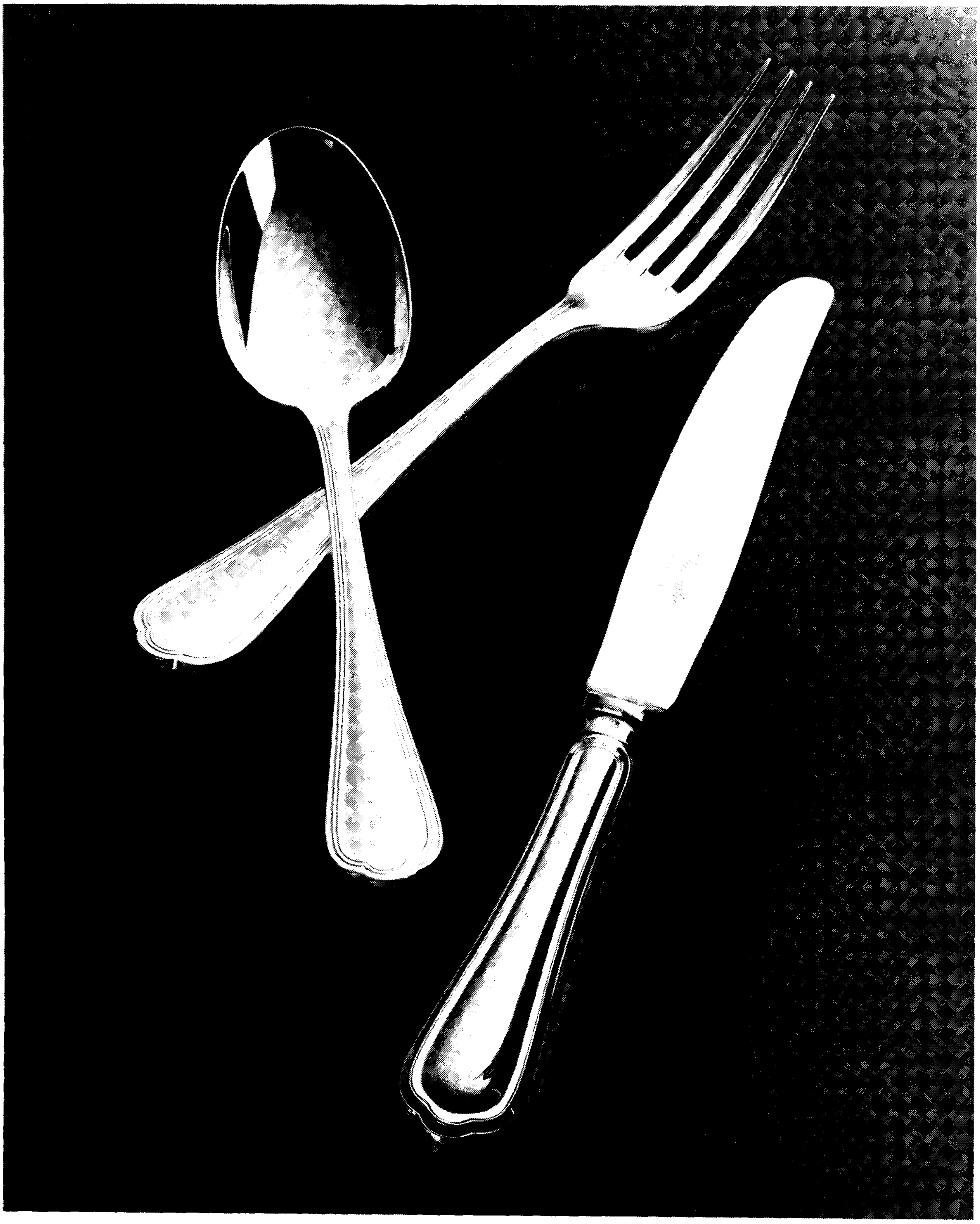

Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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evening, July 15; Wednesday matinée and evening, July 16; and Thursday evening, July 17: "The Idiot."...¶ Friday evening, July 18, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 19: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. Thursday, July 10, will be country-folk night with **JOHN HARTFORD** and **JIM RINGER & MARY MCCASLIN**; Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, blues archivist **JOHN HAMMOND** will trade sets with singer Geoff Muldaur; Sunday and Monday, July 13-14, Chicago-blues bassist and composer **WILLIE DIXON** will lead his band; on Tuesday, July 15, harpsichordist **ANTHONY NEWMAN** will play a few tunes by J. S. Bach; and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, will be turned over to the Jags, a pop-rock group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Closed Wednesday, July 9. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist **TOM GARVIN** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 12; on Monday, July 14, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will take a seat at the piano, and bassist **RED MITCHELL** will help out. On Sundays **RED MITCHELL** performs with guitarist **JOE BECK.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A Brazilian club, with mirrors, glass, stainless steel, couches, large plants, and subtle lighting, which calls to mind the chic urbanity of Rio. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is in charge, with a trio, at the Café. The summer schedule runs Sundays through Thursdays, with sets beginning at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is half of a duo with his guitar-playing son, John. They trade fours Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting, hanging plants, and a glassed-in sidewalk section. The current musician in residence is solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Just in case anyone's forgotten, "CBGB & OMFUG" stands for "Country, Bluegrass, Blues, and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers"—not that it really matters. The current crop of rock and roll: the Yorks, Cooties, and Reverse Wednesday, July 9; the Know and Randy Gunn Thursday, July 10; Bad Brains, Sirens, Pop Decay, and Tits Friday, July 11; Drongoes, Stew Lane & the Untouchables, Pop Decay, and Ex-Husbands Saturday, July 12. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE.** Mr. Whyte and his bassist, **JACK SIX,** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**HELEN HUMES,** who gestures and smiles a lot in an old-fashioned but charming manner, and who is a really fine blues and ballad singer, is here with a trio through Saturday, July 12. She appears Wednesday and Thursday at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Monday, July 14, gospel singer **MARION WILLIAMS,** who is truly uplifting, will arrive. Her shows begin at nine and eleven. Sundays now belong to **DARDANELLE,** an effortless, diction-perfect singer and sturdy, swinging pianist. Her times are eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Lazily circulating ceiling fans, white tile floors, and a New Orleans-flavored menu. **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** is in charge of the piano from six to eleven through Friday, July 11. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, July 13, pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will comprise three-fifths of a quintet. They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room. Long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his **UNIT** perform through Saturday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 15, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will bring in a trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER,** singer **DARYL SHERMAN,** and their quartet will perform Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13; and Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20, will be given over to Raw Sugar, a pop-gospel-soul troupe. Music every night after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **AL GAFA** collaborates with pianist **BEN ARONOV**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. On Sundays from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **RALPH SUTTON** plays ragtime and stride-piano tunes in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, July 9, Fleshtones; Thursday, July 10, Teardrop Explodes and Public Servants; Friday, July 11, Teardrop Explodes and Bongos; Saturday, July 12, Neighbors & Allies and Human Sexual Response. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays. Closed Tuesday, July 15.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, saxophonist and proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN'S** combo will work with singer **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL** Friday and Saturday, July 11-12. Sundays are the territory of the **CHARLI PERSIP-GERRY LA FURN** big band. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a confident, sure, rolling, and tumbling pianist, and a Kansas City legend, has moved into these quarters with her bassist, **MILTON SUGGS.** They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** work on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. On Wednesday, July 9, **MERLE TRAVIS,** the singer, songwriter, and guitarist who is responsible for wonderful coal-mining and other country songs—his best known is "Sixteen Tons"—and for his intricate improvising on the flat-top acoustic guitar, which is commonly known now as Travis picking, will make a rare visit. Thursday, July 10, Chicago bluesman **SON SEALS** will head his blues band. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside for former big-band or pop singers. **ANITA O'DAY** winds up her latest visit on Saturday, July 12. On Monday, July 14, Polly Podewell, an up-and-coming singer, will come in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Panic Squad, Forced Entry, and 911 Wednesday, July 9; Helen Wheels Band and Remod Thursday, July 10; Terrorists and Swinging Madisons Friday, July 11; Terrorists and Buzz & the Flyers Saturday, July 12; Tim, Dibbs, Jerry, Smut, and Barry Sunday, July 13; Noise Ar Us and Public Servants Monday, July 14; and Intruders, Beast, and Heart Attack Tuesday, July 15. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The New Orleans Heritage Hall Jazz Band—drummer-singer Freddie Kohlman, pianist Ellis Marsalis, trumpeter Teddy Riley, clar-

One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

"I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975, I drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was travelling at about 25 miles an hour.

"I recall very well what happened. The air bag filled in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash." ***Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO***

In 1979, 25 million auto accidents occurred in the U.S. Millions of drivers and passengers were injured; 27,000 of them died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if people would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses, which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortunately, fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use their seat belts.

A federal standard requires that all full-size 1982-model cars *automatically* protect front seat occupants from serious injury in crashes up to 30 mph.

The auto industry has proven technology to meet these new federal requirements. Safety belts that automatically restrain you is one approach. The air bag restraint system is another.

Extensive testing has proven that air bags can absorb the impact forces in head-on and front-angle crashes, with a cushioning effect that dramatically reduces serious injury. Research has shown that air bag protection can reduce the frequency of head, face, neck and torso injuries by as much as 40%. And the cost is less than many car stereo systems.

Air bag protection is automatic. No initiative is needed from the occupant. However, manual lap belts will still be provided for those who desire additional protection in other than front-angle crashes.

If there are fewer injuries, there will be less medical, hospital and legal expenses. And we will be better able to keep the cost of your auto insurance at a reasonable, affordable level.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Lowering premiums for cars with air bag or automatic seat belt restraint systems.
- Asking for stricter enforcement of the 55 mph speed limit.
- Encouraging increased use of safety belts.

Here's what you can do:

- Use your seat belt regularly.
- Work in your community to make sure speed laws are enforced.
- Don't drink if you're going to drive.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

inettist Manuel Crusto, trombonist Fred Lonzo, and bassist Walter Payton—has settled in on East 55th Street. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but rather in the nineties: it is this club, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. Flutist Sherry Winston leads a quintet on Wednesday, July 9; Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12, Jocelyn Brown will sing with her backing crew. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. The **PERSUASIONS** sing impressive street-corner a-cappella soul Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12, opposite Nashville-style guitarist **ARLEN ROTH'S** band. The following Friday and Saturday (July 18-19) have been reserved for the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** and his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. Bob January's band will depart after Sunday, July 13; on Tuesday, July 15, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will begin a stint. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **HAZEL SCOTT**, an animated singer and pianist, leads a trio from eight to eleven, except Sundays. Dining and dancing.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture window that faces west, is a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too: Joy of Spring, a bebop vocal trio, performs Wednesday, July 9; Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio backs up singer Marion Cowings; and on Tuesday, July 15, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** will arrive with a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG'S** band will perform Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13; and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16, will be claimed by **DOUBLE IMAGE**, a quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet are performing through Saturday, July 12. On Monday, July 14, trumpeter Don Goldie's quartet will take over. Music nightly, except Sundays, between nine-thirty and one.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A sleek, attractive, unpretentious new bar with a lineup of jazz duos. Bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** are on hand Wednesday, July 9, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16; bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will work Thursday through Saturday, July 10-12; and Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19, will be turned over to pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An animated, knotty-pine room. **MILT JACKSON** plays lovely, fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp through Saturday, July 12; on Sunday, July 13, pianist **MIKE LONGO** will head a trio; and on Monday, July 14, singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his family troupe—they're known as Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks collectively—will return to this room. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with a bar that has carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio plays on Mondays; guitarist Freddie Harris and his West Indian-jazz nonet perform through Saturday, July 12; and on Tuesday, July 15, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will begin leading a trio. Sundays, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop associates—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—occupy the bandstand. Music from about nine-thirty.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Drummer **ART TAYLOR** is in the middle of a very rare New York appearance; he's here with a quartet through Sunday, July 13. Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, will be turned over to drummer **JO JONES, JR.'S** quartet; and on Friday, July 18, drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** will come in with a quartet. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock, reggae, and ska bands. Part of the schedule: on Saturday, July 12, **JIMMY ROGERS**, who was Muddy Water's guitarist in the fifties and recorded on his own as well, will make a return visit to this club; and on Thursday, July 17, Jamaican pianist **JACKIE MITTOO**, who played with ska bands in Jamaica in the sixties, will drop in with a reggae band. (Ska, by the way, is the raw, jangly forerunner of the more refined reggae that developed in the seventies, in much the same way that bebop led to hard bop in this country.) Shows at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Wednesday, July 9, Ras Karbi; Thursday, July 10, the Movers, with Jocko Marcellino; Friday, July 11, the Speedies and the Nitecaps; Saturday, July 12, Humans and Tiger Beats; Monday, July 14, the Undertones; and Tuesday, July 15, Flashcubes. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART SHOW
PARKING

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room, **SONNY STITT**, **KENNY BARRON'S** quartet, and **DEXTER GORDON'S** quartet can all be found through Sunday, July 13. On Tuesday, July 15, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** will bring in his quintet. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Saturdays at twelve-thirty and two-thirty. Mondays are given over to Salsa bands, which begin playing at nine and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Drummer **MEL LEWIS** steers his big band through a week-long engagement, which ends on Saturday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 15, trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY** will begin working with saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, and drummer **AL HAREWOOD**. Monday, July 14, will belong to the **CHARLI PERSIP-GERRY LA FURN** orchestra. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, July 13.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. **JAZZ À CORDES**, a hot-jazz quintet, is on hand through Thursday, July 10; and on Friday, July 11, the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, and their Basie-flavored quintet—will move in. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ALLMAN BROTHERS—With the Henry Paul Band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, July 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JUDAS PRIEST—Palladium. Saturday, July 12, at 8.

YOLANDE BAVAN—A benefit concert. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, July 13, at 8.)

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19, at 8.

HEART—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 17, at 8.

MICHAEL FRANKS & FRIENDS—With the Heath Brothers. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, July 18, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 11: James Brown. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 9: Tom Robinson and Sector 27, with Dirty Looks. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 11: Père Ubu. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 11: X. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, July 9: Ed Palermo Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Harold Vick-Al Dreares trio. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16: Chris Anderson-Bill Lee Duo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Steve Giordano quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine-thirty.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Karl Berger & Company. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18: Markama. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Cookbook. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DOUGLAS ABDELL—Abstract sculptures, painted black. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Bronzes, wood carvings, and watercolors, many of them incorporating the

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[†] Based on 1980 EPA data.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eagle-headed figures he is noted for. Through Friday, July 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Outsize studies of stylized, metallic-looking flowers in high-key colors. Through Friday, July 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through Friday, July 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Ferris—First-rate dry-brush paintings done in various shades of gray acrylic on paper. Several portraits (one of them of the artist George Tooker) are among them. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, July 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ken Greenleaf / Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures built up from found pieces of metal. / Jagged-looking welded sculptures made of heavy steel plate; in one of them patterns have been cut out with a torch. Through July 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through Saturday, July 19. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Oded Halahmy—Twenty bronzes, a number of them models for larger works. Through Sept. 30. (Hebrew Union College, 1 W. 4th St. Closes at 4.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michio Ihara—Hanging stainless-steel sculptures, plus models and other works. Through Friday, July 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. Through Friday, July 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Shaw—Abstract sculptures combining slabs of stone and slabs of metal in calligraphic shapes. Through July 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Aug. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings on paper. Through July 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 7.)

Arthur Weyhe / Tino Zago—A single large cedar-pole sculpture, plus maquettes for and photographs of other works. / Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, July 12. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Junko Yoda—Pattern paintings in neutral-colored acrylic paint (and sometimes paper collage) on rice paper. Through Friday, July 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract works by Susan Weil, Nancy Brett, Ellen Phelan, Ted Stamm, Nancy Haynes, and Johnnie Ross. . . . ¶ In another room, Janet Abramowicz's works on paper, of which the components are delicate stitching, slivers of bamboo, and gesso and gouache in pale tones. Through Friday, July 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground, among them Frank Moore, James Zwaldo, and Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **droll-kolbert**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by seven artists, including Elisa D'Arrigo, Sidney McElhenney, and Ursula von Rydingsvard. Through July 31. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 8. . . . **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by four newcomers to the gallery—Grace Hartigan, Rafael Ferrer, Austé, and Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hammer**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St.: A summertime show, with contributions by Bruce Monteith, Russell Drisch, Alexander Hollweg, and Giancarlo Neri. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **o. k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Ten artists have been invited to show their paintings, wall reliefs, and photographs. Through Friday, July 11. . . . **parsons school of design**, 2 W. 13th St.: In the exhibition gallery, works in various mediums by thirty Buffalo artists. Through Friday, July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 8:30; Saturdays, 8:30 to 6.) . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting, in red, by Fangor. Through July 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **washburn**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 29. . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: Seven invited artists (none has had a previous one-person show in New York) showing paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Friday, July 18. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzú and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . **jack**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **long**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **zarre**, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Laura Gilpin (1891-1979)—Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)

Juro Kubicek (1906-70)—Nearly fifty photocollages from the forties and fifties by a German Surrealist. Through Friday, July 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Rena Small—Photographic representations of such slang expressions as "In the pink" and "Have one's back up." Through Friday, July 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Alfred R. Waud (1828-78) / **Edwin Casper** (1884-1951)—Mid-nineteenth-century tintypes of ordinary people in ordinary surroundings. / Early-twentieth-century photographs on rice paper, watercolor paper, and even on the back of textured wallpaper. Through Aug. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: "Likely Stories": narrative photographs by Sandy Skoglund, Cindy Sherman, Brian Weil, and others. Through July 25. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through Sunday, July 13. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **pfeifer**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Lighthearted photographs by the well-known (William Henry Jackson, Cartier-Bresson, Elliott Erwitt, Robert Doisneau) and by the less well-known. Through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth displayed in the newly opened American Wing, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassaï, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through Sunday, July 13. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open *daily except Mondays. Hours:* Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays *through* Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, *from a private collection.* Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two exhibitions tied to American architecture: a group of two dozen drawings (dated 1885 to 1935) by architects rooted *in the beaux-arts tradition, among them* Charles McKim, Grosvenor Atterbury, and William Delano; and another group of drawings by seventeen contemporary architects, all of whom teach and none of whom is over forty. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a Bach-Brahms program, with the New York Motet Choir. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 13, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 14, and Wednesday, July 16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with James Galway, flute, and Marisa Robles, harp. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Galway and Miss Robles. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Raphael Hillyer, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: Christoph Eschenbach, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 7: Joan Armatrading. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: Members of the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein and Arnold Steinhardt, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: André Previn *conducting the Boston Symphony* in a Rachmaninoff-Elgar program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Mahler program, with Miss Battle. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 10, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: A program honoring composer Percy Grainger, with John and Richard Conti-Guglia, duo piano; Neva Pilgrim, soprano; James Kreger, cello; and Kerry McDermott, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting another all-Brahms program, this one with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Marc Neikrug, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 17. On Saturdays buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 26. Wednesday, July 9, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:15: "Coppélia." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Judy Collins on Sunday, July 13, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8:15: "Interplay," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:15: "Fancy Free," "Ballade," and "Symphony in C." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "Union Jack." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '80—Opening performances of a five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music that will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 10. *Un Soupçon:* Friday, July 11, at 8:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet—"Four Temperaments," "La Mattinata" (première), "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Pas de Dix."... ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 2:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet in a performance of "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael," a three-character musical entertainment by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, performed by June Gable, Charles Kimbrough, and Fredricka Weber.... ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: The Pennsylvania Ballet—"Allegro Brillante," "La Mattinata," "Concerto Grosso," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 11: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show.... ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 3 and 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael."... ¶ Sunday, July 13: Anthony Newman conducting the Summerfare Chamber Orchestra in a performance of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos (Nos. 1-3 at 4, and Nos. 4-6 at 6:30.)... ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael."... ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 19, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Direct-from-Paris Crow's Nest Dramadance Concert," a theatre/dance work based on a story by Anouilh, and performed by Carmen de Lavallade, William Bolcom, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael."... ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 11: Joan Morris and William Bolcom, mezzo-soprano and piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3 and 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael." (For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900.)

Jazz in Newport—A Newport festival not to be confused with the twenty-six-year-old megalith in town only two weeks ago. Friday, July 18: Roberta Flack, Herbie Mann, Ramsey Lewis, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 19: Aretha Franklin, the Buddy Rich Big Band, Stanley Turrentine, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 20: George Benson, Chick Corea, Maynard Ferguson, and the Gary Burton quartet. (Fort Adams State Park, Newport, R.I. Evenings at 5:30. For tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday July 12: Matthew Diamond's new company, Diamond, and the Washington Ballet.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: Bowyer & Bruggeman, Martha Bowers & Mitchell Rose, and Trisha Brown. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, July 16, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 10, at 2:05, and Friday, July 11, at 8:05.... ¶ St. Louis, Saturday, July 12, at 2:05, and Sunday, July 13, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Tuesday through Thursday, July 15-17, at 8.... ¶ Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 12; the Astoria, Monday, July 14; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13.... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Philadelphia. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 9, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Meadowlands Pace, Friday, July 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 12, through Saturday, July 19.)... ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Starting Saturday, July 19.)

ET ALIA

Republican National Convention—Opens at the Joe Louis Arena, in Detroit, Monday, July 14, at 10:30 A.M. The keynote address, by Congressman Guy Vander Jagt, of Michigan, will be delivered Tuesday evening, July 15.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Thursday and Friday, July 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, glass, folk art, furniture, and decorations.... ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 10:15 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver.... ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, July 11.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan. Free performances of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE,** with Linda Ronstadt, Patricia Routledge, George Rose, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, and Tony Azito, start on Tuesday, July 15, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Medieval Close, Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Saturday, July 12, at 5:30: A cello recital by Evalyn Steinbock. (Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. In the event of rain, the recital will be held in Synod House, at the same address. For information about tickets, call 678-6944.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 11: Billy Taylor trio. ... ¶ Saturday, July 12: Bob Rockwell quartet.... ¶ Friday, July 18: Jakie.... ¶ Saturday, July 19: Mary Lou Williams. (East River at Fulton Street. Evenings at 8.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band (formerly known as the Goldman Band) in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)... ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 19, at 8; rain date, Monday, July 21.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 10, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 15): Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English.... ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 22): Puccini's "Tosca."

Wollman Rink—Wednesday, July 9: Jefferson Starship and Orleans.... ¶ Friday, July 11: Ian Hunter Band, with Mick Ronson.... ¶ Saturday, July 12: Joe Cocker and Cissy Houston.... ¶ Wednesday, July 16: Willie Nile and Rachel Sweet.... ¶ Saturday, July 19: Jan and Dean with Papa Doo Run Run and Richard Belzer. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—"Brooklyn Heights: The Fashionable Brooklyn of a Century Ago," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, Sunday, July 13, starting at Borough Hall at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

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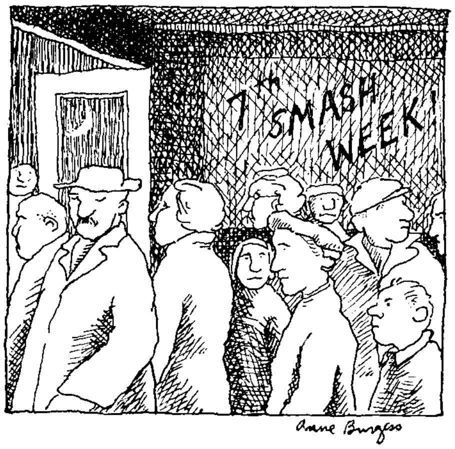
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: A daily program of one silent Greta Garbo film, at 6 and 8, and a Sam Fuller film at 10. No performances on Monday, July 14; on Wednesday, July 16, Mr. Fuller will be present. . . . On Saturday, July 19, Mr. Fuller's "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" at 4, 6, 8, and 10.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Projectionist."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 10: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "The China Syndrome."
July 11-17: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "Julia."
From July 18: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Brubaker."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Blues Brothers."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 10: "Bronco Billy."
From July 11: "Kill or Be Killed."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 17: "The Shining."
From July 18: "Honeysuckle Rose."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fame."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through July 17: "Brubaker."
From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Airplane!"

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rough Cut."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 15: "The Canterbury Tales."
From July 16: "My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through July 17: "The Tin Drum."
From July 18: "No Nukes."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through July 17: "The Blue Lagoon."
From July 18: "The Tin Drum."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Blues Brothers."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 10: "Mary Poppins."
From July 11: "The Muppet Movie."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 10: "Superman."
July 11-17: To be announced.
From July 18: "The Big Red One."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through July 10: "Wholly Moses!"
From July 11: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 17: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From July 18: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through July 10: "Superman."
From July 11: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 10: "Bronco Billy."
From July 11: "The Muppet Movie."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 10: "The Shining."
From July 11: "Kill or Be Killed."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: "The Blues Brothers."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"In a Year of 13 Moons" and "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Bronco Billy."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 10: "Mary Poppins." From July 11: "Carny."
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Meetings with Remarkable Men." From July 18: "The Long Riders."
Theatre 3: "Wholly Moses!"
Theatre 4: Through July 15: "The Long Riders." From July 16: "My Brilliant Career."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 9: "Handle with Care" and "Alice in the Cities."
July 10: "Alice in the Cities" and "Road to Morocco."
July 11-13: "Night of the Living Dead" and "Dawn of the Dead."
July 14: "Jack's Wife" and "Sports Profile."
July 15: "Jack's Wife" and "The Crazies."
July 16: "Jack's Wife" and "Martin."
July 17: "Martin" and "The Crazies."
July 18-19: "Don't Look Back."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 13: "The Black Stallion."
From July 14: "The Great Santini."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Can't Stop the Music."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Carny."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Blues Brothers."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 12: "My Brilliant Career."
From July 13: "Practice Makes Perfect."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barocco."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 10: "Summer Showers."
From July 11: "Peppermint Soda."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through July 10: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From July 11 (tentative): "Norma Rae" and "Breaking Away."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 10: "The Long Riders." From July 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Brubaker." From July 11: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 10: "Superman." From July 11: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 10: "The Shining." From July 11: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Mary Poppins."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 10: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and ". . . And Justice for All."
July 11-17: "Kill or Be Killed" and "Circle of Iron."
From July 18: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "Wholly Moses!" (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 10: "Bronco Billy." (†) From July 11: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Island."
Theatre 5: "The Long Riders." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Brubaker." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Mary Poppins." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 10: "Stone Cold Dead." From July 11: "Urban Cowboy." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 17: "All That Jazz." From July 18: "Rough Cut." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Friday the 13th."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
July 9: "Urban Cowboy." (†)
July 10: Theatre closed.
From July 11: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Superman." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through July 17: "Rough Cut." (†)
From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through July 10: "The Children."
From July 11 (tentative): "Kill or Be Killed." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Fame." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 9: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
July 10: "All the President's Men" (1976), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford; and "Winter Kills" (1979), directed by William Richert, with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Tony Perkins.
July 11: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
July 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs"

(1978), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

July 13-14: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

July 15: "Samurai, Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Blind Yakuza Monk" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Takashi Harada, with Bunta Sugawara.

July 16: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

July 17: "Pat and Mike" (†) and "Adam's Rib." (†)

July 18-19: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 9: Six Cole Porter films—the final day of a week-long series. For information about titles and times, our best advice is to call the theatre.

July 10: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

July 11: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

July 12: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

July 13: "Fiddler on the Roof" (1971), directed by Norman Jewison, with Topol.

July 14: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

July 15: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

July 16: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

July 17: "Citizen Kane." (†)

July 18: "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.

July 19: "Death in Venice." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 10: "Nighthawks" (1979), directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam, with Ken Robertson; and "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

July 11-12: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

July 13-14: "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

July 15: "Suspicion" (†) and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." (†)

July 16-17: "Norma Rae" (†); and "The Rose" (1979), directed by Mark Rydell, with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.

July 18-19: "Richard Pryor" (1979) and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), both filmed concerts.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 9: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, and Helen Vinson; and "Tiger Shark" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks, with Edward G. Robinson, Zita Johann, and Richard Arlen.

July 10-12: "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell; and "The Public Enemy" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

July 13-14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937), directed by William Keighley, with the Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains.

July 15-16: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Black Legion." (†)

July 17-19: "Marked Woman" (†); and "That Certain Woman" (1937), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 9: "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour.

July 10: "Lions Love" (1969), directed by Agnès Varda, with Viva, Gerome Ragni, and James Rado; and "Néa" (1978), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan, with Sami Frey and Ann Zacharias.

July 11-12: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

July 13: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

July 14: "The Bugs Bunny/Road-Runner Movie" (1979), a full-length retrospective of the works of Chuck Jones; and "Hoppity Goes to Town" (1941), a full-length animated cartoon by Dave Fleischer.

July 15: "Long Day's Journey Into Night." (†)

July 16: "Lovers and Thieves" (†); and "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (1965), in French, directed by Pierre Grimblat, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Marie Laforêt.

July 17: "The Killing" (†) and "Killer's Kiss." (†)

July 18-19: "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 9: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933; Blonde Bombshell"), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

July 10: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

July 11-12: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945), directed by Phil Karlson, with Sidney Toler as the detective, Charlie Chan.

July 13: "Summertime" (†) and "State of the Union." (†)

July 14: "Show of Shows" (1929), directed by John G. Adolfi, with John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, and Myrna Loy; and "On with the Show." (†)

July 15: "Road House" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "They Drive by Night." (†)

July 16: "Marked Woman" (†) and "It's Love I'm After." (†)

July 17: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

July 18: "Passage to Marseille" (1944), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey

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BROWNSTONE
STUDIO

Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "High Sierra." (†)

From July 19: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 9 at 6: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976), directed by John Cassavetes, with Ben Gazzara, Timothy Agoglia Carey, and Azizi Johari. . . . ¶ July 9 at 8:30 and July 11 at 6: "Opening Night" (1977), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara, Cassavetes, and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:30: "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Robert Preston. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "The Glass Key" (1942), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and Veronica Lake. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8:30: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and William Bendix. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "This Gun for Hire." . . . ¶ July 13 at 8:30: "The Great Gatsby" (1949), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, and Barry Sullivan. . . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "The Blue Dahlia." . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:30: "The Glass Key." . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "The Great Gatsby." . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:30: "Call Her Savage" (1932), directed by John Francis Dillon, with Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6: "Midnight Cowboy" (1960), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, Brenda Vaccaro, and Sylvia Miles. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:30: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), directed by George A. Romero, with Duane Jones. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Barren Lives" (1963), a Brazilian film in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:30: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969), a documentary, directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Anton Walbrook and Simone Signoret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:30: "Billabong" (1969) and "Watersmith" (1969), both directed by Will Hindle, and "Pluto" (1969) and "Porch Glide" (1969), both directed by James Herbert. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Belson, Brakhage, Breer, Broughton, and Peterson. Showings July 10-12 and 17-19 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer-neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 17.)

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (Baronet, and Forum.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—With Rudiger Vogeler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Harold Clurman; July 9-10.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Olympia; through July 10.)

Barocco—With Isabelle Adjani, Gérard Depardieu, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Cinema 3.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Beekman; starting July 18.)

Black Legion (1936)—In 1936, there were press accounts that a new Klan had sprung up, selecting Jews, Catholics, and Communists as its targets, and Warners, always eager for topical stories, leaped in. In the movie, the organization is against foreigners in general, and Humphrey Bogart is the young factory worker who joins up in anger because a Pole got the job he wanted. He is soon involved with black sheets, masks, copper-studded whips, and guns. Though the film flaunts its cautionary message and assumes a virtuous, civics-lesson stance, the story is tacky and primitive. Tolerable, but not in a class with the best of the Warners socially conscious melodramas. Archie Mayo directed; with Ann Sheridan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Dick Foran. (Regency; July 15-16.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild; through July 13.)

The Blue Lagoon—A remake of the 1949 film, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Paramount. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through July 17. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting July 11.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to show enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (34th St. East, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Playhouse, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Breaking Away (1979)—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 11, tentative.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Greenwich Playhouse 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Criterion Center; through July 10.)

Brubaker—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckraking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, is in an unidentified Southern state. Robert Redford plays the warden who tries to clean up the place, but he's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie—he isn't a tough man of action, and so the character has been mythologized, softened, and honeyed, and he seems to be the selfless white knight of the Westerns. Despite some perplexing scenes—probably occasioned by the fact that the director, Stuart Rosenberg, took over a project that had been shaped for a different director (Bob Rafelson) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may be the best work Rosenberg has ever done on the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge; the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, has a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cast includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward, Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire, David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Matt Clark. There are also performers who are used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John McMartin, and Jane Alexander) or use themselves poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (Gramercy, Manhattan 2, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 10. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through July 17.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (D. W. Griffith; through July 15.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Festival. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 11.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (Manhattan 1, and National; starting July 18.)

The China Syndrome (1979)—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 10.)

Circle of Iron (1979)—With David Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Christopher Lee; directed by Richard Moore. (Olympia; July 11-17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, and George Coulouris. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles; photographed by Gregg Toland; editing by Robert Wise and Mark Robson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (72nd Street East; starting July 18.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Crazies (1973)—A science-fiction horror film, photographed in western Pennsylvania. With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero, who did "Night of the Living Dead." (Harold Clurman; July 15 and 17.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 11-13.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Harold Clurman; July 18-19.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Plaza, Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild; starting July 14.)

Handle with Care (1977; originally released as "Citizens Band")—A high-spirited, elegantly deadpan comedy, with a mellow, light touch. Paul Brickman, who wrote the screenplay, had an idea worthy of Preston Sturges: that the psychology of those who operate CB radio units might be like the psychology of crank phone callers, and of breathers and obscene phone callers, too—that as disembodied voices, with identities borrowed from pop fantasies, and signal names to confirm their new self-image, people could live other lives on the public airwaves. In the film, the CB users are secret celebrities, eloquent on the air, or, more often, aimlessly loquacious. But they dry up when they actually meet. CB functions as an authorized madness; it allows the characters to release their inhibitions while keeping one foot on the ground. The story is about the people in a Southwestern town and the collisions of their free-floating ids. Paul Le Mat is the hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up. Marcia Rodd is a trucker's hard-bitten wife, and Ann Wedgeworth is a trucker's soft-headed wife; these two become a tear-stained running gag when it turns out that they're both married to the same trucker. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—the film is lyrical and wiggy at the same time. It has the consistent vision of a classic comedy: it undercuts the characters' illusions without a breath of ill will. With jutting-jawed Charles Napier as the impulsive, generous bigamist, Alix Elias as the plump, giggly booker whose CB name is Hot Coffee, and Roberts Blossom as the hero's father. (Harold Clurman; July 9.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, set a new style in gangster movies—the old-style outlaw as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like ex-convict—the man who just wants to pull off one more job so he can get out of what has become just a dirty business—is a classic. The film romanticizes this last-of-a-breed figure, but it's smart enough to romanticize him in a hard-edged realistic way, and Bogart is convincingly—often excitingly—tense and tired. About half the movie is definitive; the other half is sunk in a maudlin subplot about the outlaw's love for a lame girl (Joan Leslie, maddeningly fresh-faced). With Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy, Henry Hull, Barton MacLane, Cornel Wilde, Henry Travers, Jerome Cowan, Minna Gombell, Donald MacBride, Willie Best, Isabel Jewell, Elizabeth Risdon, and George Meeker. Adapted from W. R. Burnett's novel by John Huston and Burnett. (Remade by Walsh in 1949 as "Colorado Territory," starring Joel McCrea; it was also remade in 1955 by Stuart Heisler as "I Died a Thousand Times.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

Honeysuckle Rose—With Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, and Amy Irving; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Sutton; starting July 18.)

How to Beat the High Cost of Living—With Susan Saint James, Jane Curtin, and Jessica Lange; directed by Robert Scheerer. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1; starting July 11.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16.)

Jack's Wife (1972)—Directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 14-16.)

Julia (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (St. Marks Cinema; July 11-17.)

Killer's Kiss (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light-years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing" (see below). With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing. (Thalia; July 17.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were *juvenilia*; this expert suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a race-track robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine little actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsia; Joe Sawyer; Vince Edwards; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted by the director from Lionel White's

novel “Clean Break;” cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Thalia; July 17.)

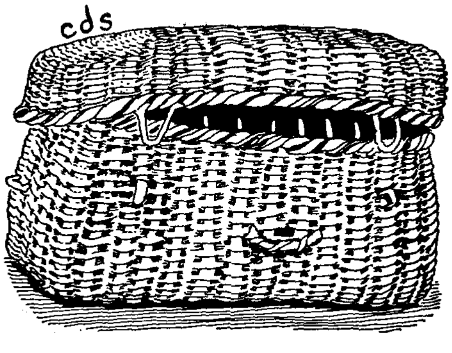
Kill or Be Killed—With James Ryan, directed by Ivan Hall. (Olympia; July 11-17. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Loews Orpheum 2; *starting* July 11. . . . ¶ Rivoli; *starting* July 11, tentative.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through July 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through July 17.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—This portrait of the artist as an Irish-American has the worst American failings: it's obvious, sprawling, yet crabbed. But if you respond at all, you may go all the way to exaltation. Perhaps just because of its hideous familiarity, its grinding, ludicrous wrestling with expressiveness, “Journey” is, at last, an American family classic; the usual embarrassments are transcended, and the family theme is raised to mythic heights. This is the best film ever made from an O'Neill play (and it's O'Neill's greatest play). Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Hepburn's transitions here—the way she can look eighteen or eighty at will—seem iridescent. She surpasses herself: the most beautiful screen comedienne of the thirties and forties becomes our greatest screen tragedienne. Sidney Lumet directs; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; frequently, a version thirty-four minutes shorter is shown, which seriously damages the structure and omits several of Robards' finest scenes. On this occasion, however, the complete film is being shown. (Thalia; July 15.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema. No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 10.)

Lovers and Thieves (1957; “Assassins et Voleurs”)—In the year he died, Sacha Guitry, who was seventy-two, made a couple of films. This sly little detective comedy, which he wrote and then directed from a wheelchair, is one of them. The old master of casual, ironic wit had intended to play the leading role himself, but old age had at last caught up with him, and he appeared only in a bit part. In the thirties, in “The Story of a Cheat” and “The Pearls of the Crown,” Guitry had developed a new approach to the talking picture: the narrator provides a cynical and witty counterpoint to the actions we observe. (The technique was to become familiar to a later generation through the English comedy “Kind Hearts and Coronets.”) This approach, to which he returned in “Lovers and Thieves,” permitted him to treat the film medium with nonchalant intimacy—there are insolent interruptions, changes of subject and pace. He teases the classic unities as well as the classic virtues: in his offhand way, he seems to say, “Look how easy it is to make a movie—one just begins and then improvises.” Still true to his reputation as a womanizer, he directed an extended romantic sequence that is one of the most impudent ever filmed: Magali Noel, the enchantingly stylish murder victim, loathes her husband so much that she and her lover make love all over Paris, so that everyone will know the husband is a cuckold. The lover, who is also the narrator (Jean Poiret), inadvertently commits a murder for which an innocent thief (Michel Serrault, the actor who appears as the female impersonator in “La Cage aux Folles”) is sent to prison. Conscience-stricken, the lover takes over the occupation of the thief. But all this is only the loose framework; Guitry makes a sortie into a great loony bin, provides an audacious painting theft, and stops everything while a mad beatnik (Darry Cowl) addresses a courtroom. It's a fresh, lovely movie. In French. (Thalia; July 16.)



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Marked Woman (1937)—As the smart, lively young “clip-joint hostess” who turns police informer, Bette Davis is the embodiment of the sensational side of thirties movies. The closest modern equivalent is Jeanne Moreau in “Bay of the Angels,” but Moreau is different, more purely conceptual; she's never as vibrantly, coarsely *there* as Davis, swinging her hips in her beaded-fringe dress. This racketeering melodrama is based on the career of Lucky Luciano, who lived high at the Waldorf-Astoria on the proceeds of a thousand prostitutes. In the film, Eduardo Ciannelli plays the role, with Humphrey Bogart (never at his best when cast on the side of officialdom—but then, who is?) taking over Thomas E. Dewey's function as prosecutor. One of the prostitutes Dewey persuaded to testify was branded—“marked”—as Davis is here. The film has the tawdry simplicities of many of the thirties movies that were built out of headline stories, but it also has more impact than most of the melodramas played out in more elevated surroundings, and when Davis tells Luciano-Ciannelli, “I'll get you if I have to come back from the grave to do it,” you believe it. The presence of Allen Jenkins in the cast certifies the film as Warners contemporary. Talented young Jane Bryan plays the heroine's sister, and there are the whores of the Club Intime—Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis—who negate the euphemism “hostesses.” Lloyd Bacon directed; Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel wrote the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16. . . . ¶ Regency; July 17-19.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio 2.)

Martin (1972)—With John Amplas, directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 16-17.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (New Yorker 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, and Quad Cinema; through July 10.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of “vibrations,” etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 17.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Cinema Village; July 15.)

The Muppet Movie (1979)—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Gemini 2, and U. A. East; starting July 11.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris; through July 12. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; starting July 16.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism; even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add, somehow, to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film “J'Accuse,” but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the U.S. but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Harold Clurman; July 11-13.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concert in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I; starting July 18.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 11, tentative. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 16-17.)

On with the Show (1929)—For anyone who wants to know what the Broadway musical comedy of the twenties was like, this film is indispensable. Made by Warners, it was the first all-color (rather than just sequences-in-color) talking picture. It provides a backstage story about a producer (Sam Hardy) trying to put on a musical while fighting off his creditors; the star is Betty Compson, and her understudy is Sally O'Neil. The same story was later used for "42nd Street." This extravagant version, however, also provides the onstage musical with its own plot; the backstage story is smoothly intercut with this onstage material, which is lighthearted and parodistic, and which features tall showgirls. Perky (very short) Sally O'Neil is hard to take, but the compensations include Ethel Waters, slender and torchy, singing "Am I Blue?" and "Birmingham Bertha;" Joe E. Brown dancing; and the superb black dancers, the Four Covans. Also with Louise Fazenda, Arthur Lake, William Bakewell, Purnell B. Pratt, Angelus Babe, and the Harmony Four Quartette. Directed by Alan Crosland; dances staged by Larry Ceballos; adapted from Humphrey Pearson's play by Robert Lord. The songs are by Harry Akst and Grant Clarke, including a ditty called "Lift the Juleps to Your Two Lips." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib" (see above), but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 17.)

Peppermint Soda (1979)—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Cinema Studio 1; starting July 11.)

Practice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris; starting July 13.)

The Projectionist (1971)—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features. With Ina Balin. (Art.)

Road to Morocco (1942)—Maybe you have to have seen the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road movies (comedies with songs and a lot of patter) when they came out to understand the affection people felt for them, and to appreciate how casually sophisticated the style seemed at the time. The pictures haven't weathered as well as thirties comedies, because they were satirizing melodramas that are already forgotten. The series spoofed the fancy backgrounds of adventure movies; Hope and Crosby ambled through exotic, nonsensical lighthearted situations with no pretense to believability. They took the thud out of the dumb gags and topical jokes by their amiable comic intimacy. And the rare good jokes shone in the unpretentious atmosphere. Hope and Crosby's rapport has great charm, and every once in a while Hope does something—a gesture or a dance movement—that is prodigiously funny. Dorothy Lamour is their joint inamorata and the foil of the series; inimitably out of it, she was taken over from the pictures being satirized, and she played in the same coy, eager-to-please manner. The best song here is "Moonlight Becomes You." David Butler directed; Frank Butler and Don Hartman did the script. (Harold Clurman; July 10.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet. . . . ¶ National; through July 17. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting July 18.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 10. . . . ¶ Sutton; through July 17.)

Sports Profiles—With Willie Stargell and O. J. Simpson, directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 14.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Walburn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13.)

Summer Showers—With Jofre Soares and Mirian Pires, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; through July 10.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13.)

Superman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester is said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cast that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty, Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp, Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure, Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski, who plays Superman as a child. The writers involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Beekman, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 10.)

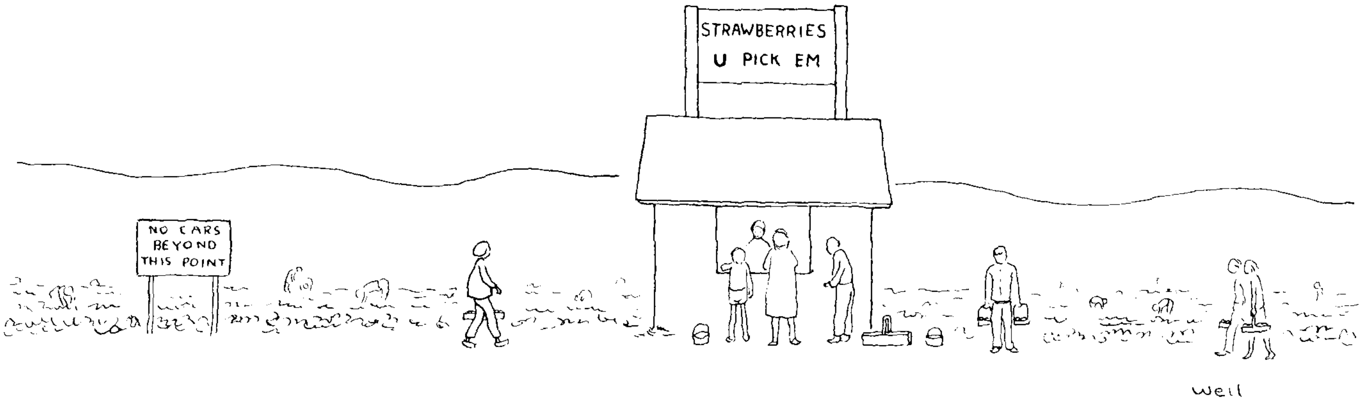
Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Cinema Village; July 15.)

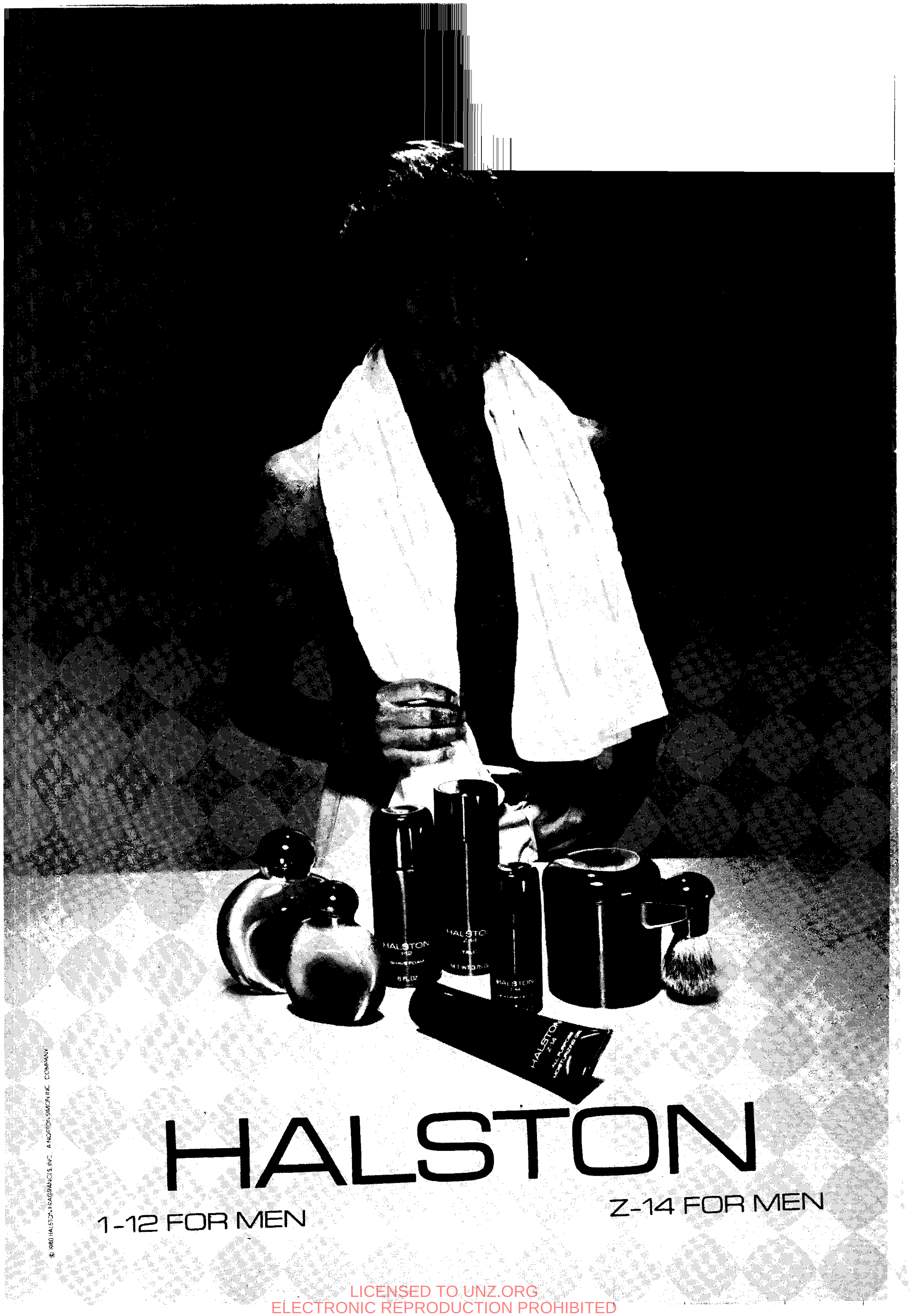
They Drive by Night (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about freelance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectably at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karnes, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. E. Bezzerides. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I; through July 17. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting July 18.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; July 9. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting July 11.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through July 10.)





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a significant interview in *Time* recently, Governor Ronald Reagan appears to have come out for a radical change in American policy toward the Soviet Union. On being asked how the United States should have responded to recent Soviet aggression, he answered, "Maybe that was the time for us to have said, 'Look, don't talk to us about trade. There will be none. Don't talk to us about treaties, like SALT II. We are not going to have any communication with you until [the Soviet forces in Afghanistan] are back in the Soviet Union.' " Quite apart from the merits of cutting off all communication with the Soviet Union, it's difficult at this point in the world's evolution to see just how that could be accomplished. The United States did an excellent job of isolating itself from China in the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties, but the relations between nations have grown denser and more closely entwined since then, and it seems that nations end up communicating with one another almost in spite of themselves. Breaking off all trade with the Soviet Union would certainly be an effective first step toward Governor Reagan's goal, since trade is bound to lead to extensive communication. Breaking off all negotiations on treaties would help, too. SALT alone has involved incessant communication between the Soviets and us. But it is still questionable whether communication could be stamped out altogether. For one thing, the arms race that would follow the cancellation of SALT would probably be the greatest in history, and it is a peculiarity of arms races in our time that they require more communication rather than less. "Stability"—a paramount goal for any country in the nuclear period—depends on the communication of the size of one's own forces to the possible foe. Each side now recognizes that its own security depends as much on exposure of its forces to the eye of spying satellites as it does on secrecy. In this way and in others, the United States and the Soviet Union are locked in a grapple that is at the same time an embrace. When the survival of both sides depends on each side's knowing pretty well what the other is doing, the temptation to communicate is strong. Even Governor Reagan, once he found himself in the White House, might give in.

In responding to a question about whether the United States should attend the continuation in Madrid in 1980 of the Helsinki talks of 1975, Governor Reagan went on to offer a particular in his plan for non-communication. "Frankly," he said, "I have an uneasy feeling that going to Madrid is negating what we thought we could accomplish by boycotting the Olympics. If the athletes can't go, why should the diplomats go?" Fortunately, the blurring in this statement of the role of sports and the role of diplomacy is one of those rare confusions that it seems possible to clear up. It is especially important to clear this one up, because we'll all want the next President, whether he is Governor Reagan or someone else, to have a good grasp of the difference between athletes and diplomats. Athletes, to begin with them, are persons who are especially talented in one sporting effort or another, such as broad-jumping or the pole vault, and who often travel to foreign countries to compete. Diplomats, too, travel to foreign countries (and this may be the source of Governor Reagan's confusion), but when they get there they entirely shun broad-jumping and pole-vaulting, and instead represent their governments in discussions with other governments on issues that may be crucial to the survival of their countries, and even of the world. (When American and Soviet diplomats get together, the stakes are of the more sweeping variety.) This is why diplomats keep travelling even when athletes stay home.

An answer by the Governor to a further question hinted at what might be an underlying assumption of his new proposals. When he was asked whether he planned to cut back the federal bureaucracy more sharply than other Presidents had done, he said, "I have no illusions about the difficulty, but yes, I do, and maybe this is one of the places where my age is an advantage. What the hell do I have to lose?" It's a thought that could clear the way for the most reckless of actions, including the cutting off of communica-

tion with our nuclear-armed co-superpower, the Soviet Union.

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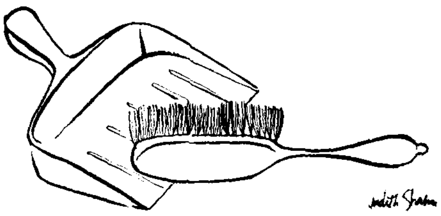
Aspen

A FRIEND of ours who has spent a part of each of the last fifteen years living in Aspen, Colorado, has sent along a status report. He writes:

Spring came a little late up here this year. There were half a dozen snowstorms in April and May, and although the weather has been lovely in the last few weeks, there is still a lot of snow in the high country. The ski lifts stopped on Easter Sunday, but some of the True Believers are still at it in the back bowls. In mid-June, I went snow climbing on one of the beautiful peaks that surround the valley, and I found myself trudging upward alongside a series of elegant serpentine ski tracks, probably only a few days old. My hat is off to whoever carried a pair of skis up there. When the town was founded, in 1879, as Ute City—it was named after the Indian tribe the prospectors finally chased out—it had a population of three. By 1885, when the big silver boom was on, it had (according to one account) electricity, two opera houses, a roller-skating rink, a brewery, sixteen hotels, four bakeries, ten cigar stores, ten laundries, twenty-six saloons, fifteen sporting houses, and a population of close to ten thousand—about two thousand more than it has now. The name Aspen, after the handsome trees with trembling leaves which are so conspicuous in the Roaring Fork Valley, where the town is, was adopted in 1880. The early miners used skis both for transportation in the winter and for the fun of it. They also transported stuff on what they called snow boats—big toboggans. The bottom dropped out of Aspen in 1893, when Congress repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, which required the federal government to buy a minimum amount of silver every month. About two thousand miners lost their jobs, and the town more or less went to sleep for nearly fifty years. In 1937, the first ski train arrived, and that winter a so-called boat tow—a device for towing a sled boat—was installed on Aspen Mountain, which is also known as Ajax. (The first train of any kind to arrive in Aspen did so in October of 1887.) There was one hotel, the Jerome, in 1937, and bed and breakfast cost a dollar and fifty cents a night. The Jerome, which was built in 1889, and looks it, is still the only place in town that calls itself a hotel. Last winter, its cheapest single room with bath was thirty dollars a night—without breakfast.

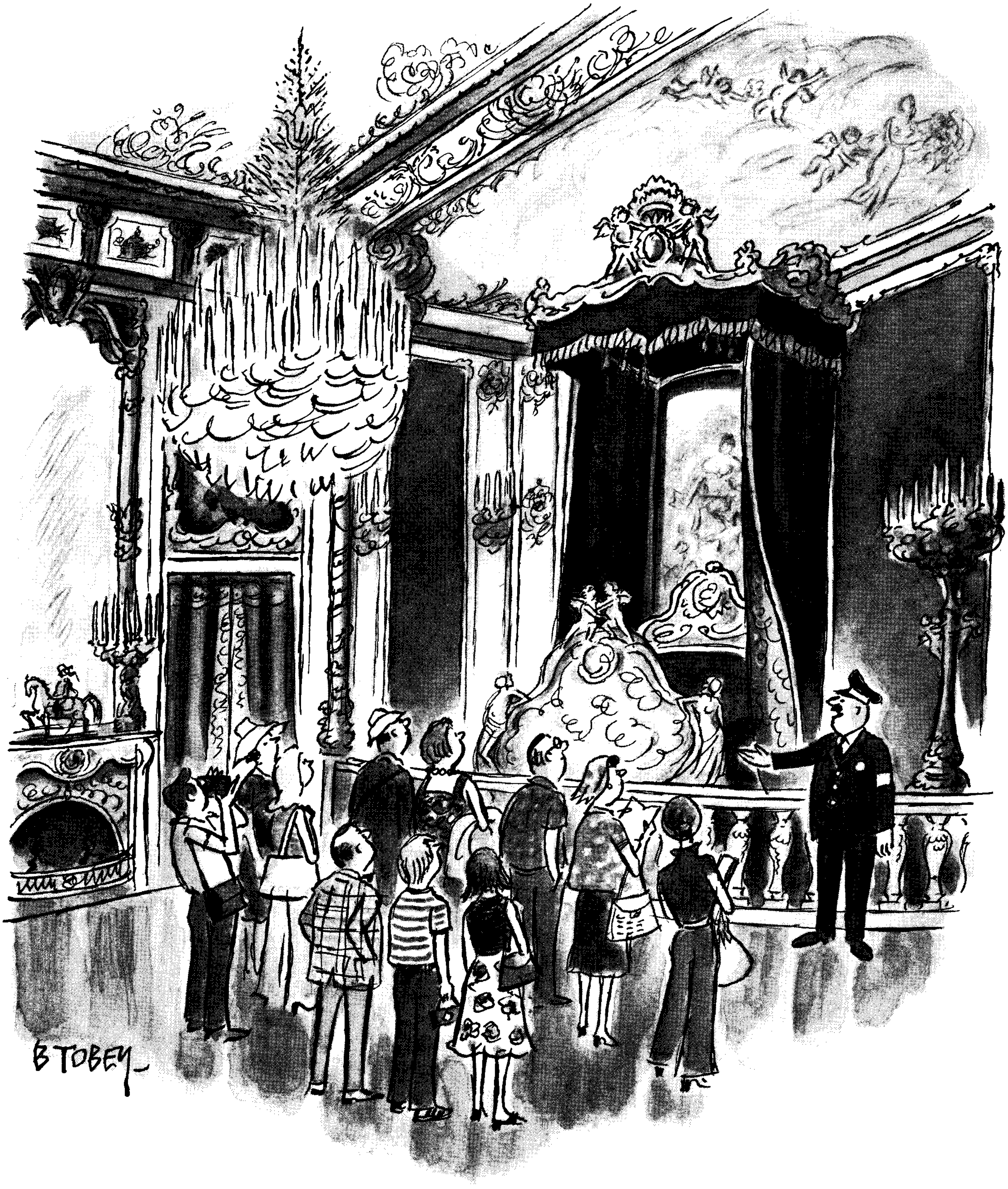
In 1942, all the plans to develop skiing here were abandoned for the duration of the war, and the place went to sleep again. But the Army did train the famous Tenth Mountain Division Ski Troopers at Camp Hale, thirty miles to the east, and the men used to come over here on weekends to ski. The snow was, and is, as soft as silk, thanks to a combination of sun and high altitude; the town is at 7,908 feet, and the highest ski lift at nearby Snowmass deposits skiers at 11,808 feet. The noted Austrian skier Friedl Pfeifer fell in love with the place in the early nineteen-forties and was one of the prime movers in creating the Aspen Skiing Corporation, which in 1946 constructed two single-chair lifts and began commercial skiing development here. Two years ago, the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, using the profits from "Star Wars," took the Aspen Skiing Corporation over, in a friendly way. It is sort of funny that Lift 1A on Aspen Mountain runs over a claim that was staked about a century ago and is now owned by the Smuggler-Durant Mining Corporation, and that that company recently sued the Aspen Skiing Corporation for, so to speak, skiing over its mining claim. They have just settled out of court.

There is another kind of snow that is supposedly very popular in the valley—cocaine. I have no idea whether drug use here is more prevalent than elsewhere, but our sheriff, Dick Kienast, created a great flap on national television a few months ago when, following the discovery of a surveillance camera outside someone's home not far from Aspen, he expressed the view that a citizen's right to privacy should take precedence over the right of "narcs" to snoop around people's houses. The Drug Enforcement Administration has since said that it would not install hidden cameras in the area. If Aspen is not "the cocaine capital of the United States," as it has sometimes been called, it certainly must be the physical-fitness capital of the universe. You have never seen such a collection of gorgeous youthful bodies running, jumping, swimming, and so on. I once met a young girl at the Jerome pool who said that, having come to Aspen just lately, she had not encountered anyone here over forty until she met me. I told her that such people were around, but in hiding. Aging is O.K. if it's done out of sight. There is no funeral parlor in Aspen. The departed are taken to Glenwood Springs, forty-two miles away.



We do have our share of celebrities with homes in the valley. Leon Uris and Jill St. John are among them. So is Murray Gell-Mann, the Nobel Prize winner who invented the notion of quarks; he is an annual visitor to the Aspen Center for Physics, where first-rate research is carried on in the summers. John Denver—né Deutschendorf—has a house in the subdivision of Starwood, overlooking the mountains. He created something of a flap himself last October when he shot a neighbor's dog with a BB gun, because the dog was being a nuisance. The Aspen *Times*, our wonderfully eccentric weekly paper, was full of letters pointing out that Denver had done nothing unusual and suggesting various alternative methods for dealing with marauding dogs. I once watched a dog chase a car here. Its owner assured me that there was nothing to worry about, because the dog "knows Aspen real well." One night when I was having dinner in a local Mexican restaurant, I looked up, and seated next to me were John Denver and his wife, Annie. They had just come back from a stiff mountain walk and were unwinding. We had a long talk. He is a very nice young man, who kept calling me "sir"—a hangover, he explained, from his childhood as an Air Force "brat." He is very civic-minded. Among other things, he always performs at the annual Deaf Camp Picnic—a charity affair that raises about sixty thousand dollars for a nearby camp for deaf children. The picnic is the main support of the camp. Sometimes he flies in to town in a bright-colored jet, which he owns; he pilots it himself and parks it, along with the rest of the private jets, at the local airport. Oh, by the way, the neighbor's dog is fine.

We have still another flap going now. As you may know, Aspen owes its present incarnation to, as much as anyone, the late Walter Paepcke, of Chicago, who was the board chairman of the Container Corporation of America. The Paepckes had a ranch in another part of Colorado, and in 1945 they wandered into the valley. They, like Friedl Pfeifer, fell in love with the place. Paepcke founded the Aspen Company, a real-estate management firm. While Pfeifer worked on de-



"His Royal Highness was a night person."

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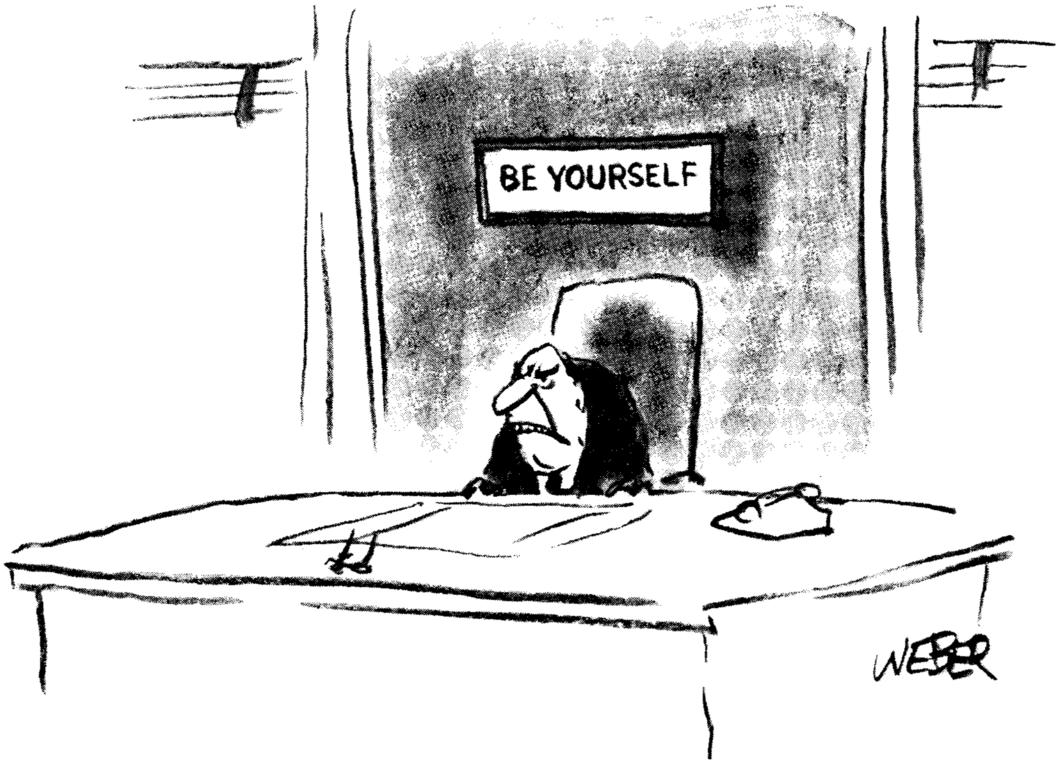
veloping the skiing, Paepcke's new company began to restore the town. Among other things, it leased and refurbished the Jerome. Paepcke was married to the beautiful blond daughter of a University of Chicago professor; she is now a beautiful white-haired lady. I had dinner with her at Mortimer Adler's house here a few years ago. Adler was one of the first people Paepcke brought to the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. Paepcke's idea was to provide a place where businessmen could come to meet with labor leaders and people from the professions to discuss great issues, for a kind of intellectual and spiritual refresher course. It started off with a bang in 1949 when Albert Schweitzer came up here on his only trip to America and addressed the Goethe Bi-Centennial Festival. Rumor has it that he had trouble finding the place, because he had got the notion that it was a suburb of Chicago. Over the years, the Institute has branched out; it has outposts in Berlin, Hawaii, and God knows where else. R. O. Anderson, the chairman of the Atlantic Richfield Company, took over as chairman of the Institute's board after Paepcke's death, in 1960. The board wants to expand and modernize its residential facilities, and would like to build modern accommodations on its land. The hitch is that the town has of late been wary of expanding too fast. Unlike the European mountain resorts, which are overrun with hotels and apartment buildings, Aspen has managed to preserve its original flavor pretty well. Many of the Victorian houses are still standing; they are kept brightly painted, and look the way they did a century ago. The Wheeler, a third opera house, which was opened on April 23, 1889, is still functioning, though as a movie theatre; the Presbyterian church, built in 1890, is unchanged. There is a strong feeling in town that the Institute's plans are just too big and would change things too fast. Mrs. Paepcke has commented on the irony of the fact that the Institute, which is dedicated to communication, has not been able to communicate its good intentions to its neighbors. Hard feelings have arisen, and last year the Institute sued the city because of the zoning restrictions on its use of its own property. Nobody knows yet how it will end, but late in June the city's largest land-and-lodgings owner, Hans Cantrup, bought the Institute land. This may turn out to have resolved the conflict.

In the fifteen years I have been around here, there have actually been a lot of changes—some good and some bad. Our local AM station, KSNO, has changed from a semi-professional operation, bringing you something unexpected every few minutes, to a merely Aspen-idiosyncratic purveyor of country-and-Western. Restaurants have come and gone; the Red Onion, which was an Aspen landmark, is in the process of being sold and "condominiumized," and sits empty—a tragedy for locals. Building lots that sold for a few thousand dollars fifteen years ago are now worth a quarter of a million and up. One can't buy a decent house here for less than a quarter of a million. For the last few years, I have been renting a one-room efficiency apartment; it is for sale for a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. It is a nice room, but still . . . One corollary of all this is that employers have a hard time finding affordable housing for their employees. A man who owns one of the better restaurants here has recently bought a few apartments to house some of the people who work for him. This summer, there are more "For Sale" signs than I have ever seen before in Aspen, and I've been told that there are about seven hundred and fifty properties for sale in the Aspen area. The prices have levelled off but have not come down.

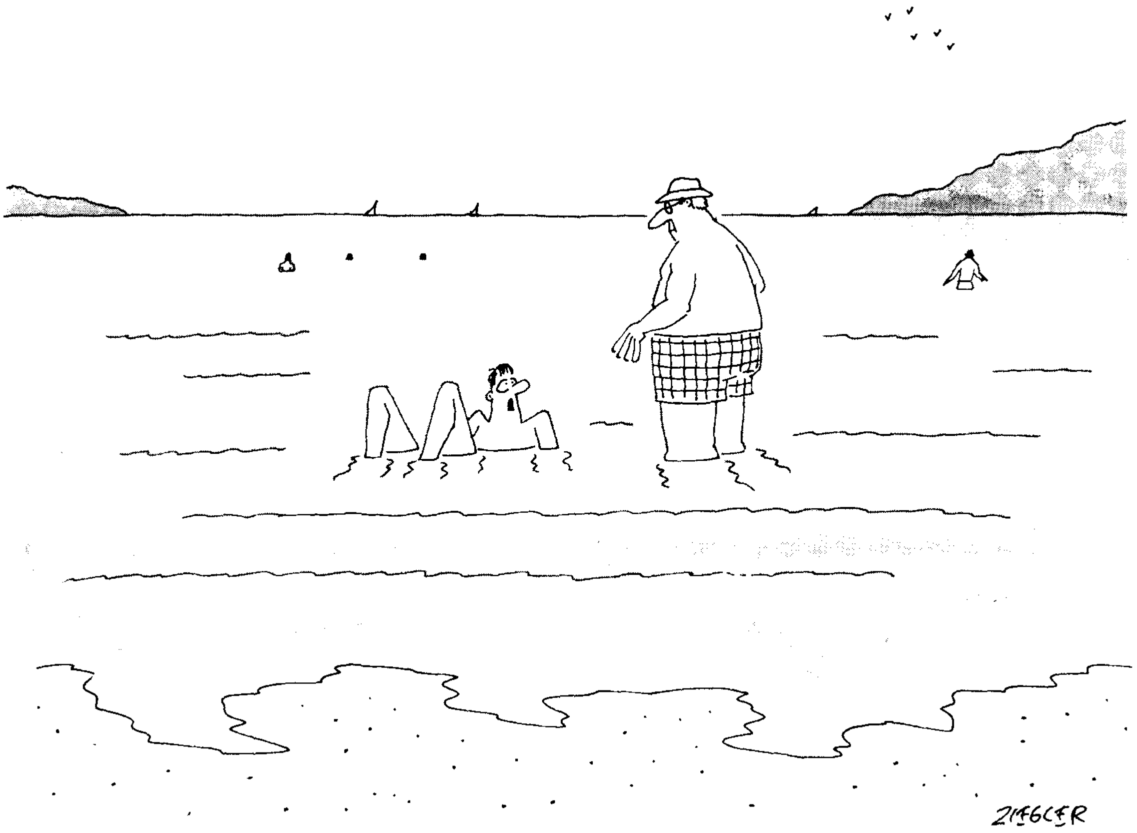
One pleasant change here took place in 1976—the reconstruction of the 1974 pedestrian mall. The mall is right in the middle of town. Originally, the merchants had worried that the mall would make them lose business, because customers would not have a place to park—the old story. Now no one can imagine the place without the mall. It is constructed of old brick imported from St. Louis. There are wooden benches alongside a little stream that flows right through it. There is a new fountain, designed by an electronics wizard named Nicholas DeWolf; its jets erupt in an irregular computer-controlled pattern that, it is said, should not repeat any single five-minute sequence in less than a hundred thousand years. The other night, I was sitting near the fountain listening to a very good string trio play Mozart—a sure sign that the annual Aspen Music Festival is about to begin. I thought back to my first night up here, fifteen years ago. It was a Saturday in early June, and snow was falling. I knew next to nothing about the place, and felt a little lonely. As I was wandering around near the Wheeler Opera House, I heard cheerful voices underfoot. They proved to be coming from a subterranean bar, full of what I took to be cowboys—people in denims and big hats. There was a long, two-foot-wide wooden counter. I ordered a brandy, and just as I was about to drink it I heard a whishing sound and saw a body—live—come hurtling along the counter. Finding myself a witness to a barroom brawl, I took a good look around. Next to me was a beautiful blond girl in bluejeans with a matching jacket. She had evidently taken in the whole scene and my amazed reaction to it, for she patted me on the arm reassuringly and said, "You must be from the East."



Pondering

A Songwriter who has been thinking of buying a home computer recently spoke to us as follows:

For a while now, I've had my eye on these microcomputers, trying to come up with some reason to buy one. To someone like me, an incurable gadget freak and inveterate record keeper, it's almost irresistible. They've been available for several years.



“No problem. I merely fell harmlessly into the ocean.”

Dying to get one. Have been for a while. Been going into these computer stores—in my neighborhood, there are at least three, four computer stores, which I’d never noticed before. Been going in there, asking all kinds of questions: Does the floating decimal work on basic? How does one average? Can I put a program and data on the same disc? If I use a “Filing” program on a disc, and use it to file *songs*, do I need another copy of the “Filing” program and its disc to set up a file of *stamps*? If not, where do “Headings” go? What kind of contributed programs do you have?

Been going to a different store each time, because I’m embarrassed to go back and ask the same questions. Been reading the magazines—computer magazines. There’s a whole bunch of them now: *Creative Computing*, *Compute*, *Computronics*, *Personal Computing*, *Interface Age* . . . It’s like reading Turkish, or any foreign language. So I go into a store, a potential customer, ripe, but no one has pressed the right button yet.

In my heart of hearts, I know this is a toy, though that’s not to say that I haven’t come up with some very legitimate reasons for getting one—legitimate uses I can put it to. What really gets to me is the way a computer forces you to think in a marvellous analytical way, forces you to analyze—oh, certain mental processes. As a musician, for example, working with a synthesizer forced me to analyze sounds in a way I never did before: what sounds are, how they come on the scene, how they disappear, the shape of them. It’s the same thing with computers.

Computers have taken a bad rap—anti-human, and so on. Really, quite the opposite is true. It’s adding up columns of figures that’s dehumanizing. Once, we all learned the multiplication tables in school; now a ten-dollar calculator does a better job. A computer or a calculator does the job quicker, more efficiently, and then it sits there saying “What next?” And people have to formulate new questions. It makes demands, forces one to stretch one’s imagination. I find this very exciting. Meanwhile, I’ve got a headache from the new vocabulary I’m trying to learn: strings, arrays, subroutines, diskette, chips, batch mode, peripherals.

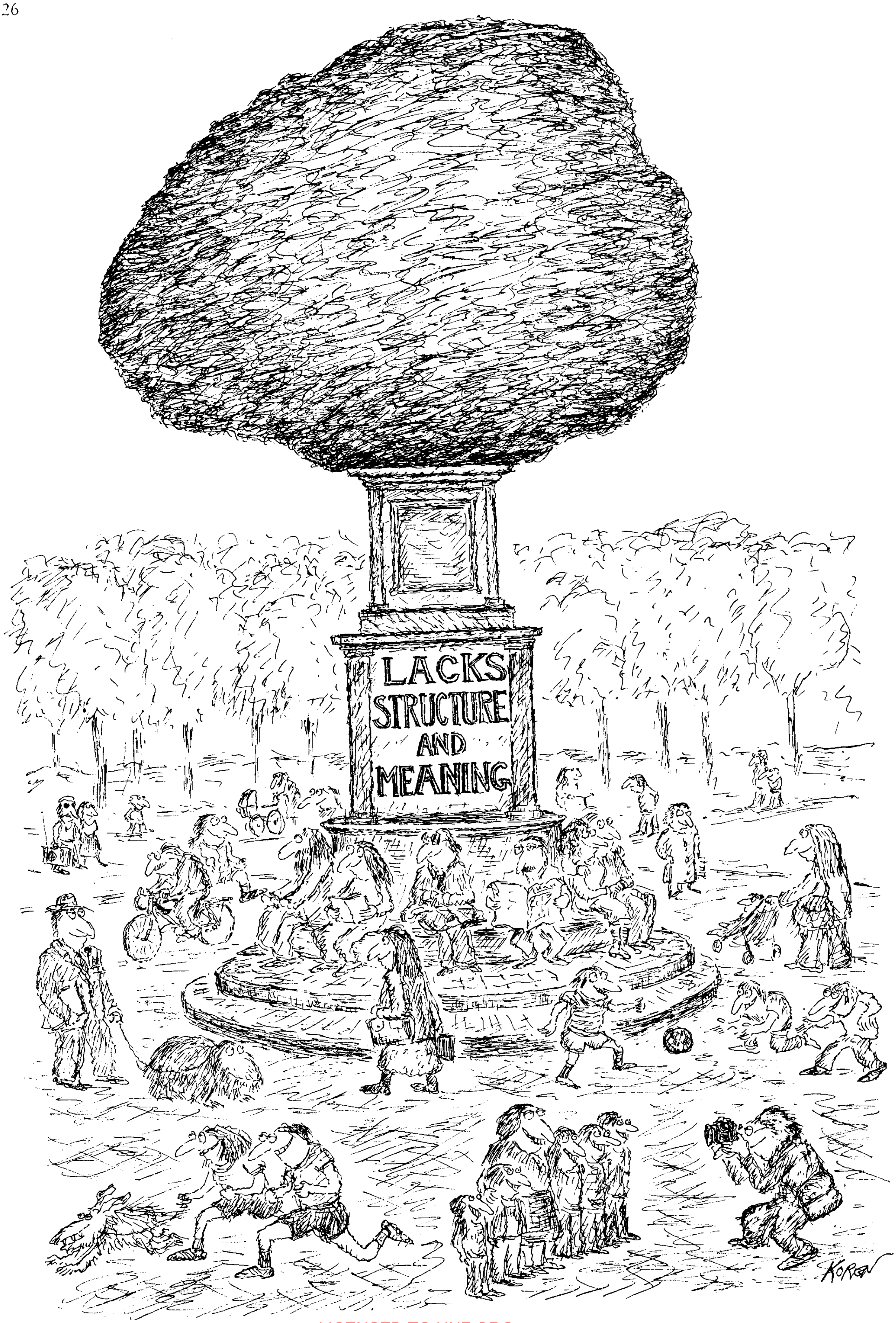
I have a particular interest in the possibility of using the computer to write music. It’s alluring, enticing: the ability to compose, to write music on a computer in the conventional way, on a staff, then (a) to have the computer play it back to you, and (b) to be able to save it—in a sense, file it. For years, I’ve been writing down eight-bar phrases on little scraps of paper, with no way of filing them, really—no way of calling them up.

Aside from a certain number of frivolous uses (not all the ideas in the magazines are very convincing as far as spending a few thousand dollars goes; the idea of a computerized shopping list, for example)—aside from the frivolous ideas, and I’ve got plenty of those of my own, there are loads of filing functions. You can file the equivalent of a whole filing cabinet on a couple of little things the size of a 45-r.p.m. record—smaller. And you can search these files and call up all sorts of little bits of information from those files with the punch of a typewriter key. Not to speak of personal income and expense data—all that kind of stuff.

And copyright renewals—now, that’s crucial. If I make up a file of all my copyrights and all the copyright dates, cases where *I* have renewal rights, some cases where the publisher has renewal rights—now, *that* . . . To miss the renewal date on a big song—that would make a significant difference in my style of living. This is an area where there’s simply no margin for error. Save one copyright and the damn thing pays for itself.

The computer *alone*, with sixteen thousand bits of memory, or forty-eight thousand—that would be maybe thirteen hundred dollars, fourteen hundred. But then there’s all those extra things. If I want a disc drive, that’s six hundred more. Two disc drives would make life easier. It’s not vital: the thing will operate without it. You need a printer. Well, you don’t *have* to have a printer, but if you ever want to save any of the output . . . Then, you have the cost of a TV set—a monitor. And, of course, if you want to buy some of the programs . . . You might not want to wait till you get the expertise to develop certain complicated programs yourself.

I’m losing the battle with myself. The whim, the impulse, has become a determination.


LACKS
STRUCTURE
AND
MEANING
KOREN

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

MY friend Mario had a closetful of frayed, moth-eaten wigs, capes, and high hats that he had swiped from the Butler Davenport Free Theatre, where he appeared weekends as a spear carrier in "King Lear." During the week, he and I were busy acting out scenes at home. We did assorted gothic shtick, lighting candles and using other spook paraphernalia for "Dracula." ("Velcome to my kessle. Come freely, go safely, and leave someting of the heppiness you bring.") With pale-green greasepaint on his face, bushy paste-on eyebrows, and plastic pointed teeth protruding over his lower lip, Mario did Dracula crawling out of the window and down the fire escape head first, his Davenport cape spreading out around him like great wings. Mrs. Goldberg, on the floor below, popped her head out of her window in shock, calling, "Leon! Mario! Are you meshuga or something?" Meanwhile I did Jonathan Harker in full voice: "What manner of creature is this in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place."

Soon Mario and I began leaking out onto the street with our theatre. Wearing a Davenport wig, cotton under my upper lip, and a marble in each nostril, I stood in front of Beberman's Bakery, glowering at the gorgeous cake in the window. It didn't take long for Mrs. Beberman to come out with a sizable slice of strudel. "Mister, eat a piece of cake and go home to bed."

MARIO and I made our way down to the boathouse on the Bronx River. Dressed in an outsize suit and a Davenport wig, I stood in front of a number of people who were seated on the benches. I blurted out, "To hell with Hitler!" And "God couldn't be all over the place at once, so He made mothers!" And "If I were hanging from the highest tree, I know whose tears would come up to me—my mother's."

The spectators warmed up to my declarations, saying, "May you have long years" and "A blessing on your head, Mister."

Carried away, I shouted, "Here's to us all! God bless us every one!"

A woman said, "Listen, pie face, why don't you go home where you belong?"

I said, "Missus, it's only a short time since your wedding and already you've trampled your husband under your feet."

There were cries of approval and laughter from the crowd. "Not bad." "Listen to what he's saying."

Mario wisecracked that I was ugly enough to stop a clock. In one jump, I was on top of him. He went over under the impact. People on the benches slid away. Mario got up and took off. That was the Stanislavski method.

An old man came over to me and asked, "Mister, you don't feel good? Mister, rest a little. Where do you live, Mister?"

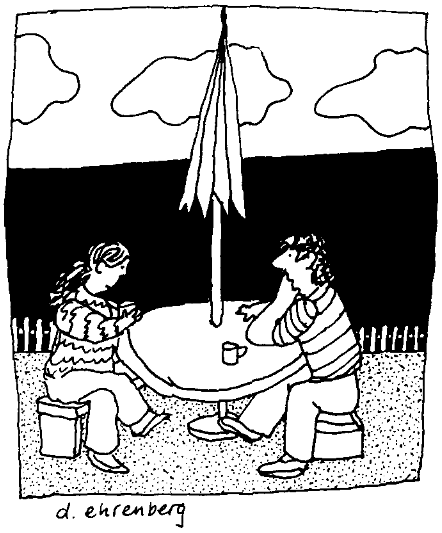
My sister said that it seemed like an awful lot of work for Mario and me to go down to the Bronx River and upset everyone just to get dates.

AT the Free Theatre, Mario had been promoted to the part of the Fool to Mr. Davenport's Lear, King of Britain. Mario argued with Butler Davenport that Lear was an idiot who deserved what he got, having given away everything he owned to two of his daughters, who then threw him out, leaving him bellyaching in the rain without a place to sleep. Davenport answered that "Lear" was the most powerful of the Bard's tragedies. Mario noted that the Fool got the best of it: " 'Nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle.' " I cautioned Mario to be discreet or we'd be out of wigs.

I FINISHED a plate of ziti at Mario's house. I was in my second year of Italian at school, so I thanked his mother in Italian: "*Tante grazie*, Signora Petrello. Your ziti was great."

She smiled, saying, "*Ogni bel gioco dura poco*," which meant "All good things come to an end."

Everything was ethnic where we grew up. "Dirty wop," "Lousy kike," "Mick bastard" were everyday street talk. It wasn't always easy to get to Bronx Park. One Saturday afternoon we ran into four guys on the street. They got around us, and the biggest one of them couldn't believe Mario and his beard. He kept baiting Mario: "Hit me. Go ahead—take the first punch, Jew boy." This guy was big and mean, with a face like a horse. Mario hit him. The guy folded up on the sidewalk. His friends helped him up and took off with him. We walked silently for a couple of minutes. Then Mario said that the guy he had hit was Tybalt, nephew of Lady Capulet.



LOVE that river! The Pride of the Bronx, a small launch, was chugging its way upstream, full of people, making waves that hit both banks. It was the first week in July, and Mario and I were out for more "natural theatre." Mario thought we could build up our acts and maybe land a job in the Catskills the next summer as social directors, for fifteen dollars a week with room and board. Goodbye, hello!

We walked around to the benches by the boathouse and faced an audience who had come out of their apartments to escape the heat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I announced, "we are going to give a performance well worthy of your attention. The talented young Mario, from the Butler Davenport Free Theatre, is now going to do his famous Needle Act."

Mario stood there in a red wig parted in the middle, looking at the audience with a hundred odd twitches and many unaccountable absurdities on his face. I had already started laughing. Mario bowed to the crowd. He then squatted, pretending to be a tailor, wetting a non-thread with his lips, trying to thread a make-believe needle—a hit-or-miss business, full of grimaces and head-cocking. Then came the sewing. In a frenzy of stitching, he sewed one hand to his leg. As he pulled on the needle, the threaded hand followed the pull. He then sewed his leg to his head, and his head to his other leg. Held together by thread, he finally passed the needle into one ear and out the other, sending the crowd into bursts of laughter.

Later that day, we took out a rowboat and rowed up the river to Fordham Road, a mile away. The water lay placid, a sheet of green-blue, slightly ruffled by a gentle breeze. After a while dark clouds rolled overhead, and in the air was the oppressive sense of thunder. We were hit with a wind

THE PIER: UNDER PISCES

The shallows, brighter,
Wetter than water,
Tepidly glitter with the fingerprint-
Obliterating feel of kerosene.

Each piling like a totem
Rises from rock bottom
Straight through the ceiling
Aswirl with suns, clear ones or pale bluegreen,

And beyond! where bubbles burst,
Sphere of their worst dreams,
If dream is what they do,
These floozy fish—

Ceramic-lipped in filmy
Peekaboo blouses,
Fluorescent body
Stockings, hot stripes,

Swayed by the hypnotic ebb and flow
Of supermarket Muzak,
Bolero beat the undertow's
Pebble-filled gourds repeat;

Jailbait consumers of subliminal
Hints dropped from on high
In gobbets none
Eschew as minced kin;

Who, hooked themselves—bamboo diviner
Bent their way
Vigorously nodding
Encouragement—

Are one by one hauled kisswise, oh
Into some blinding hell
Policed by leathery ex-
Justices each

Minding his catch, if catch is what he can,
If mind is what one means—
The torn mouth
Stifled by newsprint, working still. If . . . if . . .

The little scales
Grow stiff. Dusk plugs her dryer in,
Buffs her nails, riffles through magazines,
While far and wide and deep

Rove the great sharkskin-suited criminals
And safe in this lit shrine
A boy sits. He'll be eight.
We've drunk our milk, we've eaten our stringbeans,

But left untasted on the plate
The fish. An eye, a broiled pearl, meeting mine,
I lift his fork . . .
The bite. The tug of fate.

—JAMES MERRILL

• •

and pelting rain. We were rowing against the current and didn't have time to reach the shore. Stuck in some water lilies, we lost an oar. Mario said that what we were doing with "natural theatre" was in accord with Stanislavski's dislike for the classical method of acting. We bumped into another rowboat, also stuck in the water lilies, with two sisters in it—Vivian and Cynthia. They were dressed in old, long, loose black dresses and had lost both their oars in their struggle with the storm. They, like us, were soaked to the skin. The sisters recognized us from the boathouse.

Cynthia said, "All honor to the first actors of the Bronx Zoo."

Mario told them that soon they would have to pay if they wanted to see us—that they would have to stand on their heads for tickets.

THE boathouse had been eating up our material at a rapid rate, so we decided to try a different section of the park. Mario had borrowed two plumed helmets and two foils from the Free Theatre. They weren't exactly foils—they were *schiavone*, cavalry swords that had "Arme des Esclaves, Gardes de Doges de Venise" engraved in tiny print on the ornate handles. On our way to the park, we passed a groundfloor doorbell. The temptation was too great. I pushed the bell, and we kept walking. The door flew open, and out came a person in an underwear top, covered with muscles and tattoos. I had time for a quick read of one of his arms: "Mother of Mine" under a purple heart in a bed of roses.

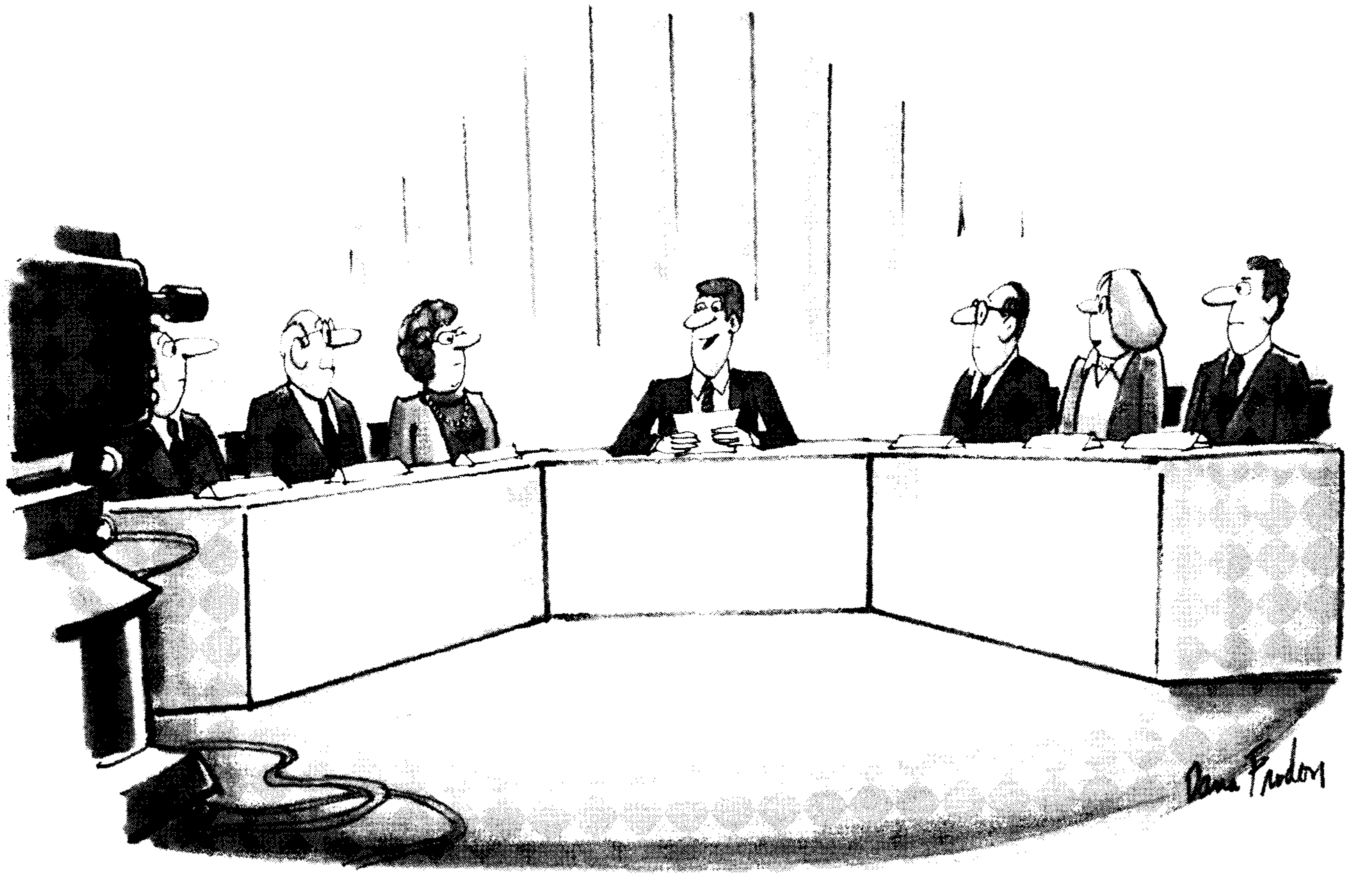
"You guys ring the doorbell?" He looked at Mario, who stood there in a plumed helmet, with a putty nose and a false mustache and beard, wearing a sword. Without any effort Tattoo Man lifted Mario off the sidewalk by his elbows.

I pulled Mario loose from his grip and said I was the one who had done it and was sorry. "Mister," I asked, "haven't you ever had the feeling that you wanted to ring a doorbell?" I wasn't paying attention to his rage. My eyes were on three kids jumping rope and some birds of summer in the branches of a tree. Tattoo Man belted me on the side of the head, and my knees sagged. Mario stepped in and punched him. Muscles, tattoos, and all, he ran back into his house.

A woman came out, took one look at us, and threatened to call the police. Mario and I began to duel with the *schiavone*. We raised a tremendous din, clanging the swords together.

"WHEN the little whippoorwills call . . ." One of my sister's beaux, a Sidney Gurvitch, brought her a present of a radio with a horn attachment. The old horn radios were being replaced by single-unit cabinets. Anyhow, the tubes were missing from this one, so it didn't work; Mario and I took it over for our "natural theatre." Mario hid behind a bush with the bottom of the horn in his mouth. I turned the dial on the set and brought in the "programs."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Ted Lewis. . . . Is everybody happy? . . . Yeah . . . just Mollie and me . . . yeah



"This is our format: Three minutes to present your case, two minutes each for rebuttal, one minute for summing up, and thirty seconds for claiming victory."

• •

. . . and baby Teddy, he makes three . . . yeah. . . . The moon belongs to everyone. . . ."

I turned the dial and got Bing Crosby: "It was a luck-y A-pril shower . . ."

Some wise guys passing threw a half-eaten sandwich into the horn. I wound up with a black eye. Mario took me to his house, where his father applied a leech to the swelling. Mr. Petrello was a leech importer and had these repulsive blue-black worms from Italy packed in green tins in his basement. While waiting for the leech to balloon, we talked about clocks and watches.

"*Che cosa indica l'ora in un orlogio?*" I said.

Mr. Petrello replied, "*Le due lancette indicano l'ora sul quadrante dell'orlogio.*"

Then Mr. Petrello removed the bloated leech with a pluck, leaving a dot of blood under my eye.

AT the Free Theatre, Butler Davenport criticized Mario: "If you are going toward a door, you say, 'I am going through that door.' Whiskers and putty noses aren't enough. Dear boy, you have an awful way of flinging your hands about, which I detest."

Mario felt like punching him in the nose.

ONE night my girlfriend, Kathleen, and I went to the stone pavilion in Bronx Park. It was used for a rain shelter and for dancing on weekends, but this was a weeknight, and the air was calm and mild. Three of my sister's girlfriends had found husbands there. We had been inside about ten minutes when Kathleen suddenly whispered, "Leon, there's someone standing behind that post."

I laughed. "When the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway in the Bronx woods." The words were hardly out of my mouth when I saw a head pulling back into the dark. I said, "O.K., Kathleen, let's get out of here." We were just outside the pavilion when this creature ran toward us. He came right up to me, his lips drawn tight in a scowl, his lower teeth showing. A Bela Lugosi look-alike! Another man lingered in the shadows several feet away. I said to myself, "That must be Renfield."

"What were you two doing in there?" Lugosi asked, flashing his coat open to show us a fake police badge pinned inside.

I said, "Nothing special . . . talking things over . . . chewing the fat . . . nothing really out of the ordinary."

Lugosi shoved his face even closer. "Who is she?"

"My girlfriend," I answered. "Luckily we've saved a little money to settle down with. Once I get a job, we'll move to a different part of the park and give ourselves a change of air." To Kathleen I said, "It's only momentary. It will die down in a week or two." I gave her arm a yank. "Run, Kathleen!"

Lugosi turned his head as Kathleen lurched and ran. I hit him on the jaw, and he fell into a shrub. Renfield hadn't come over to help him. Lugosi pulled something out of his pocket. Extending his arm, he pointed the object at me. Of all the wonderful things that had happened that night, this was the worst. I thought I was going to get shot. Kathleen's legs had given out, and she was down in the grass. I ran past her and had to turn back to help her up. Lugosi and Renfield made dangerous sounds but never came after us.

The next time I saw Mario, I told

him about my experience in the park. He thought it was a great scenario. He would play Bela's role, and I would be myself. Mario spoke to Butler Davenport about putting it on at the Free Theatre, but Butler Davenport torpedoed it, saying, "It's been done. Boy meets girl. Boy loses girl. Boy gets girl."

THE sun was up. There was the snuff mill, the river, and the marsh. There were birch trees in the green of the marsh, and there were snakes. I had seen them slithering about in the tall grass near the shore. I brought a five-gallon can and caught nine two-foot garter snakes. My prize was a five-foot blacksnake sunning itself on a flat rock, digesting something. I placed a stick behind the snake's head and pressed down, and the snake curled around it. Then I shook the stick into the can, and the sluggish snake slipped in. I capped the can with newspaper and carried it over to Mario's house. We hid it in the basement. Our plan was to spill the snakes near the benches by the boathouse to regain the attention of the crowd.

The next morning I went to call for Mario. I ran into his father in front of the house, and saluted him with a short "*Buona sera*, Signor Petrello." Mr. Petrello passed me by in silence. Then Mario told me that his father had gone down to the basement the night before and, turning on the light, had found the place acrawl with snakes. The first thought that had gone through his head was that a shipment of leeches had somehow grown into serpents.

I suggested to Mario that we write a science-fiction piece where leeches develop into anacondas and swallow all the members of a family.

That very evening, we set the snakes free near the boathouse. The sight of all those wriggling snakes shocked the people sitting on the benches and set them up for our scene from Clifford Odets' "Waiting for Lefty." Mario played Joe and I played Edna.

JOE: "Where's all the furniture, honey?"

EDNA: "They took it away. No installments paid."

JOE: "When?"

EDNA: "Three o'clock."

JOE: "They can't do that. . . ."

A man got up to leave.

"Hey, Mister," I shouted. "Don't go away. I want to forget you exactly as you are. Mister, let's see your birth certificate for proof you're alive."

The crowd roared at such gems. Someone on the benches fed me an insult: "You should study to be a bone specialist—you have the head for it."

From this I really poured it on. "Mister, you should be careful not to let your mind wander. It's too weak to be let out alone."

One man explained me as a tragic figure. "This person," he said, "is eminently civilized and sane, and possesses a complete logic on the way to survive today's troubles. He is very young and extremely intelligent, but something has gone wrong in his personal life."

A pretty girl from Honeywell Avenue described my antics as "knockabout" and in a long tradition of crowd-gathering buffoonery from the sixteenth century. She said I was a Punchinello.

Suddenly one of her girlfriends ran up, exclaiming that there was an honest-to-goodness real nut trying to kill himself near the waterfall, threatening to jump into the river. We all ran about fifty yards downstream. During my banter with the audience, Mario had wandered away from the benches, and there he was, squatting on a stone wall that was part of the ruin of an old sawmill extending out over the water.

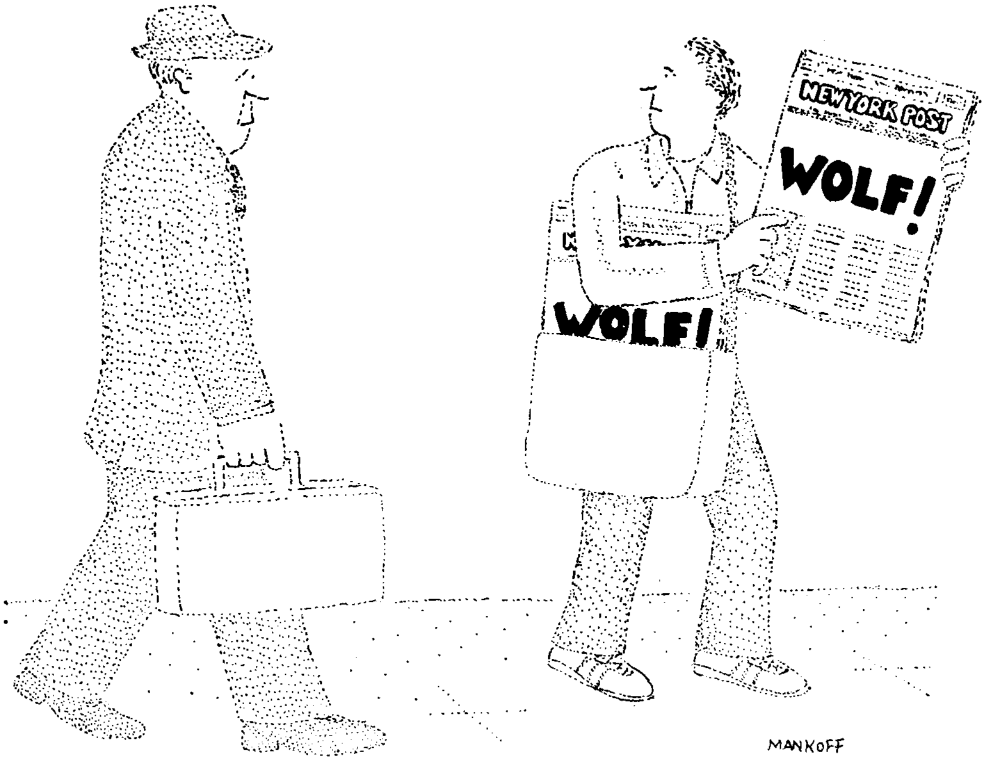
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I appear before you for the last time. I need not assure you of the sad regret with which I say it, but sickness and infirmity have come upon me."

Mario stood up, his knees shaking and every feature convulsed as he stood swaying before the crowd. Tears were running down his cheeks. A man in the crowd argued seriously that it was very disturbing for people to always be hanging or drowning themselves in public places instead of killing themselves privately at home.

"My death," Mario continued, "sets a seal on the fact that I never existed."

A woman, her eyes flashing, offered to take Mario home with her for a good dinner, but Mario waved her off. He then made the sign of the cross and jumped into the water. It was two feet deep. When we removed our disguises, we were surrounded by a sea of friendship.

WHEN I next saw Mario, he told me that he'd been thrown out of the Free Theatre by Butler Davenport himself. Butler Davenport, playing Claudius, King of Denmark, in the last scene of "Hamlet" called out, "Give them the foils, young Osric." Mario, as young Osric, had to hand the foils to Laertes and Hamlet so they could duel. Mario withheld the foils, and Butler Davenport called again and again, "Give them the foils, young Osric! Give them the goddam foils, young Osric! . . ." —LOU MYERS

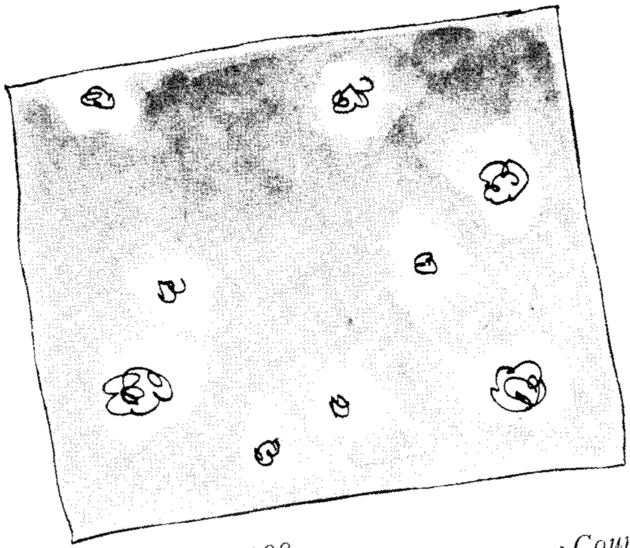

NEW YORK POST
WOLF!
WOLF!
MANKOFF

●

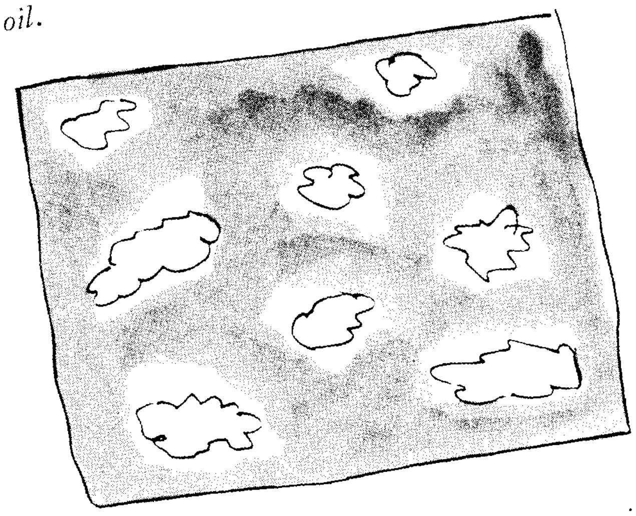
"It's a fait accompli that has to be done," said Armao, once an aide to the late New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Except when the Governor had the French Ambassador over for dinner.

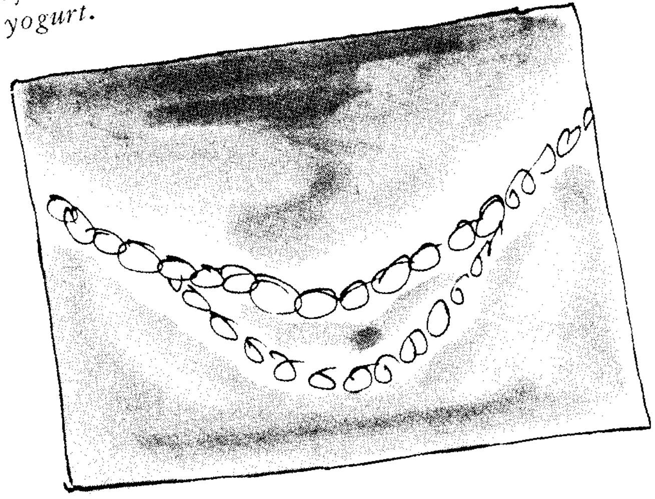
SUPREME COURT DECISION ON GENETIC ENGINEERING CAUSES PATENT OFFICE BOOM



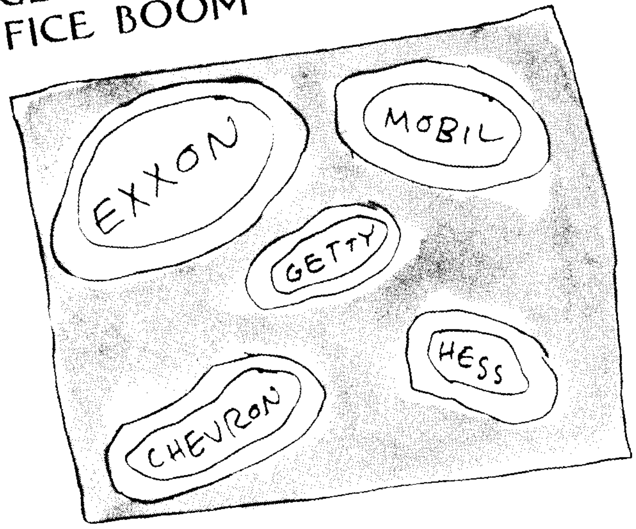
Pat. 310,437,188
Breaks down components of Supreme Court decisions and turns them into usable crude oil.



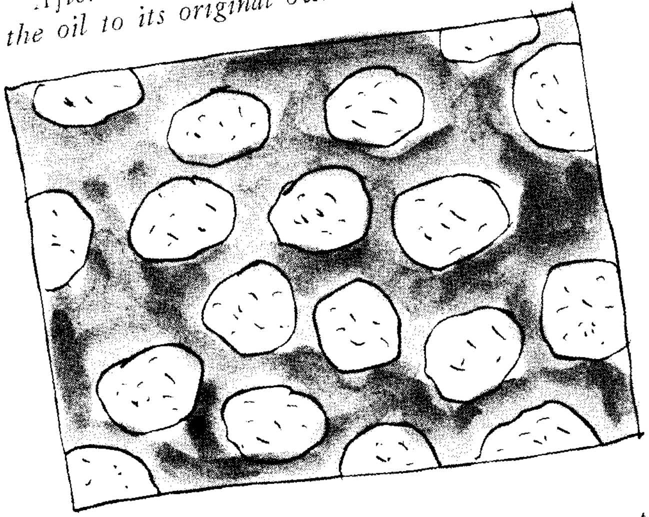
Pat. 740,039,251
By crossbreeding and fusing several strains of bacteria, it converts polyester into prune yogurt.



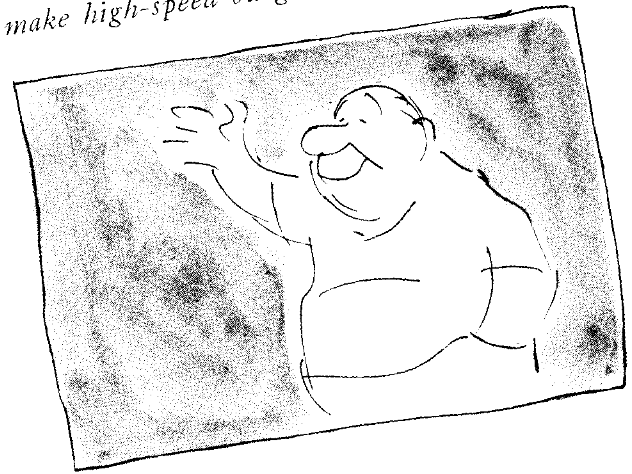
Pat. 624,471,927
Splices genes into designer jewelry of your choice.



Pat. 530,662,718
After "digesting" an oil spill, it "returns" the oil to its original owner.



Pat. 105,192,270
Blends ethylene glycol and fructose to make high-speed burgers.



Pat. Pending
Charles (Chuck) Cavetti, 65, generally regarded as one of the all-time really great guys, and a lot of fun, received a patent-pending status until it is determined what it is precisely that makes him so terrific.

—James Stevenson

LOST LETTERS

ACCORDING to my calculations, there are two or three new fictional characters baptized on earth every second. As a result, I am always unsure of myself when it comes time for me to enter the vast crowd of John the Baptists. But what can I do? I have to call my characters something, don't I? This time, just to make it clear that my heroine belongs to me and me alone (and means more to me than anyone ever has), I am giving her a name no woman has ever had before: Tamina. I picture her as tall and beautiful, thirty-three, and a native of Prague.

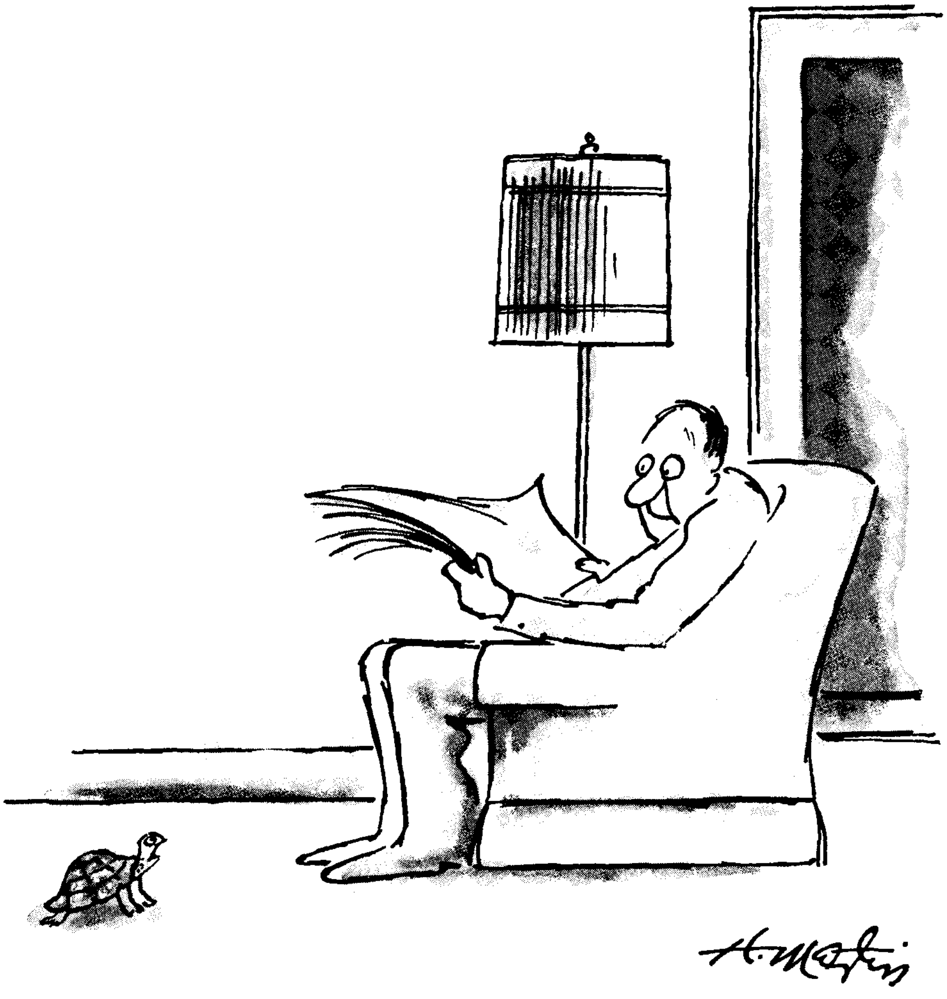
I can see her now, walking down a street in a provincial town in the west of Europe. Yes, you're right. Prague, which is far away, I call by its name, while the town my story takes place in I leave anonymous. This goes against all rules of perspective, but you'll just have to put up with it.

Tamina has a job as a waitress in a small café belonging to a married couple. The café brings in so little money that the husband took a job somewhere else and they hired Tamina to take his place. The difference between the miserable salary he earns at his new job and the even more miserable salary they give Tamina is their only profit.

Tamina serves coffee and Calvados to the customers (there are never very many of them; the café is invariably half empty), and then goes back to her place behind the bar. There is almost always someone sitting on a barstool wanting to talk to her. They all like her. She is a good listener.

But does she really listen? Or does she just look on, silent and preoccupied? I can't quite tell, and it really doesn't matter much. What does matter is that she never interrupts anybody. You know what it's like when two people start a conversation. For a while, one of them does all the talking, then the other breaks in with "That's just like me—I . . ." and goes on talking about himself until the first one finds a chance to say, "That's just like me—I . . ."

"That's just like me—I . . ." may look like a form of agreement, a way of carrying the other party's idea a step further, but that is an illusion. What it is, really, is a brute revolt against brute force, an attempt to free one's ear from bondage, a frontal attack whose objective is to occupy the enemy's ear. All man's life among men is nothing more than a battle for the ears of others. The whole secret of Tamina's popularity is that she has no desire to talk about herself. She offers no resistance to the forces occupying her ear; she never says, "That's just like me—I . . ."



"Excuse me, but if I'm going to win I've got to take shortcuts."

BIBI is ten years younger than Tamina. For nearly a year now she has been telling Tamina about herself on a day-to-day basis. Not so long ago, Bibi told Tamina that she and her husband were thinking of going to Prague that summer.

Suddenly Tamina seemed to awaken from a sleep of several years. Bibi went on talking, but Tamina (uncharacteristically) cut her off. "If you do go to Prague, Bibi," she said, "could you go to my father's and bring me back something? Oh, nothing big. Just a little package. Small enough to slip into your suitcase."

"You name it," said Bibi, ready and willing.

"You don't know how grateful I'd be," said Tamina.

"You can count on me," said Bibi, and they both talked some more about Prague. Tamina's cheeks were burning.

Then Bibi changed the subject. "I want to write a book."

Tamina thought of her package back in Czechoslovakia, and realizing she could not afford to lose Bibi's friendship, she offered her ear once again. "A book? What about?"

Bibi's year-old daughter was toddling around under her mother's barstool, making a lot of noise.

"Sh-h-h!" Bibi said to the floor, and inhaled thoughtfully on her cigarette. "About the world as I see it."

The child's squeals were more and more acute.

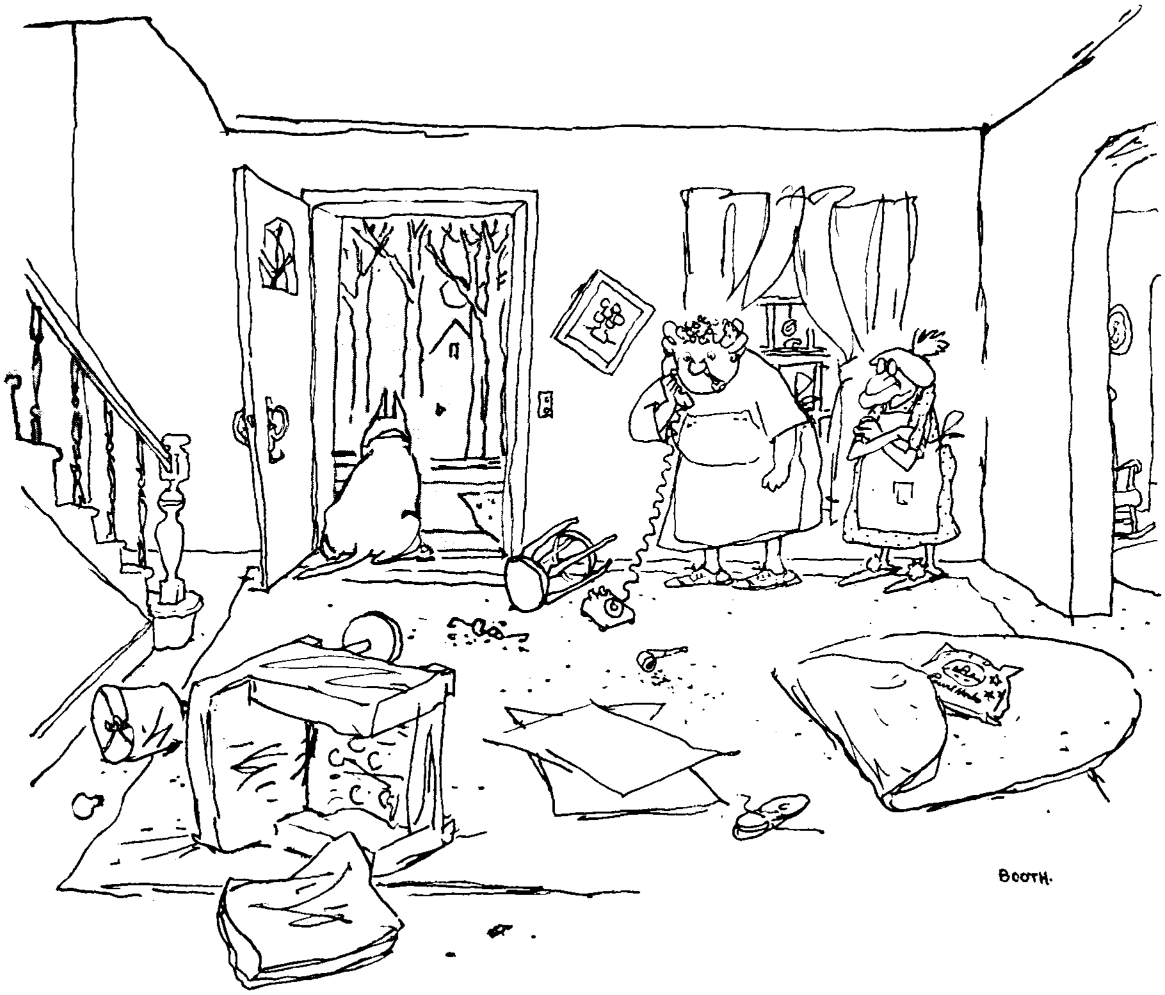
"You mean you'd really dare to write a book?" asked Tamina.

"Why not?" said Bibi. She was thoughtful again. "Of course, I need a few pointers about how a book gets written. Do you happen to know Banaka?"

"No. Who is he?" asked Tamina.

"A writer," said Bibi. "He lives somewhere around here. I've got to meet him."

"What has he written?"



"Lately, everything has been getting on his nerves, Doctor. The credit people, the flooded basement, Mother's complaining about not getting enough zinc, Jimmy Carter. I just mentioned that our neighbor, Mrs. Uminiwitz, was going to split her big white peony, and it seemed to be more than he could take."

• •

"I don't know," said Bibi, and then added thoughtfully, "Maybe I ought to try reading something by him."

WHAT came through the receiver, instead of the exclamation of joy and surprise Tamina might have expected from her mother-in-law, was a cold "Well, what do you know. After all these years."

"You know I'm low on funds," Tamina apologized. "It costs a lot to call."

"Well, you could still write. A stamp doesn't cost that much, does it? I can't remember the last time I got a letter from you."

Realizing she was off to a bad start, Tamina gave in and asked her mother-in-law how she was and what she had been doing. Only then could she bring herself to say, "There's a favor I'd like to ask of you. When we left the country, we left behind a small package."

"Package?"

"Yes. You and Mirek locked it in his father's desk. Mirek always had his drawer there, remember? And he gave the key to you."

"I don't know anything about a key."

"But Mother, you've got to have it! Mirek gave it to you. I'm absolutely positive. I was there."

"You didn't give me a thing."

"It's been a long time. Maybe you've forgotten. All I'm asking is that you look around and see if you have the key. I'm positive you'll find it."

"And what am I supposed to do with it?"

"Just look and see if the package is still there."

"Where could it have gone to? You put it there, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why do I have to open the drawer? What do you think—I've been tampering with your notebooks?"

Tamina was stunned. How did her mother-in-law know there were notebooks in the drawer? They were all wrapped up and carefully sealed with gummed tape. But she did not let her mother-in-law know she was surprised.

"That's not what I mean. All I want is for you to make sure everything's there. Next time I call, I'll tell you more."

"Why can't you tell me any more now?"

"I can't talk now, Mother. It costs too much."

"Well, why did you call me in the first place if it costs so much?" She was in tears now.

"Don't cry, Mother," said Tamina. She knew these tears by heart. Whenever her mother-in-law had wanted anything from them, she would burst into tears. It was her way of preferring charges, her most aggressive weapon.

The receiver shook with her sobs.

"Goodbye, Mother," said Tamina. "I'll call again soon."

Tamina did not dare hang up before her mother-in-law stopped weeping and said goodbye. But the weeping went on and on, and every tear was expensive.

Tamina hung up.

"That was an awfully long call you just made," said her boss's wife in her mournful voice, pointing to the timer. She multiplied the time by the rate to Czechoslovakia, and Tamina was horrified at how much it came to. She would have to count every penny to make it to the next payday. But she paid right up without flinching.

TAMINA and her husband had left Czechoslovakia illegally. They had signed up with the official state travel agency for a group tour to the Yugoslav coast, but once there they abandoned the group and crossed over to the West via Austria.

To avoid being conspicuous, they took only one large suitcase apiece. At the last moment, they had not dared to include the bulky package containing their letters to each other and Tamina's notebooks. If an official of their occupied country had opened their suitcases during a customs check, he would have immediately suspected something. Why would people bring along the entire archives of their private life for a two-week vacation by the sea? And because they did not wish to leave the package in their own apartment, which they knew would be appropriated by the state after their departure, they stashed it outside Prague, in the apartment of Tamina's mother-in-law, in her late father-in-law's old and virtually unused desk.

Tamina's husband had fallen seriously ill abroad, and all she could do was sit by and watch as death slowly took him. When he died, they asked her whether she wanted him to be buried or cremated. She told them to burn him. They asked her whether she wanted to keep him in an urn or have his ashes scattered. Since she had no home and was afraid she would be forced to carry her husband around for the rest of her life like so much hand luggage, she had his ashes scattered.

I picture the world growing up around Tamina like a circular wall, and I picture her as a small patch of grass at the bottom. The only rose growing on that patch of grass is the memory of her husband.

Or I picture Tamina's present (which consists of serving coffee and lending an ear) as a raft drifting on the water, with her sitting on it and looking back, looking only back.

Lately she has noticed with desperation that the past is growing paler and paler. All she has left of her husband is his passport picture. The other pictures remained behind in the appropriated apartment in Prague. At first, she looked every day at the grimy, dog-eared picture showing her husband full face (like a criminal in a mug shot). It is not a good likeness. Every day she spent some time in a sort of spiritual exercise, trying to remember what he looked like in profile, then half profile, then quarter profile, going over the lines of his nose and chin, and every day she was horrified at new blurs where her memory hesitated about which way to go.

During these exercises, she tried to evoke his skin—its color and all its minor blemishes: tiny warts, protuberances, freckles, veins. It was difficult, almost impossible. The colors her memory used were unrealistic. They could not do justice to human skin. As a result, she developed her own special technique of calling him to mind. Whenever she sat across from a man, she would use his head as a kind of sculptor's armature. She would concentrate all her attention on him and remodel his face inside her own head—darkening the complexion, adding freckles and warts, scaling down the ears, and coloring the eyes blue.

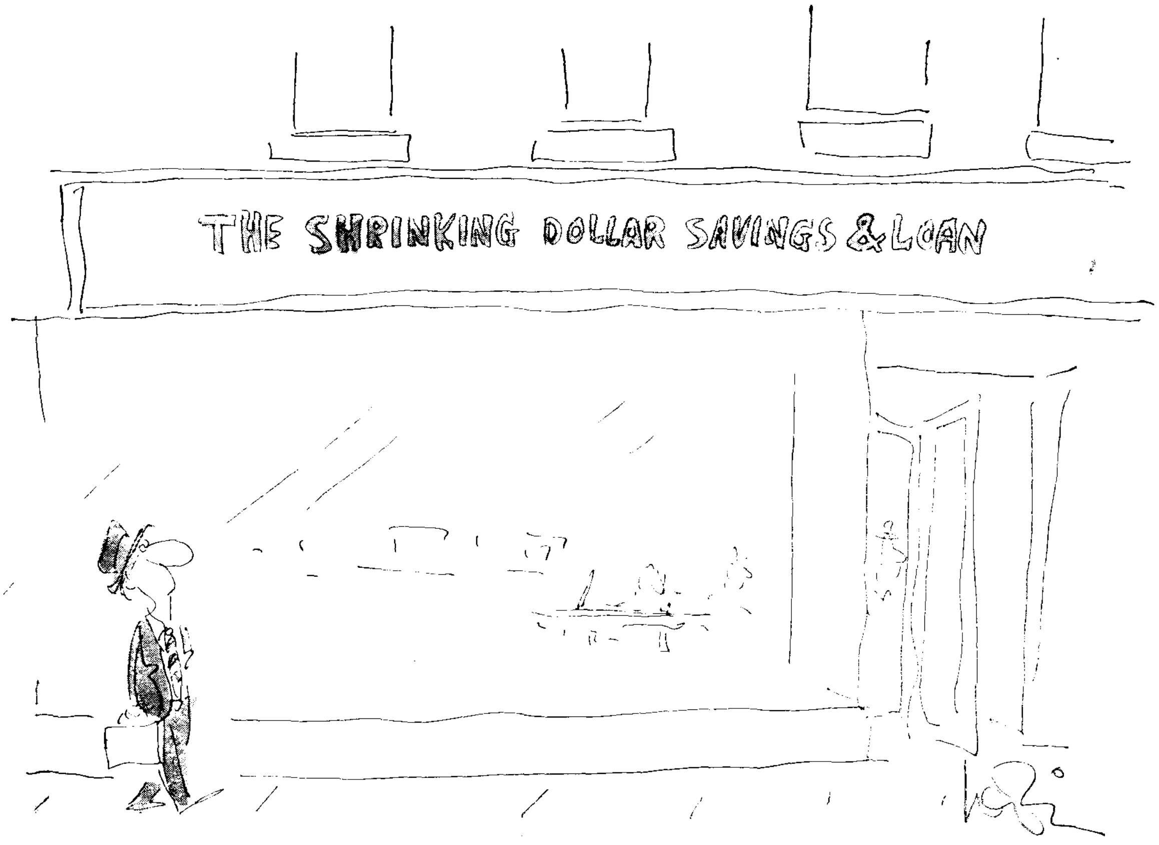
But all her efforts only went to show that her husband's image was gone for good. When they had first begun dating, he asked her to keep a diary, taking both their lives into account. (He was ten years older than she was and had some idea of how poor the human memory can be.) She refused at first, saying that it would make a mockery of their love. She loved him too much to admit that what she thought was unforgettable could ever be forgotten. Finally, of course, she did as he asked, but without enthusiasm. The notebooks showed it: they had many empty pages, and the entries were fragmentary.

SHE had spent eleven years with her husband in Czechoslovakia, and eleven notebooks remained behind with her mother-in-law. Shortly after her husband's death she bought a notebook and divided it into eleven parts. She had succeeded in reconstructing many half-forgotten events and situations, but she had no idea where to enter them. She had lost all sense of chronology.

The first thing she wanted to do, therefore, was to bring back memories to serve as reference points in the flow of time, to provide a framework for the past as she would re-create it. Their vacations, for example. They must have had eleven of them, but she could remember only nine. Two had been irretrievably lost.

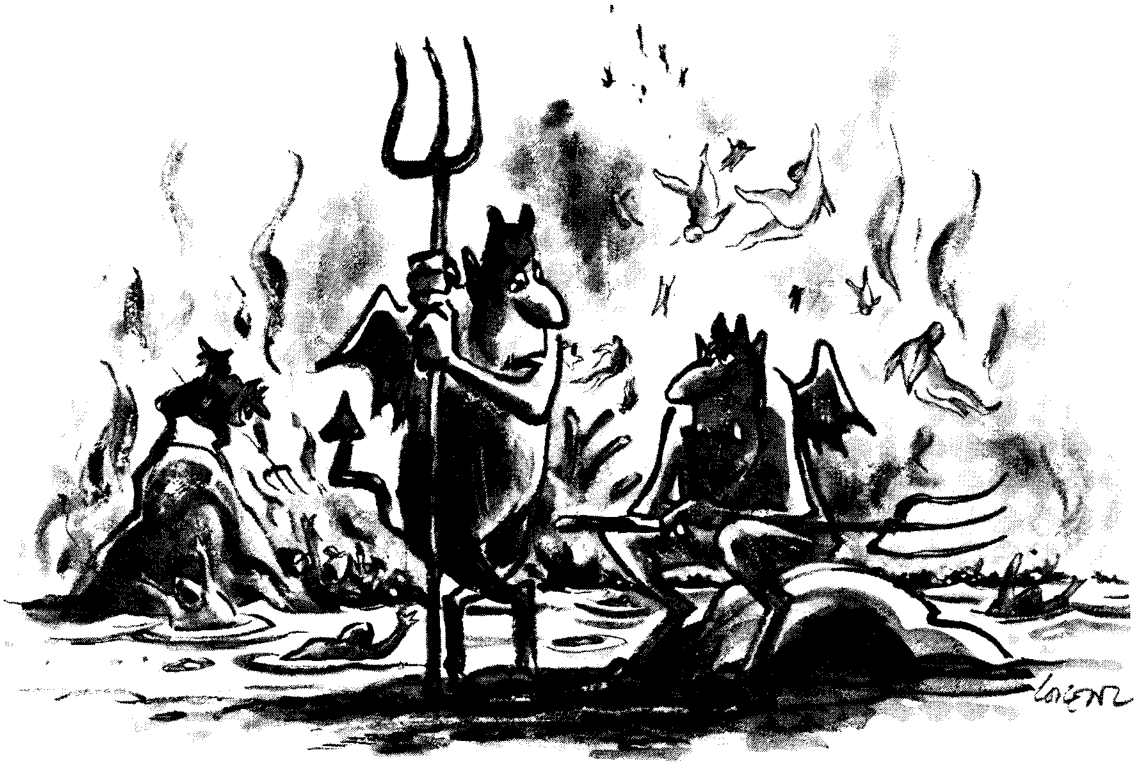
She tried to enter each of those nine reconstructed vacations into one of the eleven sections of her notebook. But she could do so with certainty only when something out of the ordinary had happened during that year. In 1964, Tamina's mother had died, and they had a sad few weeks in the Tatras, a month later than usual. The year after that, they went to Bulgaria, to the sea. She also remembered the vacations of 1968 and 1969, because they were the last ones in Czechoslovakia.

But if she could do a fairly good job of reconstructing most of their vacations (chronology excluded), she


THE SHRINKING DOLLAR SAVINGS & LOAN

was completely at a loss when it came to Christmas and New Year's. Of eleven Christmases she could recall only two; of twelve New Year's Eves, five.

She also tried to call forth all the pet names he had ever given her. Her real name he used only for the first two weeks or so. His tenderness was like a machine for turning out terms of endearment. As quickly as they seemed to wear, he would make up new ones. During the twelve years they knew each other, she had twenty or thirty of them, each one belonging to a definite period in their lives.



"*I don't get it. Why should anyone want to be the* lesser *of two evils?*"

But how can she reconstruct the lost link between a pet name and the rhythm of time? Only in rare instances does she succeed. She can remember the days after her mother's death, for example, when, as if trying to wake her from a dream, her husband whispered her name into her ear with great urgency (her name at that time and that moment). That name she remembers perfectly, and she can enter it with confidence under the year 1964. But all the other names are soaring freely, madly, outside time, like birds escaped from an aviary.

That is why she so desperately wants that package of notebooks and letters back.

She is aware, of course, that there are many unpleasant things in the notebooks—days of dissatisfaction, quarrels, even boredom. But that is not what counts. She has no desire to turn the past into poetry; she wants to return to the past its lost body. She is not compelled by desire for beauty; she is compelled by desire for life.

There she sits on a raft, looking back, looking only back. The sum of her being is no more than what she sees in the distance behind her. And as her past begins to shrink, fall apart, disappear, so does Tamina.

She longs to see the notebooks so that she can fill in the fragile framework of the new notebook, give it walls, turn it into a house. If the shaky structure of her memories collapses, like a badly pitched tent, Tamina will have only the present, that invisible point, that nothing moving slowly toward death.

WHY, then, didn't she ask her mother-in-law to send the package a long time ago?

In Czechoslovakia, correspondence with foreign countries goes through the secret police, and Tamina could not resign herself to the idea of police officials sticking their noses into her private life. Besides, her husband's name (which was still her name) would surely have remained on the blacklists, and the police are always on the lookout for any document dealing with the lives of their adversaries, even dead ones. (Tamina was far from wrong on this point: police files are our only hope for immortality.)

Bibi is her chance, and Tamina will do anything to stay in good with her. Bibi wants to meet Banaka. Bibi needs to be familiar with the plot of at least one of his books, Tamina thinks. When they meet, she's got to come up with something like "Oh, yes, that's just the way you put it in your book!" or "You know, you're just like your characters." Tamina knows that Bibi doesn't have a single book in her apartment and that reading bores her to tears. Tamina needs to find out what Banaka writes about and prepare Bibi for her talk with him. Hugo, one of the café's regulars, might have some idea.

"Do you know Banaka?" asked Tamina, putting Hugo's coffee down in front of him.

Hugo had bad breath, but otherwise Tamina found him quite personable: quiet, shy, five or so years younger than she. He would come to the café once a week and divide his time between looking voraciously through the books he brought with him and looking voraciously at Tamina standing behind the bar.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Could you tell me what any one of his books is about?"

"Look, Tamina," said Hugo. "Nobody, but nobody, has ever read a thing he's written. At least, nobody has ever admitted it. He's a second-rate, third-rate, tenth-rate writer, and everyone knows it. Banaka is so much the victim of his own reputation that, believe me, he himself has nothing but scorn for people who read his books."

She gave up trying to get hold of Banaka's books, but she made it her business to arrange a meeting with him. From time to time she lent her apartment, which was empty during the day, to a young married Japanese girl named Joujou for her trysts with a professor of philosophy, who also

WHAT YOU HAVE COME TO EXPECT

The worn plush of the seat chafes your bare legs
as you shiver in the air-conditioned dark
watching a man embrace his wife at the edge
of their shadowy lawn. It is just past dusk
and behind them their house rises white and
symmetrical. Candles burn in each window,
while from the open door a blade of light jabs
down the gravel path to a fountain. In the doorway
wait two children dressed for sleep in white gowns.
The man touches his wife's cheek. Although
he must leave, he is frightened for her safety and
the safety of their children. At last he hurries
to where two horses stamp and whinny in harness.
Then, from your seat in the third row, you follow him
through battles and bloodshed and friends lost
until finally he returns home, rides up the lane
as dusk falls to discover all that remains of his house
is a single chimney rising from ashes and mounds of debris.
Where is his young wife? He stares out across
empty fields, the wreckage of stables and barns.
Where are the children who were the comfort of his life?

In a few minutes, you plunge into the brilliant light
of the afternoon sun. Across the street, you see your bike
propped against a wall with your dog waiting beside it.
The dog is so excited to see you she keeps leaping up,
licking your face, while you, still full of the movie,
full of its colors and music and lives sacrificed to some
heroic purpose, try to tell her about this unutterable
sadness you feel on a Saturday afternoon in July, 1950.
Bicycling home, you keep questioning what happened
to the children, what happened to their father standing
by the burned wreckage of his house, and you wish
there were someone to explain this problem to, someone
to help you understand this sense of bereavement and loss:
you, who are too young even to regret the passage of time.
Next year your favorite aunt will die, then your
grandparents, one by one, then even your cousins.
You sit on the seat of your green bike with balloon tires
and watch your dog waiting up the street, a Bayeux
tapestry dog, brindle with thin legs and a greyhound chest—
a dog now no more than a speck of ash in the Michigan dirt.
From a distance of thirty years, you see yourself paused
at the intersection, a thin blond boy in khaki shorts;
see yourself push off into the afternoon sunlight,
clumsily entering your future the way a child urged on
by its frightened nurse might stumble into a plowed field
in the dead of night, half running, half pulled along.
Behind them: gunshots, flame, and the crack of burning wood.
Far ahead: a black line of winter trees.

Now, after thirty years, the trees have come closer.
Glancing around you, you discover you are alone;
raising your hands to your face and beard, you find
you are no longer young, while the only fires
are in the fleck of stars above you, the only face
is the crude outline of the moon's—distant, as any family
you might have had; cold, in a way you have come to expect.

—STEPHEN DOBYNS

* * *

happened to be married. The professor knew Banaka, and Tamina made the lovers promise to bring him on a day Bibi would be there.

When Bibi found out, her reaction was "Maybe Banaka's handsome and your sex life's finally looking up."

THAT'S right—Tamina had not made love since her husband's death. Her fidelity beyond the grave was not on principle; in fact, it seemed ludicrous to her, and she certainly never boasted about it. But whenever she imagined taking her clothes off in front of a man (and she imagined it often), she saw her husband's image. She knew she would see him when she made love. She knew she would see his face, and his eyes watching her.

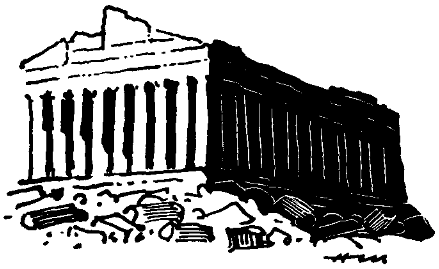
It was incongruous, it was silly, and she knew it. She did not believe in the life after death of her husband's soul, nor did she feel that she would offend his memory if she took a lover. There was nothing she could do about it.

It even occurred to her that it would have been much easier to be unfaithful to her husband while he was alive. He had been happy, successful, energetic; she had felt much the weaker of the pair. It had always seemed that she couldn't hurt him if she tried.

But now things were different. Now she would be hurting someone who couldn't fight back, who was as dependent on her as a child. She was the only person her dead husband had in the world—the only one!

That is why the minute she even thought about the possibility of physical love with someone else, the image of her husband appeared before her eyes, and with it a terrible longing for him, and with that longing a great desire to cry.

BANAKA was ugly—not the type to awaken a woman's dormant sensuality. Tamina poured him some tea, and he thanked her very respectfully. Everyone was having a good time talking about nothing in particular when Banaka turned to Bibi with a smile and said, "I hear you want to write a book. What about?"



"Very simple," said Bibi. "A novel. About how I view the world."

"A novel?" asked Banaka in a voice clearly tinged with disapproval.

"Well, it doesn't have to be a novel," she said, unsure of herself.

"Think of what goes into a novel, after all," he said. "All those different characters. Do you really mean to say you know all there is to know about them? How they look, think, dress? What kinds of backgrounds they come from? Come on, admit it. You couldn't care less about all that."

"You're right," admitted Bibi. "I couldn't care less."

"You know," he went on, "novels are the fruit of the human illusion that we can understand our fellow-man. But what do we know about each other?"

"Nothing," said Bibi.

"True," said Joujou.

The professor of philosophy agreed.

"The only thing we *can* do," said Banaka, "is to give an account of our own selves. Anything else is an abuse of power. Anything else is a lie."

"He's on call."

• •

"True—how true!" Bibi said enthusiastically. "I don't want to write a novel. That wasn't what I meant. What I want to do is exactly what you've been saying: write about myself, an account of my life. And I won't hide the fact that I live an absolutely ordinary, everyday life and nothing special has ever happened to me."

Banaka smiled. "What difference does that make? Look at me. Seen from the outside, even I don't seem so special."

"Right!" cried Bibi. "Right! Look at me *from the outside* and I don't seem special. *From the outside!* Because it's what goes on in me, *on the inside*, that's worth writing about, that people will want to read about."

Tamina kept filling their cups with tea. She was glad that the two men, who had descended from the Olympus of the mind to her apartment, were being nice to her friend.

The professor of philosophy sucked on his pipe, hiding behind the smoke as if ashamed of himself. "Ever since Joyce," he said, "we have been aware of the fact that the greatest adventure in our lives is the absence of adventure. Odysseus fought at Troy, made his way home on a ship he himself piloted, had a mistress on every island—no, such is not the life we live. Homer's Odyssey now takes place within man. Man has internalized it. The islands, the sea, the sirens seducing us, and Ithaca calling us home—they have all been reduced to voices within us."

"Yes, yes! That's just the way I feel!" exclaimed Bibi. "That's why I wanted to ask you how to go about it, Mr. Banaka. Very often I have the feeling my whole body is bursting with a desire to express itself. To speak. To say something. Sometimes I think I'll go batty or explode, I get so keyed up. You must know the feeling, Mr. Banaka. I want to tell the story of my life, my emotions. They're really quite unique. Really they are. But sit me down in front of a piece of paper and I lose all my ideas. So I figure it must be a problem of technique. There must be something you know that I don't know. Your books are so terrific . . ."

YOU are hereby excused from the lecture that the two Socrateses gave the young woman on the art of writing. I want to talk about something else instead. Recently I took a taxi from one end of Paris to the other and got a talkative driver. He couldn't sleep at night. He had a bad case of insomnia. It had started during the war. He was a sailor. His ship sank. He swam three days and three nights. Finally he was saved. For several months he wavered between life and death, and though he eventually recovered, he had lost the ability to sleep.

"I live a third more life than you," he said, smiling.

"And what do you do with the extra third?" I asked.

"I write," he answered.

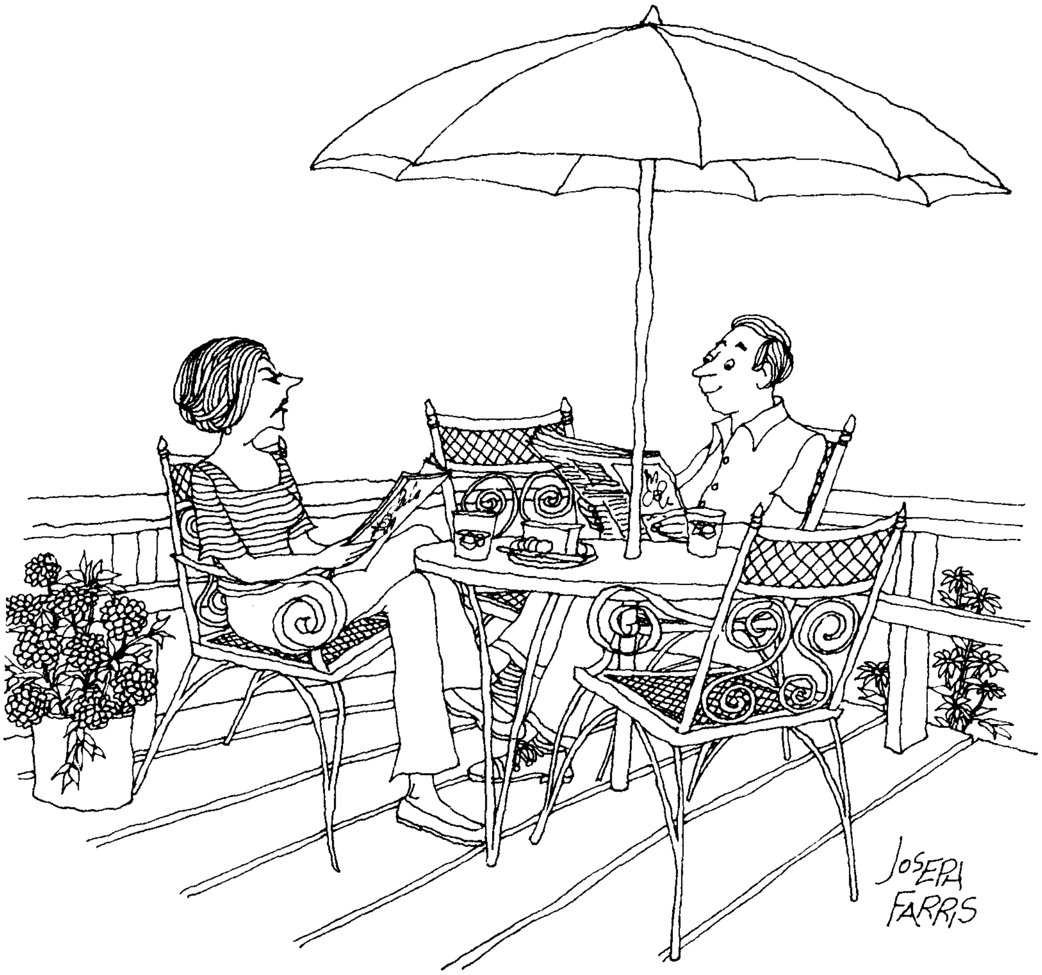
I asked him what he wrote.

His life story. The story of a man who swam three days, held his own against death, lost the ability to sleep, but preserved the strength to live.

"Is it for your children? A family chronicle?"

"My kids don't give a damn." He laughed bitterly. "No, I'm making a book out of it. I think it could do a lot of people a lot of good."

My talk with the taxi-driver gave



“Going down to Washington to listen to the Nixon tapes is not my idea of a vacation!”

• •

me a sudden insight into the nature of a writer’s concerns. The reason we write books is that our kids don’t give a damn. We turn to an anonymous world because our wife stops up her ears when we talk to her.

You may ask if the taxi-driver was merely a graphomaniac. Let us define our terms. A woman who writes her lover four letters a day is not a graphomaniac, she is simply a woman in love. But my friend who photocopies his love letters so he can publish them someday—my friend is a graphomaniac. Graphomania is not a desire to write letters, diaries, or family chronicles (to write for oneself or one’s immediate family); it is a desire to write books (to have a public of unknown readers). In this sense the taxi-driver and Goethe share the same passion. What distinguishes Goethe from the taxi-driver is the result of the passion, not the passion itself.

Graphomania (an obsession with writing books) takes on the proportions of an epidemic whenever a society develops to the point where it can provide three basic conditions:

1. a sufficiently high degree of general well-being to enable people to devote their energies to useless activities;

2. an advanced state of social atomization, and the concomitant general feeling of the isolation of the individual;

3. a radical absence of significant social change in the internal development of the nation. (In this connection I find it symptomatic that in France, a country where nothing really happens, the percentage of writers is twenty-one times higher than in Israel. Bibi was absolutely right when she claimed never to have experienced anything *from the outside*. It is this absence of content, this void, that powers the motor driving her to write.)

And the effect transmits a kind of feedback to the cause. If isolation causes graphomania, mass graphomania reinforces and aggravates the isolation. The invention of printing originally promoted mutual understanding. In the era of graphomania the writing of books has the opposite effect: everyone surrounds himself with his own writings, as with a wall of mirrors, cutting off all voices from without.

“Tamina,” said Hugo one day while she was having a chat with him in the empty café, “I know I don’t stand a chance, so I promise not to make a play for you, but will you have dinner with me on Sunday?”

The package is with her mother-in-law in a town near Prague, and Tamina needs to get it to her father in Prague so Bibi can pick it up. At first glance, nothing could be simpler, but it is going to take a lot of time and money to make her point to two people who are old and headstrong. Long-distance calls are expensive, and Tamina earns barely enough to cover her room and board.

“All right,” agreed Tamina, remembering that Hugo had a telephone.

He picked her up in his car and took her to a restaurant in the country.

Tamina’s precarious position should have made it easy for him to play the conquering sovereign, but behind the poorly paid waitress he saw the mysterious foreigner and widow. He felt unsure of himself. Her kindness was like a suit of armor, a bulletproof vest. He wanted to attract her attention, captivate her, climb into her head!

He had tried to come up with something interesting for her. Before reaching their destination, they stopped off at a zoo on the grounds of a beautiful country château. They walked among monkeys and parrots, against a backdrop of Gothic towers, alone except for a rustic-looking gardener sweeping fallen leaves from the broad paths. They passed a wolf, a monkey, a tiger, and came to a large, fenced-in field where the ostriches were.

There were six of them. When they saw Tamina and Hugo, they ran right up to them. All bunched together near the wire fence, they stretched out their long necks, stared, and opened and closed their broad, flat beaks. They opened and closed them feverishly, at an incredible speed, as if taking part in a debate and trying to outtalk one another, but the beaks were hopelessly mute.

The ostriches were like messengers

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who had learned their vital message by heart but whose vocal cords had been slit by the enemy, so that when they finally reached their objective, all they could do was move their mouths.

Tamina stared at them, bewitched, as they talked and talked, more and more urgently, and when she and Hugo left, the ostriches ran along the fence after them, still clicking their beaks and warning her about something—but what, she did not know.

"You like a lot of cats. I don't like a lot of cats!"

• •

"IT was like something out of a terrifying fairy tale," said Tamina, cutting her pâté. "They seemed to have something very important to tell me. But what? What did they mean to say?"

Hugo explained to her that they were young and that this was the way young ostriches behaved. The last time he'd been there, the same six ostriches had run up to the fence and opened their mute beaks.

Tamina was still on edge. "You know, I left something behind in Czechoslovakia. A package with some papers in it. If I had it sent, the police might confiscate it. Bibi is going to Prague this summer. She promised to bring it back with her. And now I'm afraid those ostriches were trying to give me a warning, tell me that something's gone wrong with the package."

Hugo knew that Tamina was a widow and her husband had been forced to emigrate for political reasons. "Political documents?" he asked.

Tamina had long since realized that if she wanted to make her life comprehensible to people here, she had to simplify it. It would have been impossibly complicated to explain why private letters and diaries might be confiscated and why she set such great store by them. So all she said was, "That's right. Political documents."

All of a sudden she was afraid Hugo would want to know something more about the documents—but no, nothing of the sort. Did anybody ever ask her anything? Sometimes people would *tell* her what they thought about her country, but no one was interested in her experiences.

"Does Bibi know they're political documents?" asked Hugo.

"No," said Tamina.

"That's good," said Hugo. "Don't tell her they have anything to do with politics. She'd get scared at the last minute and leave them behind. People are afraid of everything, Tamina. Make sure Bibi thinks it's something completely unimportant and prosaic. Your love letters, for example. That's it. Tell her the package is full of love letters!" Hugo had a good laugh at that. "Love letters! That's it! That's something well within her reach, something she can grasp."

So Hugo thinks love letters are unimportant and prosaic, thought Tamina. It never occurs to anybody that she might have loved someone and the love might have meant something to her.

"If for some reason her trip falls through," added Hugo, "you can always count on me. I'll go get them."

"Thank you," Tamina said sincerely.

"I'd go get them for you even if they threw me in jail."

"Don't be silly," protested Tamina. "Nothing like that could possibly happen." Then she tried to make him see that foreign tourists in Czechoslovakia run no risks whatsoever. The only risk is for Czechs themselves, and they aren't even aware of it anymore. Suddenly she was making a long and impassioned speech. She knew the country inside out, and I can tell you—everything she said was true.

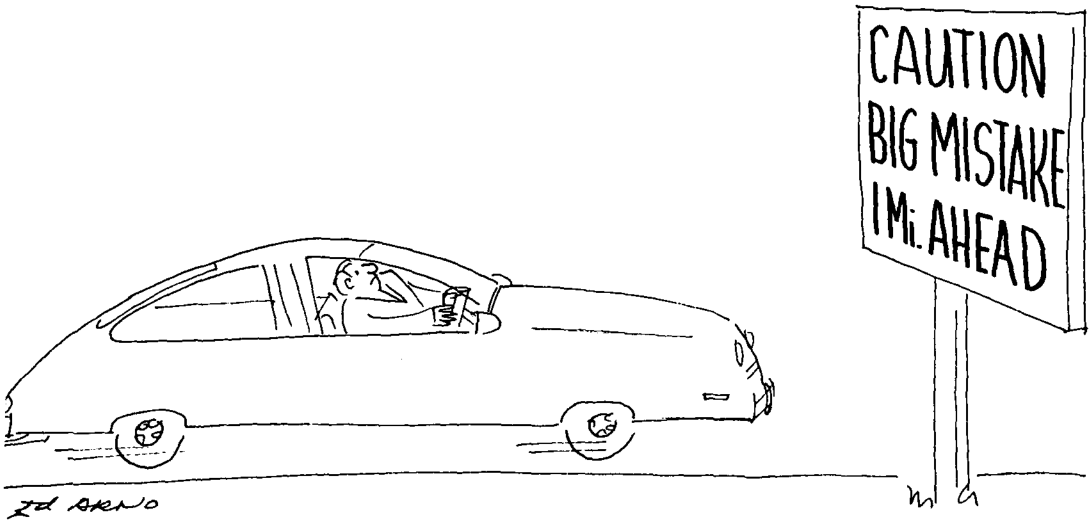
An hour later she was holding the receiver of Hugo's telephone to her ear. She had no better luck with her mother-in-law this time than the last. "You never gave me any key! You always hid everything from me! Why bring up all those bad memories again?"

IF Tamina's memories mean so much to her, why doesn't she just go back to Czechoslovakia? Emigrants who left the country illegally after 1968 have been offered amnesty and urged to return. What is Tamina afraid of? Certainly she is too insignificant to be in any kind of danger!

Yes, she could go back without fear. And yet she couldn't.

Everyone at home had betrayed her husband. If she went back, she would be afraid of betraying him, too.

When they pushed him farther and farther down the ladder and finally fired him, nobody stood up for him—not even his friends. Of course, Tamina knew that deep down they were with him and it was only fear that kept them from speaking out. But their really being with him made them all the more ashamed of their fear, and when they met him in the street, they pretended they didn't see him. Both husband and wife took to avoiding people just to be tactful, to keep others from feeling ashamed of themselves. Before long they felt like lepers. When they escaped from Czechoslovakia, his former colleagues signed a public declaration condemning and slandering him. Clearly they did it only so as not to lose their jobs the way he had lost his. But they did it, and the chasm they



created between themselves and the two émigrés was a chasm Tamina wished never to cross again.

That first morning after their escape, when they woke up in a small hotel in the Alps and realized they were alone, cut off from the world that had been their entire life, she felt liberated, relieved. They were in the mountains, mercifully alone. They were surrounded by unbelievable silence. For Tamina, it was an unexpected gift, and she suddenly saw that if her husband had to leave Czechoslovakia to escape persecution, she had to leave to find silence: silence for her husband and herself, silence for love.

When her husband died, she had an abrupt attack of homesickness, of nostalgia for the country in which a decade of their life together had left traces everywhere. In a spontaneous burst of sentimentality she sent death notices to about ten friends. She did not receive a single answer.

A month later she spent all the money they had saved on a trip to the seashore. She put on her bathing suit and swallowed a whole vial of tranquillizers. Then she swam far out to sea. She thought the pills would make her very tired and she would drown. But the cold water and her strong strokes (she had always been a first-rate swimmer) prevented her from falling asleep, and the pills were weaker than she had expected.

She swam back to the beach, went up to her room, and slept for twenty hours straight. When she awoke, she felt peaceful and quiet. She resolved to live in silence and for silence.

Bibi's television set cast its silver-blue light on Tamina, Joujou, Bibi, and her husband, Dédé, a travelling salesman who had returned the day before from a four-day absence. The room smelled vaguely of urine. On the screen a large, round, ancient bald head was being asked a provocative question by an invisible master of ceremonies: "Aren't there some shocking erotic confessions in your memoirs?"

It was a regular program on which a popular master of ceremonies chatted with a panel of several authors whose books had been published the previous week.

The large bald head smiled complacently. "Shocking? No, not in the least. Exact mathematics, that's all. Figure it out for yourself. The first time I had sex, I was fifteen"—the round old head looked proudly from one panel member to the next. "That's right, fifteen. I am now sixty-five. That means a sex life of fifty years' duration. Assuming I have made love on the average of twice a week—a very modest estimate—that means a hundred times a year, or five thousand times so far. Let's go on. If an orgasm lasts five seconds, I have twenty-five thousand seconds of orgasm to my credit. Which comes to a total of six hours and fifty-six minutes. Not bad, eh?"

Everyone in the room nodded seriously except Tamina, who was picturing the bald-headed codger undergoing a continual orgasm: twisting, writhing, he grabs at his heart, within a quarter of an hour his false teeth fall out, and five minutes later he drops dead. She burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked Bibi, annoyed. "That's a pretty good score—six hours fifty-six minutes of orgasm."

"For years I didn't know what an orgasm was," said Joujou. "But in the past few years I've been having them very regularly."

Everyone began talking about Joujou's orgasm. Soon another face, this one filled with indignation, appeared on the screen.

"What's he so angry about?" wondered Dédé.

"It's very important," the writer on the screen was saying. "Very important. It's all here in my book."

"What's so important?" asked Bibi.

"That he spent his childhood in the village of Rourou," said Tamina.

The man who had spent his childhood in the village of Rourou had a long nose, weighing him down like an anchor. His head sank lower and lower, and once or twice it appeared ready to fall off the screen onto the floor. The nose-heavy face was extremely agitated. "It's all here in my book. My entire creative self is wound up in that simple village, and anyone who fails to understand that will misunderstand everything I've ever written. That's where I wrote my first few poems, after all. Yes, I consider it of prime importance."

"Some men," said Joujou, "never give me an orgasm."

"And don't forget," said the writer, looking more and more agitated, "that that's where I first rode a bicycle. That's right. It's all here in my book. It's a symbol. For me, the bicycle represents man's first step from the world of the patriarchs to the world of civilization. The first flirtation with civilization. A virgin flirting before her first kiss. Still a virgin, yet a party to sin."

"That's true," said Joujou. "Tanaka, a girl I work with, had her first orgasm on a bicycle when she was still a virgin."

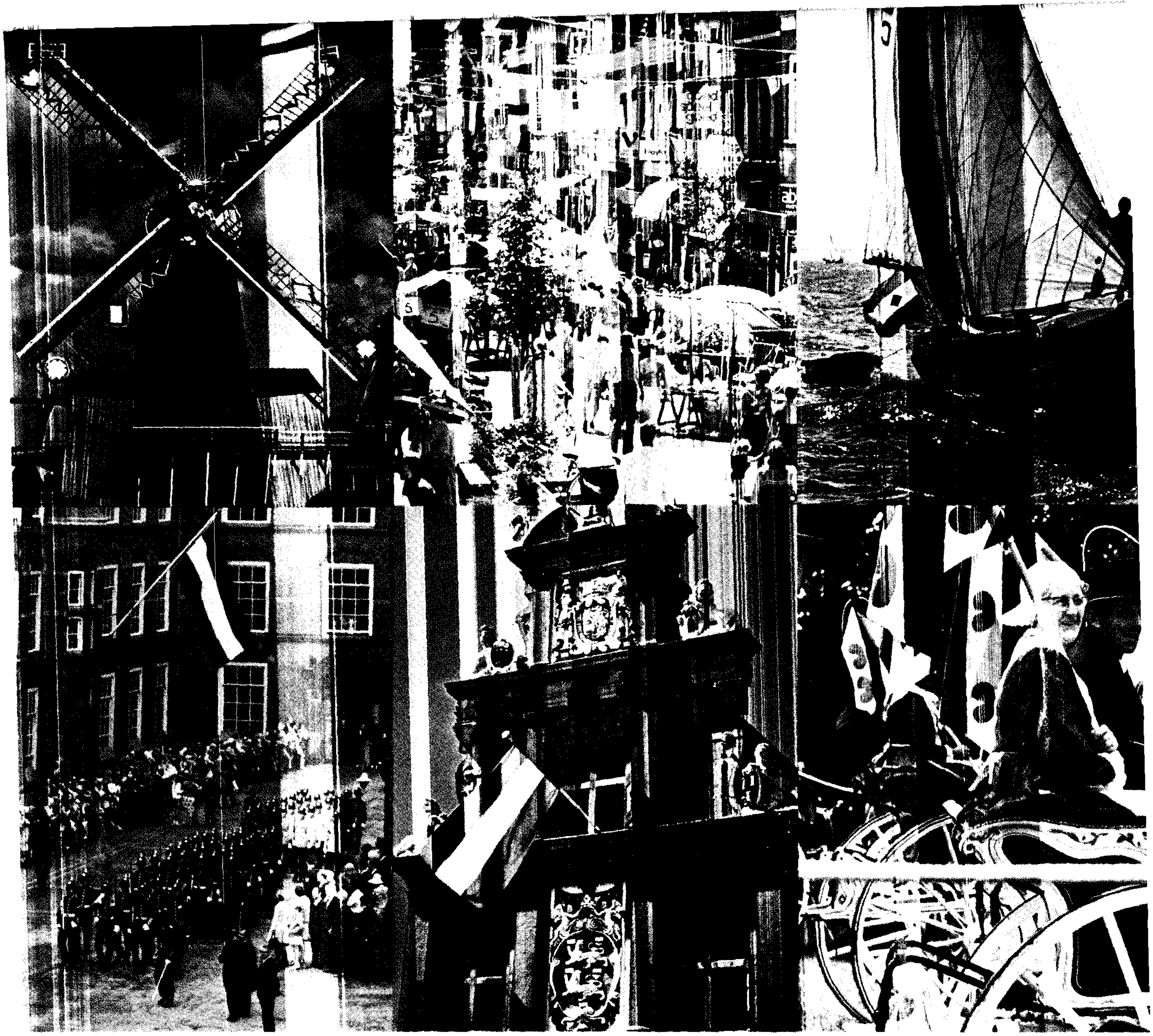
They all began talking about Tanaka's orgasm, and Tamina asked Bibi whether she could make a telephone call.

In the adjoining room the urine smell was stronger. Bibi's daughter was sleeping there.

"I realize you're not on speaking terms with her," whispered Tamina to her father, "but there's no other way for me to get it. You'll just have to go there and take it from her. If she can't find the key, have her break open the drawer. She has some things of mine. Letters. I have a right to get them back."

"Don't make me talk to her. Please, Tamina."

"Pull yourself together and do it for



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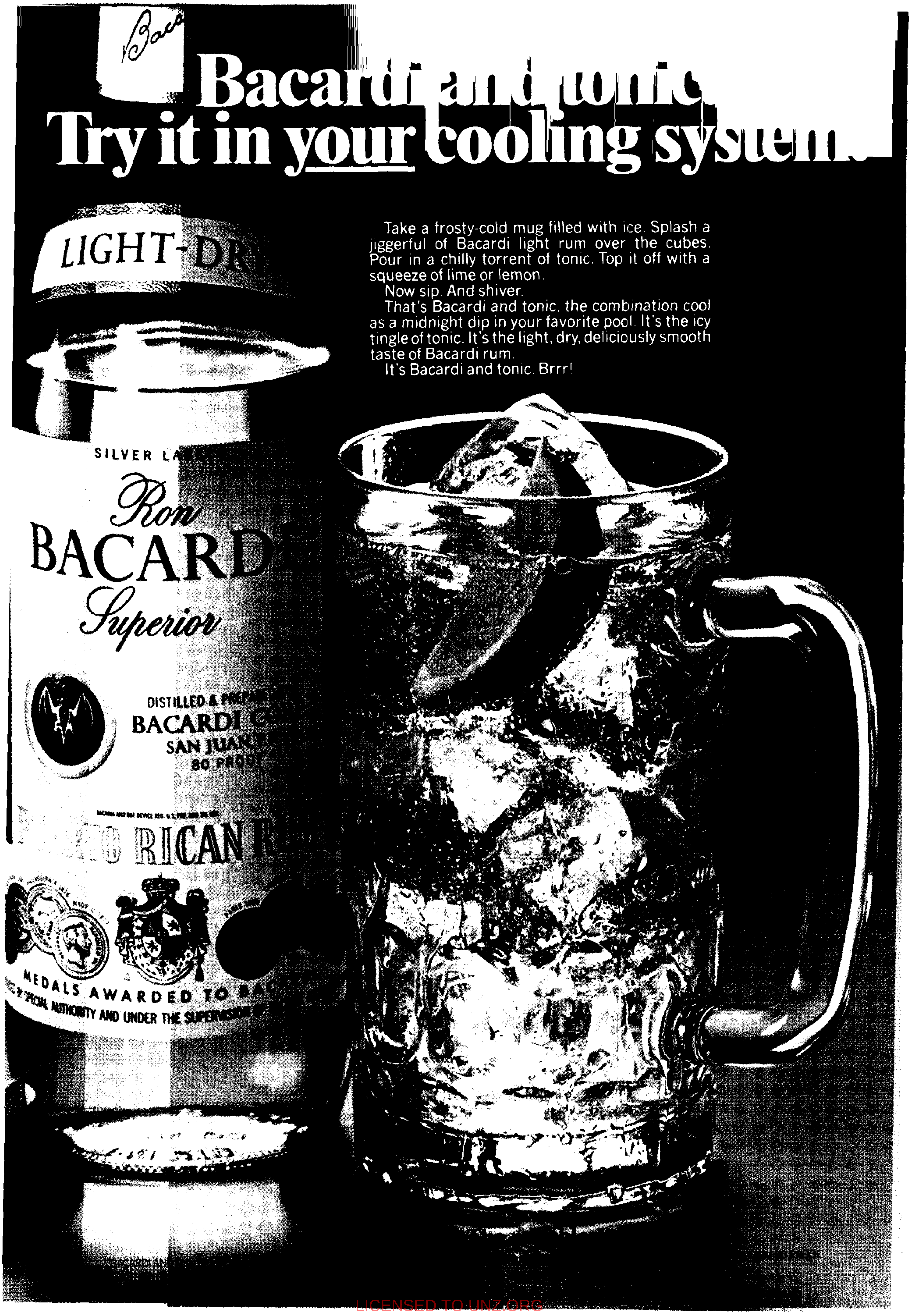
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me, will you, Daddy? She's scared stiff of you. She wouldn't dare say no."

"You know what? If your friends come to Prague, let me give them a fur coat to take back to you. That's more important than a bunch of old letters."

"But I don't want a fur coat. All I want is that package!"

"Talk louder! I can't hear you!" said her father, but his daughter was whispering on purpose. She did not want Bibi to hear her speaking Czech and making a long-distance call, adding to Bibi's telephone bill, second by expensive second.

"It's the package I want, not your coat!"

"So you still don't have your priorities straight."

"Look, Daddy, this call is awfully expensive. Go see her. Please."

It was hard to keep the conversation going. Tamina's father kept asking her to repeat things, and obstinately refused to visit her mother-in-law.

"Why not call your brother?" he finally suggested. "Ask him to go see her. He can bring me the package."

"But he doesn't even know her!"

"That's just it." Her father laughed. "If he did, he'd never dream of going."

Tamina thought it over quickly. It wasn't such a bad idea to have her brother go see her mother-in-law. He was the energetic type, forceful. But Tamina didn't want to call him. Since she'd been abroad, they hadn't exchanged a single letter. He had a high-paying job, and the only way he'd held on to it was by cutting off all relations with his émigré sister.

"I can't call him, Daddy. Could you explain it to him? Could you? Please, Daddy!"

DADDY was small and sickly, and when he had walked along the street with Tamina, he looked so proud he seemed to be presenting the entire world with a monument to the heroic night when he created her. He had never liked his son-in-law and constantly waged war against him. When he offered to send her a fur coat (which he must have inherited from some relative or other), he was moved by that old rivalry rather than by anxiety over his daughter's health. He wanted her to choose her father (the fur coat) over her husband (the package of letters).

Tamina was horrified at the idea that the fate of her package was in the hostile hands of her mother-in-law and her father. The more she thought about it, the more she had the feeling that her notebooks were being read by outsiders, and it seemed to her that the outsiders' eyes were like rain washing away inscriptions on a stone wall, or light ruining a print by hitting photographic paper before it goes into the developer.

She realized that what gave her written memories value, meaning, was that they were meant for *her alone*. As soon as they lost that quality, the intimate chain binding her to them would be broken, and instead of reading them with her own eyes, she would be forced to read them from the point of view of an audience perusing an impersonal document. Then the woman who wrote them would lose her identity, and the striking similarity that would nonetheless remain between her and the author of the notes would be nothing but a parody, a mockery. No, she could never read her notes once they had been read by someone else.

That was why she had become so impatient and yearned to get her hands on those notebooks and letters as quickly as possible, before the image of the past they contained was destroyed.

ONE day Bibi came into the café with her daughter and sat down at the bar. "Hi, Tamina," she said. "Give me a whiskey."

Usually Bibi ordered coffee, and every once in a while she would have some port. By ordering whiskey, she was making it clear that something was wrong.

"How's the writing coming along?" asked Tamina, pouring the drink into a glass.

"I'd be doing better if I was in a better mood," said Bibi, tossing the whiskey down and ordering a second.

Some more customers came in. Tamina gave her friend her second whiskey and went to take care of the

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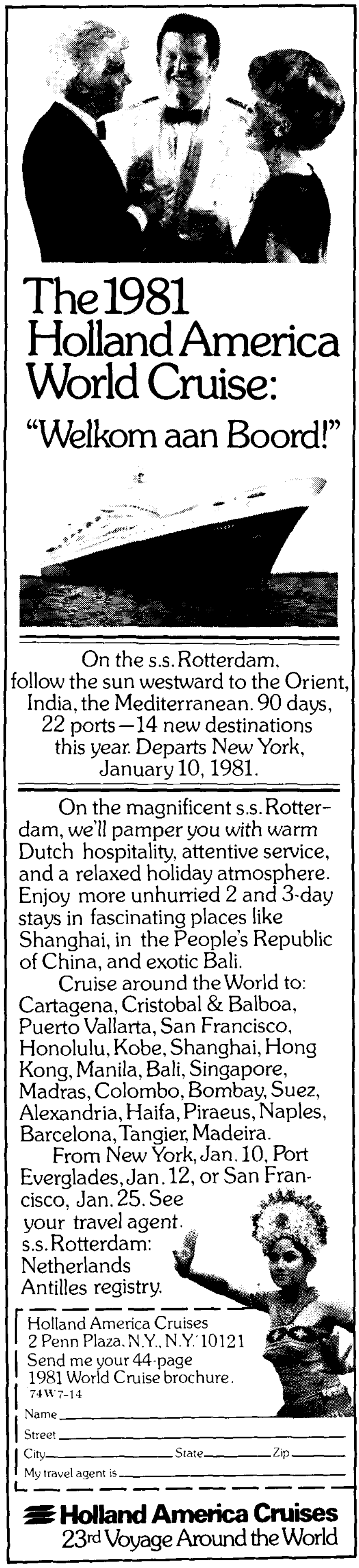

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others. When she came back, Bibi told her, "I'm down on Dédé. When he gets home from his trips, he spends two whole days in bed. For two days he doesn't change out of his pajamas! Wouldn't *that drive you out of your* skull? And the worst part of it is, he's always hot for sex. He can't seem to get it through his head that sex means nothing to me. Nothing. I've got to get away from that guy. Always thinking about his stupid vacation. Lying in bed in his pajamas with an atlas propped up in front of him. First he wanted to go to Prague. Well, he's over that now. He's picked up on some book about Ireland, and he's all fired up about Ireland."

"You mean you're going to Ireland on your vacation?" asked Tamina, with a lump in her throat.

"Are *we* going to Ireland? *We* are going nowhere. I'm staying right here and writing. I won't budge. I don't need him. He's not the least bit interested in me. Here I am, writing away, and do you think he even asks what I'm writing about? I've finally realized we have nothing more to say to each other."

Tamina wanted to say, "So you're not going," but the lump in her throat had grown bigger, and she could not speak.

Just then, in came Joujou, the Japanese girl. Hopping up on the barstool next to Bibi's, she said, "Could you do it in public?"

"What do you mean?" asked Bibi.

"Well, here in the café, on the floor, in front of everybody. Or during a movie in a movie theatre."

"Oh, shut up!" Bibi yelled down to the foot of the barstool, where her daughter was making a racket. Then she looked up and said, "Why not? There's nothing unnatural about it, is there? Why should I be ashamed about something natural?"

Tamina thought some more about whether to ask Bibi about Prague, but the question was superfluous. She knew very well; it was only too clear: Bibi would never go to Prague.

The owner's wife came out of the kitchen and smiled at Bibi. "How are you?" she asked, shaking hands.

"What we need is a revolution," said Bibi. "Something's got to happen. Something's just got to happen around here."

That night Tamina had a dream about the ostriches. There they were, standing by the fence, jabbering at her. She was terrified of them. She could not move. All she could do was watch their mute beaks, hypnotized. She kept her lips tightly pressed together. She had a golden ring in her mouth, and she feared for its safety.

WHY do I picture her with a golden ring in her mouth?

There's nothing I can do about it. That's just the way I see her. And then something I once read comes back to me: "a soft, clear, metallic tone . . . Like a golden ring falling into a silver basin."

When Thomas Mann was very young, he wrote a naïve, fascinating story about death. In the story death is beautiful, as it is beautiful to *all* those who dream of it very young, when it is still unreal and enchanting, like the bluish voice of far-off places.

A young man, mortally ill, gets off a train at an unnamed station. He walks into the town without knowing where he is, and takes rooms in the house of an old woman whose forehead is covered with eczema. No, I do not wish to go into what took place in the rented rooms. I only wish to recall a single minor occurrence: walking around the front room, the ill young man had the feeling that "in between the sounds made by his footsteps he heard another sound in the other room—a soft, clear, metallic tone—but perhaps it was only an illusion. Like a golden ring falling into a silver basin, he thought . . ."

That minor acoustic event is never developed or explained in the story. *From the standpoint of the action* alone, it could have been omitted without any loss. The sound simply happened; all by itself; just like that.

The reason I think Thomas Mann sounded that "soft, clear, metallic tone" was to create silence—the silence

he needed to make beauty audible (for the death he was speaking of was *beauty-death*), the degree of silence that makes beauty perceptible (a perfect criterion of which happens to be the sound of a golden ring falling into a silver basin).

(Yes, I know. No one has the slightest idea what I'm talking about. Beauty has long since disappeared. It has slipped beneath the surface of the noise—the noise of words, the noise of cars, the noise of music, the noise of signs—which we live in constantly. It has sunk as deep as Atlantis. The only thing left of it is the word, whose meaning loses clarity from year to year.)

The first time Tamina heard that silence (as precious as a chip from a marble statue in sunken Atlantis) was when, after escaping from Czechoslovakia, she woke up in that Alpine hotel deep in the woods. The second time she heard it was when she was swimming through the ocean, her stomach full of tranquillizers that instead of death brought her unexpected peace. She means to hold on to that silence with her body, within her body. That is why I see her in her dream standing against a wire fence with a golden ring in her tightly closed mouth.

She is standing across from six long necks with tiny heads and flat beaks that open and close noiselessly. She does not understand them. She does not know whether they are threatening, warning, appealing, or begging. And because she does not know, she feels immense anxiety. She is afraid something will happen to the golden ring (that tuning fork of silence), and she keeps it tightly closed away in her mouth.

Tamina will never know what they came to tell her. But I do. They did not come to warn or scold or threaten her. They are not at all concerned with her. They came, each one of them, to tell her about themselves. About how they ate, how they slept, how they ran up to the fence, and what they saw on the other side. About how they had spent their important childhood in the important village of Rourou. About how their important orgasm had lasted six hours. About how they saw a woman on the other side of the fence and she was wearing a knitted shawl over her head. About how they swam, fell ill, and then recovered. About how they had been young, had ridden a bicycle, and had eaten a sack of grass that day. There they are, standing face to face with Tamina, telling her their stories, all at the same time, bellig-

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erently, pressingly, aggressively, because there is nothing more important than what they want to tell her.

SEVERAL days later Banaka turned up at the café dead drunk. He sat on a barstool, fell off twice, climbed back up twice, ordered a Calvados, and then put his head down on the counter. Tamina noticed that he was crying.

"What's the matter, Mr. Banaka?" she asked him.

Banaka looked up at her tearfully and pointed to his chest. "I'm nothing, do you understand? Nothing. I don't exist!"

Then he went to the men's room, and from there straight outside without paying.

When Tamina told Hugo about it, he showed her a page of newsprint with several book reviews, including a short note on Banaka's works—four lines of ridicule.

The episode of Banaka pointing to his chest and crying from existential anguish reminds me of a line from Goethe's "West-East Divan": "Is one man alive when others are alive?" Deep within Goethe's query lies the secret of the writer's creed. By writing books, the individual becomes a universe. (We speak of the universe of Balzac, the universe of Chekhov, the universe of Kafka, don't we?) And since the principal quality of a universe is its uniqueness, the existence of another universe constitutes a threat to its very essence.

Two shoemakers can live together in perfect harmony (provided their shops are not on the same block). But once they start writing books on the lot of the shoemaker, they will begin to get in each other's way; they will start to wonder, Is one shoemaker alive when others are alive?

Tamina feels that the eyes of a single outsider are enough to destroy the worth of her personal diaries, while Goethe thinks that if a single individual *fails* to set eyes on his lines, that individual calls his—Goethe's—entire existence into question. The difference between Tamina and Goethe is the difference between human being and writer.

A person who writes books is either all (a single universe for himself and everyone else) or nothing. And since *all* will never be given to anyone, every one of us who writes books is *nothing*. Ignored, jealous, deeply wounded, we wish the death of our fellow-man. In that respect we are all alike: Banaka, Bibi, Goethe, and I.

The proliferation of graphomania among politicians, cabdrivers, women on the delivery table, mistresses, murderers, criminals, prostitutes, police chiefs, doctors, and patients proves to me that every individual, without exception, bears a potential writer within himself and that all mankind has every right to rush out into the streets with a cry of "We are all writers!"

The reason is that everyone has trouble accepting the fact that he will disappear unheard of and unnoticed, in an indifferent universe, and everyone wants to make himself into a universe of words before it's too late.

Once the writer in every individual comes to life (and that time is not far off), we are in for an age of universal deafness and misunderstanding.

NOW Hugo was Tamina's only hope. When he invited her to dinner again, she was very happy to accept.

Sitting across the table from her, Hugo can think of one thing only: Tamina continues to escape him. He feels unsure of himself with her and cannot bring himself to make a frontal attack. And the more he suffers from the fear of trying for something modest and well defined, the more he wants to conquer the world, the infinity of the undefined, the undefinedness of the infinite. He takes a magazine out of his pocket, opens it, and hands it to her. The page he has opened to is a long article signed with his name.

He goes off on a tirade about the magazine: True, it doesn't have a very large readership outside the town where they live, but it's a good theoretical journal, and the people who put it together have the courage of their convictions and will go far. Hugo talks on and on, his words straining to be a metaphor for erotic aggressivity, a show of strength. They have all the enchanting verve of the abstract rushing in to replace the futility of the concrete.

As Tamina watches Hugo, she begins to remodel his face. What was once a spiritual exercise has become no more than a habit. She cannot look at a man any other way. It takes a good deal of effort, she needs to mobilize all her imagination, but all of a sudden Hugo's brown eyes really do turn blue. Tamina keeps her eyes fixed on his. To keep the blue from dissipating, she has to concentrate all the force of her stare upon it.

Hugo finds the stare unnerving, so he steps up his patter.

His eyes are a beautiful blue, and

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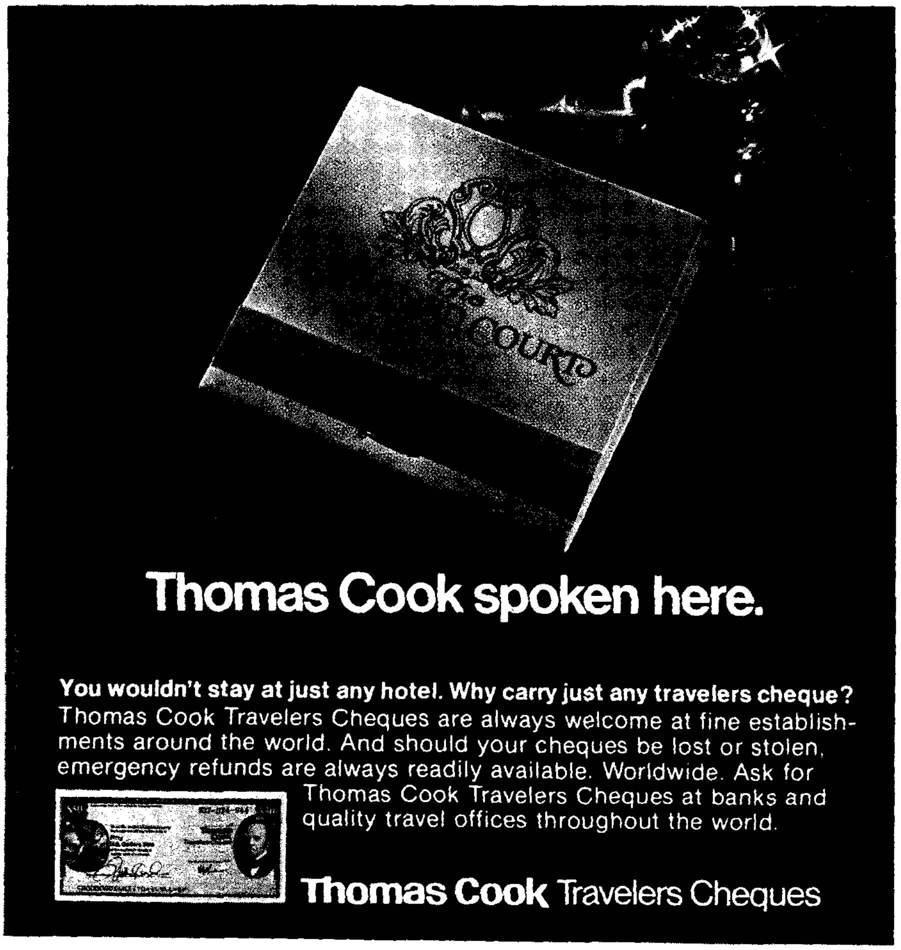
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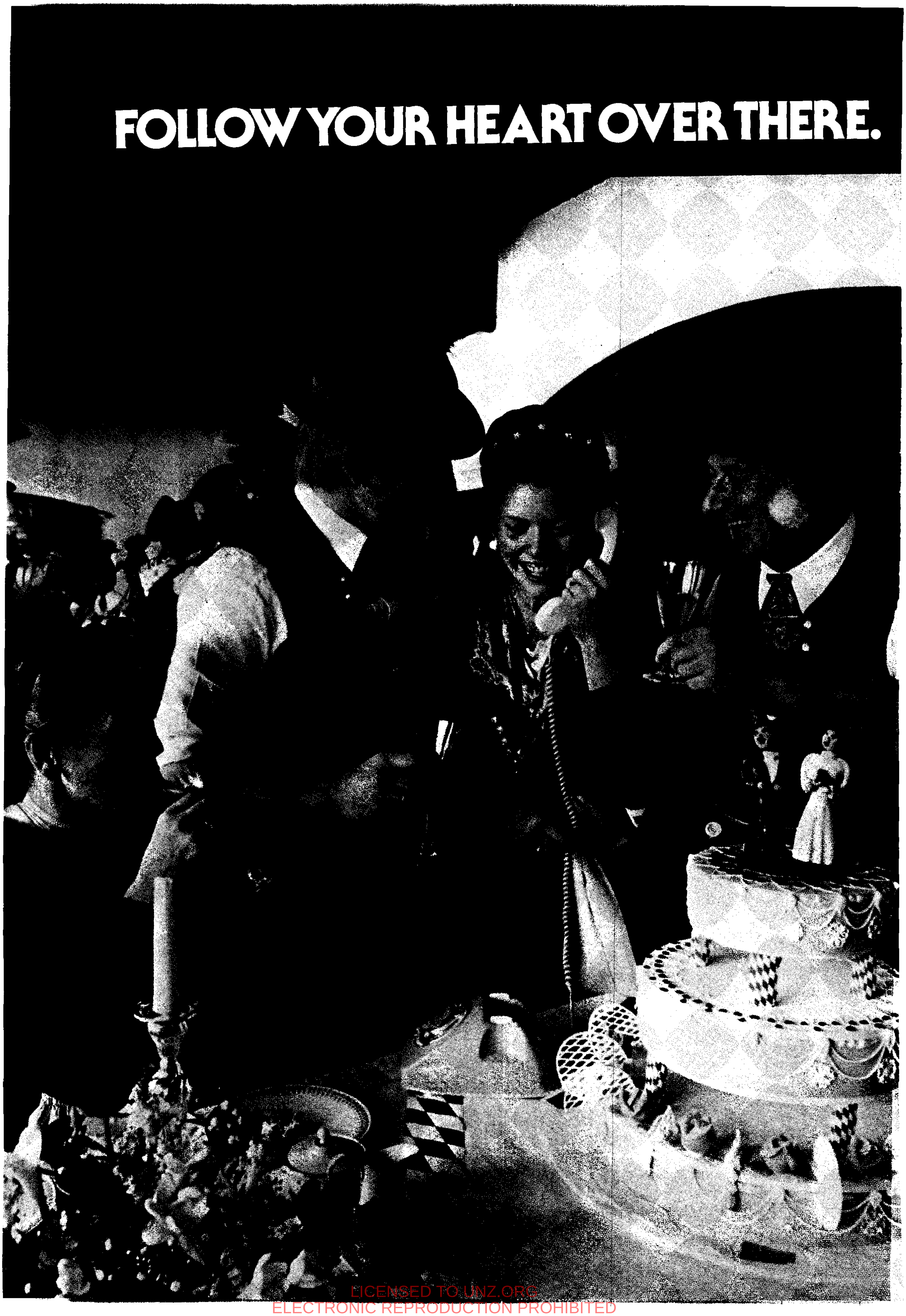
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his hairline is receding gradually at the temples until the only hair left in front is a narrow triangle pointing down.

"I've always directed my criticism at our Western world, but the injustice here in our midst tends to make us wrongly indulgent with respect to other countries. Thanks to you—yes, thanks to you, Tamina—I have come to realize that the problem of power is the same everywhere, in your country and ours, East and West. We must be careful not to replace one type of power with another; we must reject the very *principle* of power, and reject it everywhere."

The sour smell from Hugo's mouth as he leaned across the table disrupted her concentration. Once again his forehead was overgrown with thick, wavy hair. But he went on telling her that she was the reason he understood everything.

"What do you mean?" she interrupted him. "We've never even talked about it."

At that point Hugo had only one blue eye, and it was slowly turning brown.

"You didn't have to tell me anything. All I had to do was think about you."

The waiter bent down to serve them the first course.

"I'll read it when I get home," said Tamina, stuffing the magazine into her bag. "Bibi isn't going to Prague," she added.

"I knew she wouldn't," said Hugo. "But don't worry, Tamina. Remember my promise. *I'll* go for you."

"I'VE got some good news for you: I had a talk with your brother, and he's going to your mother-in-law's this Saturday."

"Really? Did you explain everything to him? Did you tell him that if she can't find the key he should force it open?"

By the time Tamina put down the receiver, she felt drunk.

"Good news?" asked Hugo.

"Yes," she said, nodding.

She could still hear her father's voice in her ears, cheerful and energetic. She had maligned him, she told herself.

Hugo got up and went over to the bar. He took out two small glasses and poured some whiskey. "You can call Prague from my place whenever you like, Tamina. All I can say is what I've said before. I feel good with you, even though I know you'll never sleep with me."

He had forced himself to say "I know you'll never sleep with me" just to prove to himself that he could stand face to face with this inaccessible woman and say certain things (though carefully couched in the negative), and he felt almost reckless.

Tamina stood up and walked over to Hugo to take the glass from his hand. She was thinking about her brother: even though they were no longer on speaking terms, they were still friends, still willing to help each other.

"Here's hoping everything works out!" said Hugo, emptying his glass.

Tamina drank down her whiskey, too, and put her glass on the table. She was just about to go back to her chair when Hugo put his arms around her.

She did nothing to stop him; she only turned away her head. Her mouth twisted, her forehead wrinkled.

He had taken her in his arms without knowing quite how it happened. At first, he was afraid of his own audacity, and if Tamina had pushed him away, he would have timidly pulled back and practically apologized to her. But Tamina did not push him away, and her contorted face, her head straining away from him, aroused him greatly. The few women he had known never had any particularly strong reaction to his caresses. If they made up their minds to make love with him, they took off their clothes and waited calmly, almost indifferently, to see what he would do with them. By contorting her face, Tamina had given their embrace a meaning he had never dreamed of. He began hugging her madly and trying to tear her clothes off.

But why did Tamina refuse to defend herself?

She had been fearing this day for three years. For three years she had lived under its hypnotic stare. And now it had come, exactly the way she had imagined it. That was why she refused to defend herself. She accepted it the way one accepts the inevitable.

All she could do was turn away her head. But that did no good. Her husband's image followed her around the room as she turned her face. It was a giant image of a grotesquely giant husband, a husband much larger than life, yet just what she had imagined for three years.

When she was finally naked, Hugo, excited by what he took to be her excitement, was stupefied to discover that Tamina was dry.

SHE had once undergone minor surgery without anesthesia, and had forced herself to conjugate English ir-

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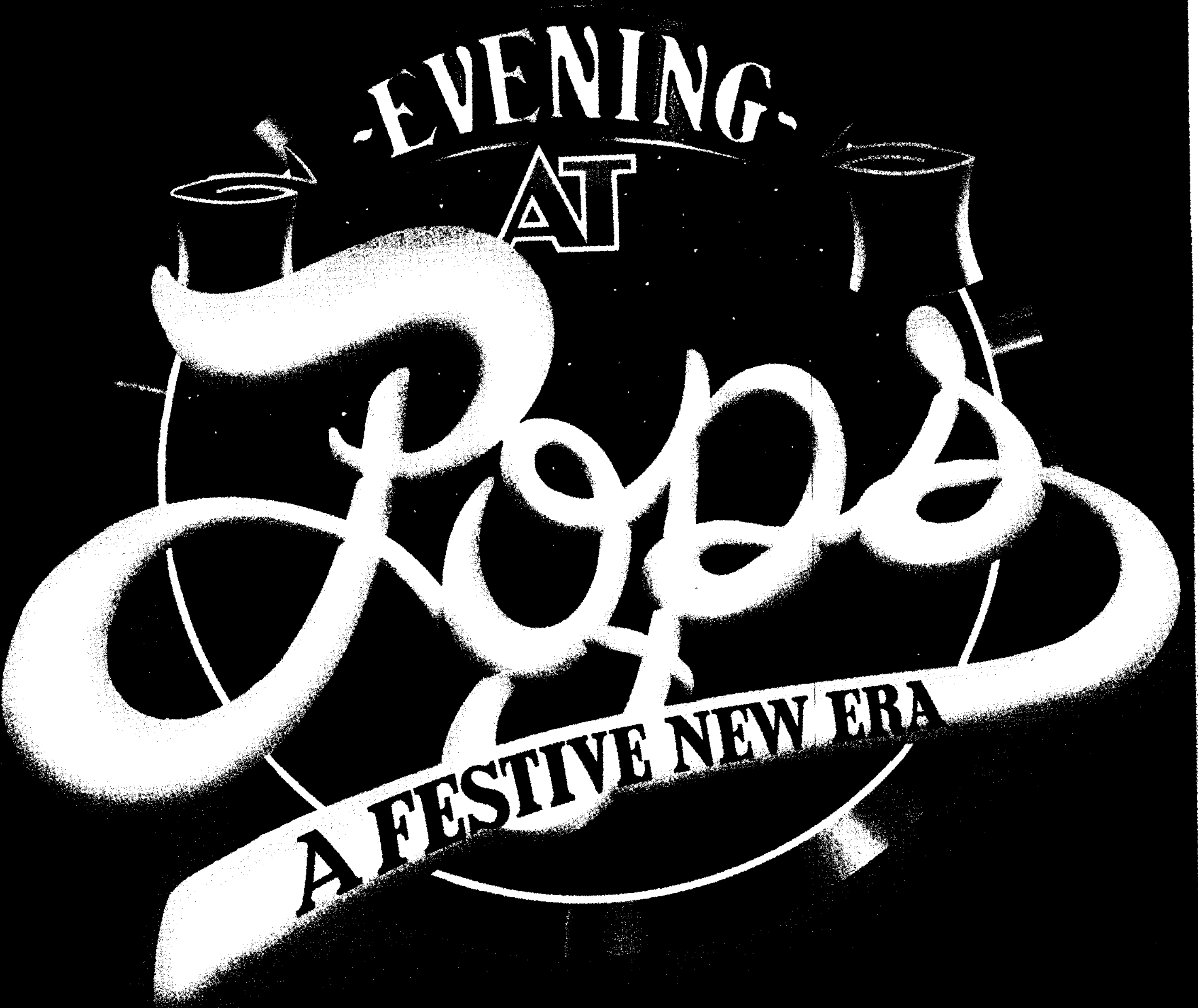
EVENING
AT
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regular verbs all the way through it. Now she tried the same technique, concentrating all her attention on the notebooks, on how they would soon be safe and sound with her father, how this nice guy Hugo would bring them back to her.

Nice guy Hugo had been going at it fast and furious for a while when she felt him raise himself up on his forearms and start to thrash his hips in all directions. She realized he was dissatisfied with her response, she was not excited enough for him, he was trying to penetrate her from different angles and find that mysterious point of sensitivity she was holding back from him somewhere deep within her.

She had no desire to watch his laborious efforts, and turned her head away again. She tried to discipline her thoughts and bring them back to her notebooks. She forced herself to go over the order of the vacations in the incomplete version she had managed to reconstruct: the first one at a small lake in Bohemia, next Yugoslavia, then a small lake in Bohemia again, a spa—but the order still wasn't clear. In 1964 they'd gone to the Tatras, and the year after that to Bulgaria, but after that things got hazy. In 1968 they'd spent their entire vacation in Prague; the following year they'd gone to a spa; and then they emigrated, and had their last vacation in Italy.

Hugo withdrew from her and tried to turn her body over. She realized he wanted her to kneel on all fours. Suddenly she remembered that Hugo was younger than she was, and she was ashamed. But she tried to deaden all her feelings and submit to him with total indifference. Then she felt the rough thrusts of his body on her backside. She realized he was trying to dazzle her with his strength and endurance, fighting a decisive battle, putting himself to the test, proving he could subdue her and was worthy of her.

She did not know that Hugo could not see her. A glance at Tamina's backside (at the open eye of her handsome, mature body, an eye staring pitilessly at him) had so aroused him that he quickly shut his eyes, slowed down his thrusts, and started breathing deeply. Now he, too, was doing his best to train his mind on something else (the only thing the two had in common) and sustain the act of love a bit longer.

In the midst of all this Tamina saw a huge face of her husband on Hugo's white wall and quickly shut her eyes. Once again she began going through the vacations, like irregular verbs: first

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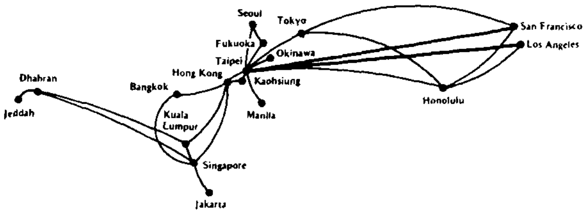

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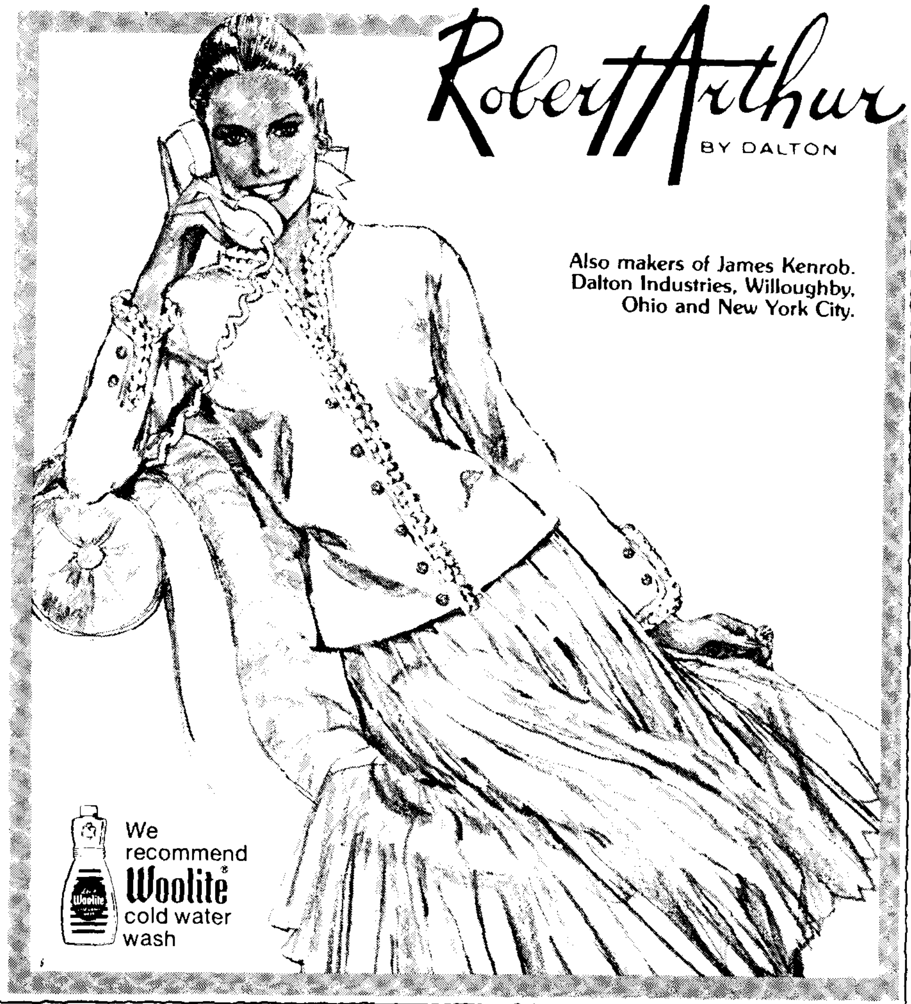

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the vacation at the lake, then Yugoslavia, the lake, and the spa—or was it the spa, Yugoslavia, and the lake?—then the Tatras, then Bulgaria, then things got hazy, then Prague, the spa, and finally Italy.

Hugo's heavy breathing tore her away from her memories. She opened her eyes and saw her husband's face on the white wall.

At the same moment, Hugo opened his eyes, and seeing the eye of Tamina's body, he felt a bolt of ecstasy run through him.

WHEN Tamina's brother went to see her mother-in-law, he did not have to force the drawer. It was unlocked and had all eleven notebooks in it. But they were loose, not tied up in a package. The letters were loose, too, a shapeless pile of papers. Tamina's brother stuffed both letters and notebooks into a small suitcase and delivered it to their father.

Tamina asked her father to wrap everything and seal it carefully, and—most important—she requested that neither he nor her brother read a word.

He assured her, almost offended, that he would never dream of following her mother-in-law's example by reading something that was none of his business. But I know (and so does Tamina) that there are certain sights no one can resist—automobile accidents, for instance, and other people's love letters.

So Tamina's intimate writings were finally in safekeeping with her father. But did they still have value for her? Hadn't she said a hundred times over that the eyes of outsiders were like the rain that washes away inscriptions?

Well, she was wrong. She longed to see them more than ever; they meant even more to her. They had been ravaged and defiled, she had been ravaged and defiled; she and her memories were sisters in a common fate. She loved them even more.

But she still felt humiliated.

Once very long ago—when she was about seven—an uncle of hers happened to come into her room when she was naked. She was ashamed. Then her shame turned to defiance. She made a solemn, childish vow never to set eyes on him again in her whole life. No matter what anyone did—scold her, yell at her, laugh at her—she refused to look at him when he came on his frequent visits.

Now here she was in a similar situation. She was grateful to her father and her brother, but she never wanted to see them again. She was clearer about it than ever before: she would never go back to them.

Hugo's unexpected sexual success brought with it an equally unexpected letdown. Even though he could now make love to her whenever he liked (she could hardly refuse after giving in the first time), he felt he had failed to make her really his, to dazzle her. How could a naked body under his body be so indifferent, so out of reach, so distant, so foreign? And he'd wanted to make her a part of his inner world, that grandiose universe made up of his blood and thoughts!

"I want to write a book, Tamina," he said, sitting across from her in a restaurant. "A book about love. That's right, about you and me, about the two of us, our most intimate feelings, in diary form, the diary of our two bodies. That's right, I want to sweep away all taboos and give a no-holds-barred account of what I am and what I think. It will be a political book, too—a political story about love and a love story about politics . . ."

Tamina just sits there watching him. Suddenly he cannot bear the look on her face anymore and loses the thread of what he is saying. He wanted to whisk her off to the universe of his blood and thoughts, and there she sits, completely and utterly enclosed in her own world. His words, falling on deaf ears, become more cumbersome, less fluent: ". . . a love story about politics—that's right, because what we need is to create a world on a human scale, our scale, the scale of our bodies, your body, Tamina, my body, that's right, so man can find a new way of kissing, a new way of loving . . ."

The words become more and more cumbersome, like hunks of tough, gristly meat. Hugo gives up. Tamina is beautiful, and he hates her. He feels she is taking unfair advantage of him, using her émigré-widow past, looking down on everyone from a skyscraper of false pride. And Hugo thinks enviously of his own tower, the one he is trying to put up across the way from her skyscraper, the one she refuses to notice—a tower made of one published article and the book he has in mind about their love.

"When are you going to Prague?" Tamina asks him.

Hugo realizes that she has never loved him and the only reason she is

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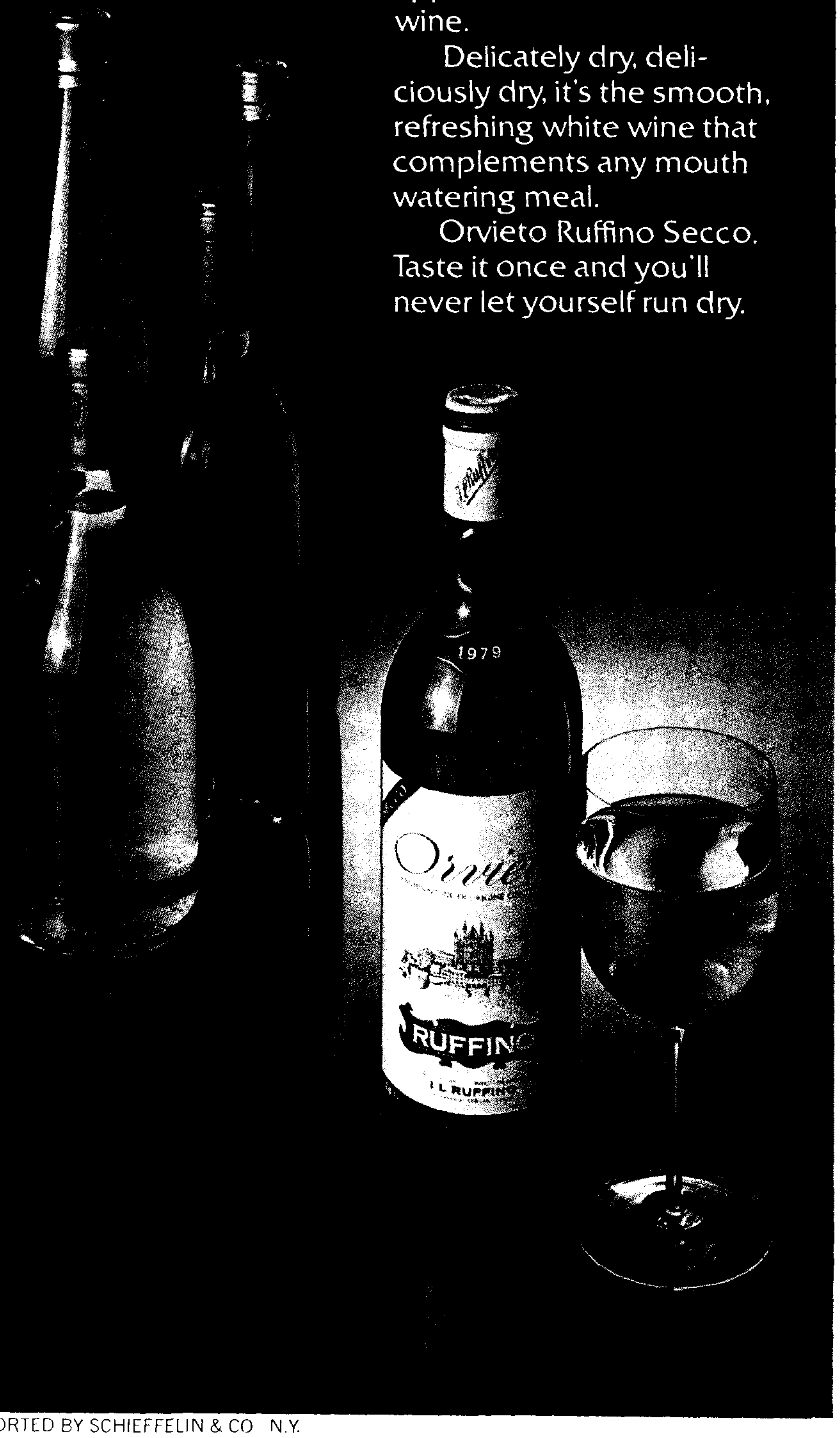

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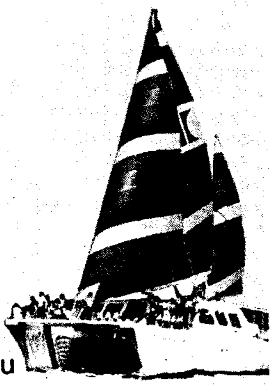

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with him is that she needs someone to go to Prague. He is overcome by an irresistible desire to get back at her. "I thought you'd have figured it out for yourself by now. You've read my article, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," she answers.

He does not believe her. And even if she has read it, it hasn't made any impression on her. Hugo realizes that the one big feeling he can muster is fidelity to his unrecognized, forsaken tower (the tower of the published article and the book he has in mind about his love for Tamina), and he is willing to go to war for that tower to force Tamina to acknowledge its presence and marvel at its elevation.

"Well, then you know it deals with the problem of power—I analyze the machinery of power. I refer to what's going on right now in your country. And I don't mince words."

"Don't tell me you really think they know about your article in Prague!"

Hugo is wounded by her irony. "You've been living abroad a long time now. You've forgotten how far your police will go. That article has been very well received. I've gotten a lot of letters about it. Your police know all about me. I'm positive they do."

Tamina makes no reply; she just sits there looking more and more beautiful. Good God, he'd go to Prague a hundred times and back if only she'd give his universe the slightest bit of recognition—the universe he had hoped to whisk her off to, the universe of his blood and thoughts! And suddenly he changes his tone. "Tamina," he says sadly, "I know you're angry because I can't go to Prague. At first I figured I could hold off for a while with the article, but then I realized I had no right to keep it to myself, understand?"

"No," says Tamina.

Hugo knows that everything he is saying is ridiculous and can only put him in a position he has absolutely no desire to be in, but he can't retreat now, and it is driving him to despair. His face breaks out in red blotches, and his voice cracks. "You don't understand? I don't want things to end up here the way they did there! If everybody holds off for a while, we'll be slaves before we know it!"

At that moment Tamina was overcome by a wave of revulsion. She jumped up from her chair and ran into the ladies' room, her stomach rising to her throat. She kneeled down in front of the toilet bowl and vomited, and her body writhed and shook as if she were sobbing. Before her eyes was the image of that boy's genitals. She could smell the sour breath from his mouth, feel the pressure of his thighs on her backside. It occurred to her that she was no longer able to remember what her husband's genitals looked like—in other words, the memory of revulsion was stronger than the memory of tenderness (God, yes, the memory of revulsion is stronger than the memory of tenderness!)—and that soon all she'd have left in her miserable head was this boy with bad breath. And she vomited, writhed and shook, and vomited.

When she came out of the ladies' room, her mouth (still full of that sour smell) was sealed shut.

He was embarrassed. He wanted to walk her home, but she would not say a word; her lips were sealed (as in the dream, when she had a golden ring in her mouth).

When he spoke to her, all she did was walk faster, and soon he had nothing left to say and just walked alongside her awhile in silence. Finally he stopped. She walked straight ahead, without looking around.

She went on serving coffee and never made another call to Czechoslovakia. —MILAN KUNDERA

(*Translated, from the Czech, by Michael Henry Heim.*)

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It's so they can hear him inside the closet.

•

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[*From "The Matlock Paper," by Robert Ludlum*]

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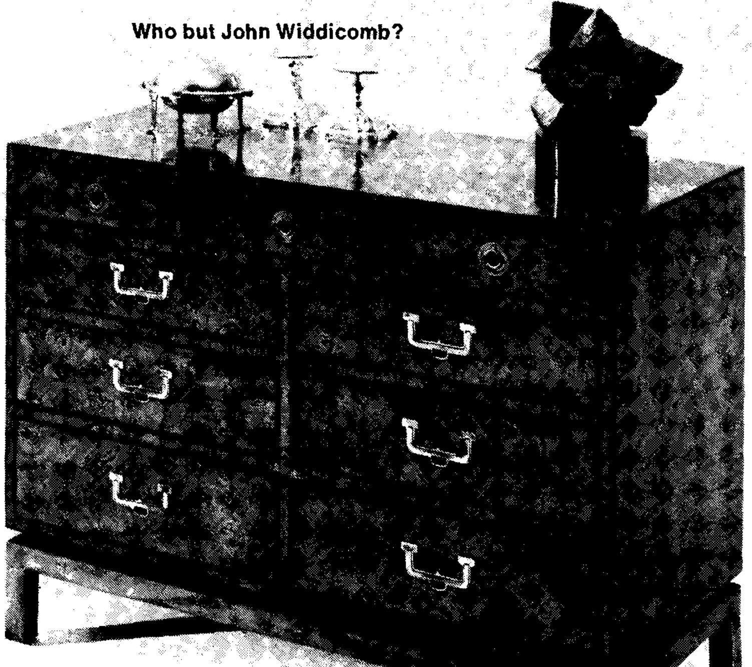

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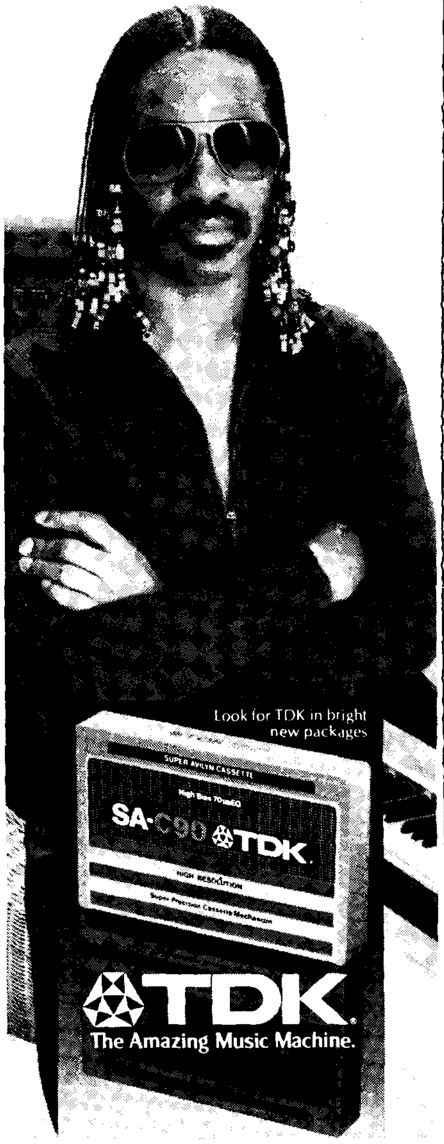
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REFLECTIONS

BY VERNON'S PASTURE

THE lawn in Virginia included wild strawberries, clover, regular grass, dandelions, violets, and even honeysuckle that had managed to learn, in a longish lawn, to be, by its own standards, short. The Northern version of this lawn is not quite so lush. The Northern version does not provide quite so deep a contrast between sunlight and shade. But I am at home with this type of lawn and, in a private, proprietary way, consider its different greens, leaf forms, and textures to be preferable to homogeneity. I noticed the lawn in Virginia when the three children—now in their twenties and thirties, but for the duration of the weekend "the children"—dragged the boxes of books out through the overgrown bushes by the door onto the grass. The books had been left to the girls in the family by their paternal grandmother, and they had assembled at their mother's house in order to divide them up; a Northerner and a close friend of one of the girls from boarding-school days (as my mother and aunts were with her mother and aunts), I was there in the capacity of weekend guest. As they unpacked the books, they chatted with their mother, a trim, tanned woman of sixty. Although divorced, and a working woman now, with an aura of snappy competence, she also has the imperious quality of a Virginian materfamilias. This is a figure whose authority is derived from a connection to tradition. The children, who live away now, and apart from such tradition, nevertheless have their source in this place, its values, and its ways. Standing about on their indigenous lawn, they sought to renew their ties to home by catching up on local personalities, including horses, though they are unacquainted with all but the oldest members of the equine population. When an elderly chestnut appeared in the pasture beyond the lawn, they sang out "Hi, Vernon!" and "Hello, darling!" Their voices are younger than their mother's but have the same timbre.

In Virginia, there is a particular type of house—such as the one by Vernon's pasture—that is cousin to but distinct from a type of house one finds in New England. The rooms are larger, the ceilings higher, the windows taller and wider than in the New England variety. This no doubt reflects more clement winters, but also, I think, it reflects a different attitude toward life. There is an element of sociable chaos in the rooms, as opposed to austere control. There will be lots of comfortable places to sit, and while one can spot fine old pieces, they are likely to be mixed in with furniture that has about it a hint of the rummage sale. These are rooms that are hospitable to both muddy boots and elegance; rooms that are at ease with the outdoors. Huge, gilt-framed portraits of ancestors hang on the walls, as do numerous portraits of horses and dogs. There is something offhand in the way the ancestors hang there, as though they were chosen haphazardly and were remembered no more particularly than the horses and dogs of another century. It's a style that might be called casually aristocratic, as opposed to haughtily democratic, although that is not to say that it is always backed up by wealth. It can coexist happily with the rackety-packety quality of a house in which there are many children and no servants—a certain type of clutter and worn-outness inside and of wilderness in the garden. Probably, however, the style is nearly always backed up by at least the memory, and hence the habits, of wealth. When the children were growing up in the house by Vernon's pasture, their parents often had trouble making ends meet, yet there were always ponies in the barn and, later, invitations to débutante balls. Meals at times were thinly stretched, but the habit of private schools was kept up. Often these touches were financed by the grandparents. The grandparents had the habit of wealth in the unself-conscious way that the rest of us have the habit of air.

THERE is nothing rackety about the large brick house nearby in which the maternal grandmother of the children who grew up by Vernon's pasture lives. Spidery thin, wearing pink

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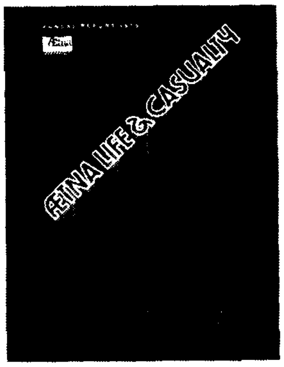

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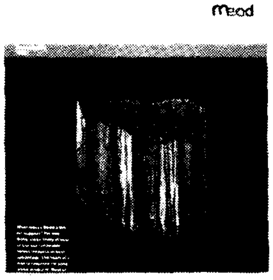

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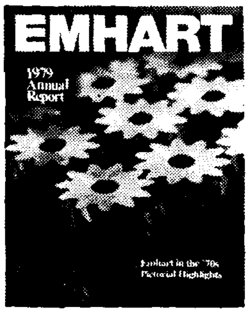

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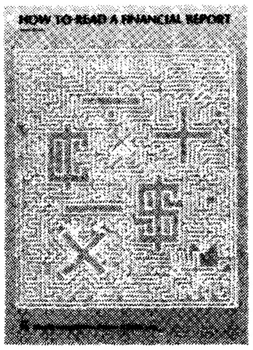

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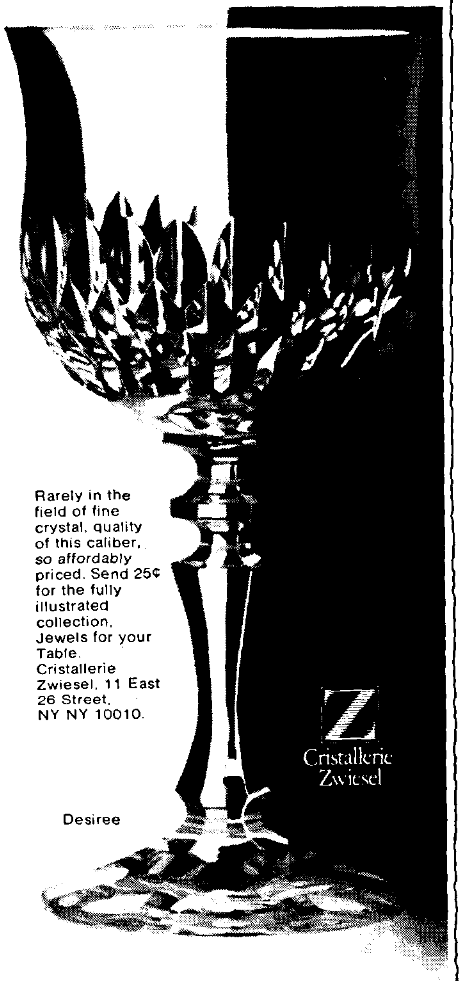

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and white, she appeared on a balcony, and, not so very high up, leaning forward, arms outstretched symmetrically to the railing, she resonantly and warmly addressed me by my mother's name. Again the same timbre. She laughed. She corrected herself. "I'll be right down," she said, and vanished. The appearance was masterly. Even her error was not really a flaw, for it alluded to the pattern of friendships between our families and, in a way, to a whole tapestry to which our families belong, with their similar histories (though with regional differences) and hence their analogous experiences, evolutions, and atmospheres as history rolls on. A few minutes later, we had tea on the lawn, gazing down the long valley to the distant forms of the Blue Ridge Mountains. She spoke slowly and deliberately, with a questioning inflection that lent poignance to everything she said. Her accent was both regional and generational, an elusive mixture of a classic Southern drawl, an anglicized absence of "r"s, "out" pronounced "ewt," as in a Canadian accent, and startling touches of hillbilly; for example, on some "-ing" words she drops her "g"s—a variation, I learned later, that means she is taking you into her confidence to say something a little catty. Her speech, I could tell, contained many such complex devices, although the particular significance of most of them passed me by. In her presence, her daughter (the mother of the children who grew up by Vernon's pasture) became restless, slangy, and modern. "Lindy doesn't miss a trick," she said when her mother spoke of an old Mizz Lindsay's innocence. She smoked a cigarette with her tea.

I asked the grandmother about the fourth generation, and she said that a great-granddaughter had visited her the other day. She became pensive, puzzled. She looked down the valley. "I'm afraid that she lacks charm," she said.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"One and a half." She pondered some more. "Partly, I think, it is the way she is dressed. I do believe her mother dresses her with no thought other than of what will keep her cozy and warm."

"Oh, you say that just because she didn't have on one of those little smock dresses," said her daughter, impatiently *puffing on her cigarette.*

Her mother continued as if no one had spoken: "Charm, I believe, is passed *on through the female line.*"

BACK at the house by Vernon's pasture, the *grownup children*—the women—were engrossed in the task for which they had gathered. Few of the books that had been left to them were choice. Many of them were in disrepair, or so outdated as to be interesting only as curiosities. This other grandmother had behaved with an extreme eccentricity that for some reason was tolerated in her generation and circle. For example, at a time when several of her grandchildren were struggling to make a living she had had several Georgian silver tea sets melted down into little bricks, because they were easier to store that way. Yet her granddaughters bear her no resentment for this and similar acts. Long ago, they resigned themselves to her personality, deciding that she couldn't help it, choosing to remain affectionate. It is a pointed choice, a stand. So the musty old books engendered no bitterness in them: far from it—they devised an elaborate system to insure a fair division and took all weekend to execute it. There was a ritualistic purpose to this. It was to establish harmony over discord: harmony with their grandmother, harmony among themselves. It was *to honor continuity over incoherence*: the incoherence of their grandmother's behavior and also the *discontinuity* of their own lives with their pasts. It was a way of saying, "We are sisters. She was our grandmother. Connections of this sort are real, and important to us." In the painstaking, time-consuming manner in which they went about their task, there was a suggestion of calamity held at bay.

Meanwhile, their mother performed as a mother, providing plentiful breakfasts, lunches on the porch, dinners in the formal dining room. ("This is your linen napkin for the weekend. Look carefully at your silver napkin ring so that you will recognize it.") Except in the most secondary capacity, help from her daughters was not welcome. When one sees her in the context of her background, one realizes how plucky and resourceful she has been. She has managed in midlife to successfully enter a competitive commercial profession, and she has done so despite the powerful influence of a tradition that, having been formed outside the experience of necessity, has no respect for this kind of pluck—that, indeed, views such enterprise, especially in a woman, as inevitably degrading. And yet when it comes to her children, adults now, and, like her, meeting necessity gamely, she teeters on the edge of equality but cannot quite achieve it. She kept reverting. She presided. She made faintly racist remarks that she knew were offensive but that could not be quite pinned down, and that, whether or not they reflected her true feelings, thus served as a way of keeping the members of our generation off balance. They were a way of claiming distance and unaccountability by retreating to the part of the old fortress where she knew that the rest of us could not go. She turned the key on herself as a way of locking her children outside. Like her daughter with whom I came down, I live in New York City. To old Virginia, nothing is quite so useless as New York City.

"You're just a city girl now," she said to me, friendly but nonetheless mocking, and when I replied that I like the city but if I had my way I would spend half the year in the country, she looked at me as though I had said something insane. She looked at me as though I had said, "I would like to be a boy half the year and a girl the other half."

HAVING no part in the interminable business of the books, I took a long drive through the country. In Virginia, the countryside rolls with a big time-swell, with the long rhythms of land that is beginning to get down to the serious business of the continent. Unlike the convoluted picturesqueness of New England, introspective, acknowledging outside itself only the sea, Virginia carries the mind westward. It's a landscape of pastures, orchards, and cornfields—liberally dotted with random trees and with dark patches of woods—and, riding the swell, the swatches lie at irregular angles, making interesting shapes that are in pleasing contrast to each other. Farther away, the mountains (my destination) lay obliquely down the horizon like a sheltering, many-muscled arm: thunderhead blue (the biceps), slate, pale gray, and then, farthest (the fingers), tiny tiered lines, floating in sunlight, faint but precise, like the edge of a dried water stain. The Virginia landscape, I reflected on my drive, induces one to take Providence for granted, and this, I became certain, somehow helped to determine the easy style of life that evolved there. Though my landscape is the purplish, doubt-inducing North—the subtle beach, the dune, the secret marsh, and the underlying bleakness and fierceness of the Atlantic influence—I found on my drive that I am also possessive of the greens, the pale golds, the undulating lines, and the lavish pink light of Virginia. I am proud of them. They are on the edge of my tapestry. On my drive, I reflected about this tapestry that in my generation friendships tend to be strengthened by the factor of a common background, because it means that we experience many of the same sorts of difficulties as life goes on, whereas our mothers in this small impromptu sorority, though also old friends, and similarly bound, seem to be a little afraid of each other. I think this is partly because they have become titans in their own right and it is always difficult for titans to meet, but it may also be because the difficulties that draw the members of my generation together have the effect of separating our mothers. They are leery of each other because of the uncharming things—such as divorce, or the death of a grown child, or possibly more elusive disappointments—that they have experienced: things that they did not at all foresee back in the days when charm was taken for granted, and that now make them feel isolated and vaguely ashamed. We, on the other hand, always knew that enormous adjustments were in store. With an illusion of wisdom, perhaps, we agree that our mothers are lonely.

Virginia is a fertile place. Reaching the top of the mountain, I saw the rich valley of the Shenandoah spread at my feet. Coming upon the sight suddenly, I was filled with elation and grief. I was elated because the Earth is such a paradise and because seeing a paradise from a great height makes one feel like a god. The source of the grief was more obscure. It had something to do with the sense of antiquity that a fertile, cultivated landscape can provoke. It had something to do with the imprisonment of man, the shuttered way in which he must lead his life, the constants in his condition.

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

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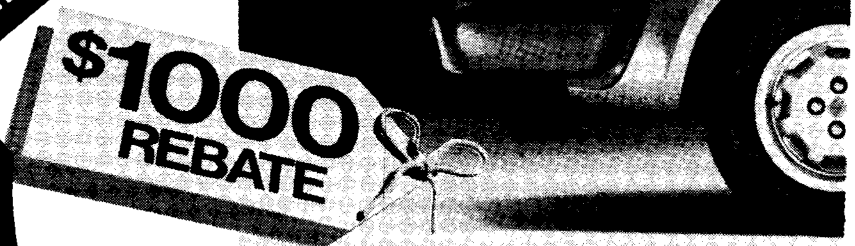

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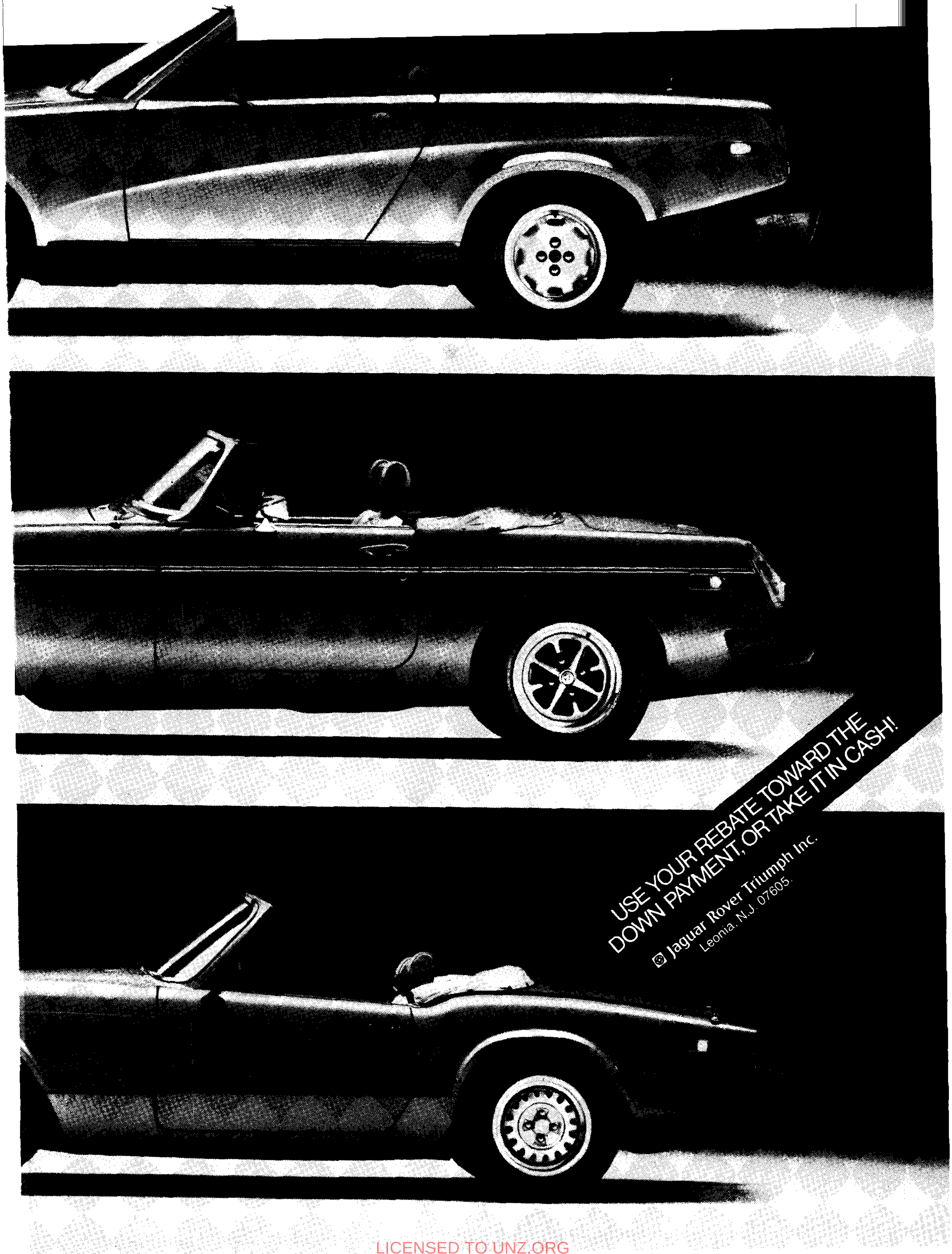
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DANCING

Heart of Darkness

CHIVALROUS, embattled, euphoric, distraught: the figure of Robert Schumann comes before us where we might least expect to encounter it—in a Balanchine ballet. Seen for the first time during the closing weeks of the State Theatre season, the ballet is set to "Davidsbündlertänze"("Dances of David's Band"), eighteen piano pieces in which Schumann's compound personality is characterized in musical dialogues of such quicksilver fascination that it or, rather, they call out to be presented in dance form. That no ballet has been successfully achieved before is probably owing to the problem of constructing a stage world for David's Band. This anti-Philistine league was composed of Schumann's multiple selves, to whom he gave fanciful names; it first appeared in his critical writings, and it turned up as part of the supporting cast in "Carnaval." But how much easier it must have been for Fokine to imagine dance roles for Florestan, Eusebius, and the other Davidites in his ballet "Carnaval" than for Balanchine to transcribe "Davidsbündlertänze." In "Carnaval," Schumann had established a theatrical setting of masks and guises. "Davidsbündlertänze" (a sequel, despite its earlier opus number) is introspective, its drama latent, its personae restricted to the dynamic Florestan and the contemplative Eusebius, who, as always, represent the two sides of the composer's nature. There is a clear musical kinship between "Carnaval" and "Davidsbündlertänze," but it is not one that a choreographer may easily exploit. To put the difference in Schumannesque terms, "Carnaval" was written by Florestan and "Davidsbündlertänze" by Eusebius.

Of course, in the original manuscript the Davidite dances are ascribed to one or the other, and sometimes to both. In the second edition of the score, Schumann expunged all the bylines, together with most of the stage directions—such as "Here Florestan stopped and his lips trembled sorrowfully," before No. 9—and he even dropped the word "Dances" from the title. Between the first (1838) and the second (1850) edition, the major event that occurred in Schumann's life was his marriage to Clara Wieck. "Davidsbündlertänze" was written to her; Schumann noted in a letter, "My Clara will find out for me what is in the dances; they are more her own than anything else of mine." Clara could and did *read* Schumann's secret language; once they were married, he seemed content to let the music stand on its own. Balanchine has obviously followed the second, "pure" edition. But he has also treated it as program music of the most personal kind. The ballet has four couples, all of whom portray aspects of Robert and Clara. At the same time, the dances can be seen simply as dances. There is no more mystery for the viewer to solve than there is in the music—music that, as Schumann hinted, even he found enigmatic. To Balanchine, the characters of Florestan and Eusebius are less important than the idea of duality which they represent. The ruling emotions of the ballet are neither-nor: happy-sad, light-dark, hot-cold. This is not unusual for a Balanchine ballet. However, in its quality of expression the ballet *is* unusual. Continually and confoundingly, it is forthright and evasive at the same time. The double or duplicit meanings in the dances aren't in any troublesome or recondite allusions—they spring from the mania of Romanticism to encompass all the feelings of life in one music. Schumann relished his mania. "If ever I was happy at the piano," he said of "Davidsbündlertänze," "it was when I was composing these." But at the head of the original edition he placed a German proverb on the eternal link between *Lust* and *Leid*—pleasure and sorrow.

What strikes most people about the new ballet (to which no name has been given—it is listed in the program as "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze' ") is Balanchine's use of a demonstratively dramatic style of choreography. Rumor had predicted another "Liebeslieder Walzer," the beloved Brahms ballet that is no longer done in New York, but instead the dances are in a style similar to that of "Meditation" and parts of "Don Quixote." While the format of the piece follows "Liebeslieder" to a certain extent—the four couples dancing a succession of duets to an onstage piano, the women changing from pumps to toe shoes in the course of the dances—the choreography seems to take Schumann's deletion of the word "Dances" as its cue. There are scarcely any dance steps in the "Liebeslieder" mold, and the choreography makes no distinction, as "Liebeslieder" did, between social dancing and ballet. Compared to almost any other piece of Balanchine choreography, even compared to "Meditation," the ballet has almost no intricacy or sweep of phrase. Instead, we see dancing used as an extension of a dramatic situation: steps are repeated over and over or protracted into poses or connected not by other steps but by walks, runs, hesitant gestures, glances. The lack of density and the free look of the timing make us feel we're witnessing a series of short, probing conversations. And along about the fifth or sixth dance (when point shoes are adopted), the dancers begin to develop the psychological dimensions of real characters. The four couples are divided into two pairs of "twins." The more prominent pair—Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise, Karin von Aroldingen and Adam Lüders—perhaps represents Clara and Robert as they were in art and as they were in life. Farrell is Clara the artist and also Robert's (d'Amboise's) muse; von Aroldingen is Clara the bride and wife, while Lüders, who has the most colorful male role, is Robert the victim of hallucination and derangement—the mad poet who died young. Heather Watts and Peter Martins are paired with Kay Mazzo and Ib Andersen as identical twins who may possibly be Clara and Robert as lovers; twice all four appear in mirror-image dances. If d'Amboise and Lüders are Florestan and Eusebius as positive and negative forces in Schumann's nature, Martins and Andersen are those twin forces in balance, symmetrically justified by Schumann's union with the perfect woman.

There are three solos. The first, and most eccentric, is Farrell's, to No. 12. Schumann marked it "mit humor"—but there are other humorous or good-humored dances in the suite. What distinguish Farrell's are, first, its direct, unclouded emotion—it's the only "warm" dance that doesn't contain some icy portent, some hint of its own undoing, either choreographically or musically—and, second, its connection to one of Schumann's famous musical puzzles. In No. 12, the composer repeats the little theme from "Carnaval" that concealed an anagram of his name in its notes. Schumann called this little tease "Sphinxes." Applying this to Farrell, Balanchine gives us the "explanation" of her character: as a muse, she's truly unknowable And if we don't get the clue from the music, we get it in the choreography: the dancer ends poised in attitude with one finger pointing ahead—the gesture of Polyhymnia (and Terpsichore touching fingers with Apollo), of Dulcinea, and of the Fairy in "Le Baiser de la Fée." The solos for von Aroldingen and Lüders both belong to the "biography" of the historical Schumann. Clara searches and weeps, Robert struggles with his devils and throws himself into the Rhine. In Lüders' solo, No. 15, we are again reminded of "Carnaval"—the "Chopin" episode. Schumann had been ridiculed for his impetuous review introducing Chopin to German music-lovers: "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Against the forces of smug reaction David's Band took up arms. In Balanchine's staging, the Philistines make a brief appearance as static figures in black carrying their giant poison pens. Perhaps this is one Schumannesque figment that we don't need to be shown, but visually the inky silhouettes do suggest something of the fantasy of Schumann's polemical style and the influence upon it and upon his music of such writers as Jean Paul (Richter), E. T. A. Hoffmann, and Heinrich Heine.

Lüders does off-balance wheeling pivots, runs to and fro, and tight turns on a diagonal. It is the bombastic high point of the ballet, and the emotional climax has yet to arrive. But first there is a sudden switch in tone and all four couples are dancing a quadrille. As in an earlier "party" scene (No. 13), only more formally pressed, the suggestion is of a moment of grace outside the tensions of private life. When all partners have been exchanged and returned to their places, a recapitulation begins, and as the music gets slower and grows more hushed, the stage is gradually cleared. During this recapitulation, which signals the start of the ballet's long descent to its pianissimo close, the audience gets restless; there have been too many radical transitions and we still haven't reached the ballet's heart. It is at this moment that Balanchine steers straight for troubled waters—those indecisive harmonies and lingering suspensions in the music. Into the vacancy drops the wandering melody of No. 2—the most haunting melody in the score. Farrell and d'Amboise are alone; her off-center half-turns en promenade recall Lüders' anguished pivots, and as they continue we know we're wandering far off course. Is nothing going to happen? Well, there is an acceleration, a rush, a sudden pause capped by a lovely slow-motion exit, but even as you watch, it seems inconclusive. The last dance is Lüders' farewell to von Aroldingen on a darkened stage; it's like the end of "Duo Concertant"—as inscrutable as that. The piece is not a hit; it doesn't want to be. It mirrors the passion of Robert Schumann, his intransigent daemon, his lust for the unknown. Like his music, it wears its heart on its sleeve even when there's no arm inside.

The décor is a palpitating set of white silk drapes flanking a vista of the Rhine out of which a ghostly cathedral lifts its spires. Balanchine told Anna Kisselgoff in the *Times* that Rouben Ter-Arutunian's inspiration was the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich. Gordon Boelzner plays the score wearing a period costume, and Ter-Arutunian's period-influenced clothes for the dancers are successful in every respect save in the childish cut of the men's jackets.

"LA BAYADÈRE" in its new, three-act version has had a very successful first season at the Met. But the real test will come during American Ballet Theatre's next season and the one after that. Will a full-length production that adds nothing substantial to the celebrated Shades scene continue to draw audiences? There *is* Makarova's staging of the wedding pas d'action in the last act, a resourceful piece of work with some fine special effects that end the evening on a suitably preposterous note. But as with A.B.T.'s other Petipa-Minkus revival, "Don Quixote," the Maryinsky treasure chest has been reopened and found to have nothing of value left inside.

When the great Shades scene was first given in the West by Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, in 1961, it set off a wave of anticipatory excitement: surely there must be more where that came from. Since then, the defections of Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov have made it possible for us to see the remnants of the Petipa canon more or less as they are performed in Leningrad, and by now it seems safe to say that we've seen pretty nearly everything. Until Makarova's staging for A.B.T., the full "Bayadère" had been performed only in Russia. If Petipa nuggets were there, why hadn't we known about them from the post-Diaghilev wave of defectors who brought us definitive versions of the other Maryinsky classics? It is hard to imagine Balanchine or Danilova reviving a Minkus ballet at a time when most dance critics in this country were music critics who could not even tolerate Tchaikovsky. But they did revive "Paquita" excerpts, even though "La Bayadère" contains Minkus's best music. "La Bayadère" was not among Nicholas Sergeyev's bequests to British ballet—those sumptuous piles of choreographic notation that enabled Ninette de Valois to found the Royal Ballet on the Maryinsky repertory. For Western consumption, Sergeyev prepared "Le Songe du Rajah," a shortened and revised version of the Shades scene, but this seems never to have been performed. The answer must be that the choreography was too difficult for Western corps-de-ballet dancers of that period. As for the rest of the ballet, most of it had probably been forgotten or been superseded by other Petipa ballets. (An example of supersession: Aurora, pricked by a spindle, succumbs while dancing in "The Sleeping Beauty," just as Nikiya, bitten by a snake, had succumbed in "La Bayadère.")

In an article written in 1971 for *Dance and Dancers*, the Russian dance historian Natalia Roslavleva relates how Vakhtang Chabukiani expanded the role of Solor by moving the wedding pas d'action from Act IV into Act II and rechoreographing it. This was in 1940, when the fourth act had been defunct for two decades and nothing remained of it but the music. Presumably, it is Chabukiani's choreography that we see in Makarova's Act I, and Minkus's Act IV music that we hear. (For Makarova's last act, which restores the episodes that are no longer performed in Russia, the pas d'action music was rewritten by the conductor John Lanchbery.) Roslavleva tells us that although the Petipa pas d'action contained a dance for Solor and one for his bride, Gamzatti, who up to then had not danced, Chabukiani interpolated both solos. Where the music came from she does not say. Nor does she tell us any more about the Petipa choreography than that Solor's number was done by a dance-in (called Slave in the program) and that the pas d'action was still remembered as late as 1925 and 1926, when the old fourth act was briefly restored for some gala performances. The reason I bring up these details is that they go far toward explaining one of the most puzzling things about the ballet as it stands today, which is that the stylistic contrast between the demi-caractère dances of the heroine, Nikiya, and the classical dances of her rival, Gamzatti, dissolves as soon as Nikiya dies and goes to the Kingdom of the Shades. Her dance style is then indistinguishable

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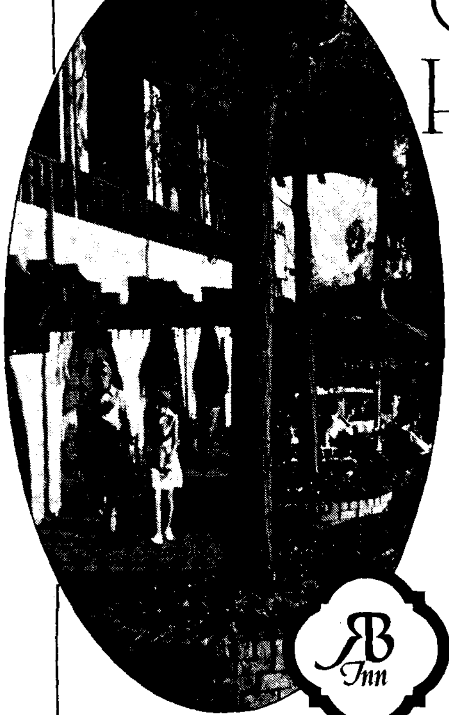

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from Gamzatti's. The idea of a stylistic polarization was undoubtedly an outgrowth of Chabukiani's decision to introduce dances for himself and Gamzatti in Act II, and it sets the whole drama at cross-purposes. The straight classicism that we loosely identify with Petipa's style turns out in this ballet to have specific connotations that make it inapplicable to Gamzatti. We may never know how Petipa conceived the single dance that he allotted to the mime role of Gamzatti; Roslavleva and her sources, which included the ballet master Fyodor Lopukhov, were hipped on the question of Chabukiani. With good reason: Chabukiani's was the hand that shaped "La Bayadère" for modern audiences.

When Martine van Hamel danced Nikiya this season, she minimized the exoticism of the plastique in the first-act dances, making the role—and the ballet at large—a more roundly classical whole. In this way, she avoided the unseemly parallel with Gamzatti. Van Hamel's interpretation is her own; everyone else I have seen do the part does it Makarova's way, which may be the way it has been done over the years at the Kirov, at least since the days of Anna Pavlova. Although the young Pavlova established her greatness in the Shades scene, she must have been extraordinary as the Hindu temple dancer. Later, we remember, she included dances on Indian themes in her repertory, and even toured with Uday Shankar. It is strange that she seems never to have danced anything from "La Bayadère" in the West. The orchestra parts were in her library. And if she—or Spessivtseva—did dance the piece, why was it unknown until 1961? The questions pile up. Lopukhov died in 1973; Roslavleva died in 1977. With each such death, a link to the past is broken. Diligent research is required among survivors and in archives mostly inaccessible to non-Russian scholars. Add to this the fact that the bulk of Russian studies in dance history remain untranslated and you begin to see that dance is truly the illiterate art. Until translators and new research produce the information we need, we have only productions to go on. But these are invaluable. Makarova's "La Bayadère" sets the past in motion. It testifies to the existence of a "Bayadère" tradition and tells us what things have held over the years in performance.

THE Bournonville ballets in the repertory of the Royal Danish Ballet provide the same kind of testimony, but their tradition is more obscure, perhaps because until recently they have not had much exposure outside Denmark. There is now a flourishing Bournonville industry, particularly among American dance historians, and the industry was given a boost with the appearance last month of the entire Danish company in eight performances at the Chicago Civic Opera. The company brought seven of its greatest Bournonvilles; "A Folk Tale" was seen for the first time in America, "Napoli" for the first time since 1956. Peter Martins and Peter Schaufuss, dancers who have done much to popularize Danish classicism internationally, were guest artists with their parent company. Scholars could study the productions for historical veracity, and Chicagoans at large could enjoy a splendid dance festival. The sponsoring organization, which in fact calls itself the International Dance Festival, brought off its greatest success in four years of existence—first, by persuading the Danes to come (the dancers, in a unanimous decision, cast the deciding vote), and then by raising the necessary subsidies. C. Geraldine Freund, the Festival's founder and director, enlisted Mayor Byrne's support and was able to add a matching grant from the city for twenty-five thousand dollars to a long list of private donations. Chicago received the company in style. A Bournonville exhibit, carefully adapted from the major one held in Copenhagen last winter, was mounted at the Public Library. There was official hospitality and, more surprising, there was good box office. The prolonged standing ovations after "La Sylphide," "Napoli," and "A Folk Tale" stunned locals no less than the Danes; Chicago isn't known as a ballet town.

Now let other American cities take note. Chicago, which doesn't even support a resident company, proved that Bournonville ballets don't need the "ballet audience." They constitute a tradition of popular entertainment (I might even call it family entertainment) that is robust yet never cheap—that is in fact enriching and ennobling. "A Folk Tale" is as much a fixture in the Danish repertory as "The Nutcracker" is in ours. The Danish standard of performance in acting as well as in dancing remains enviably high. The Civic Opera, with a stage not a great deal larger than the Royal Theatre's in Copenhagen, was comfortably scaled for the delicate, intricate things that Danish dancers uniquely do. May they come again and shine as brightly.

—ARLENE CROCE

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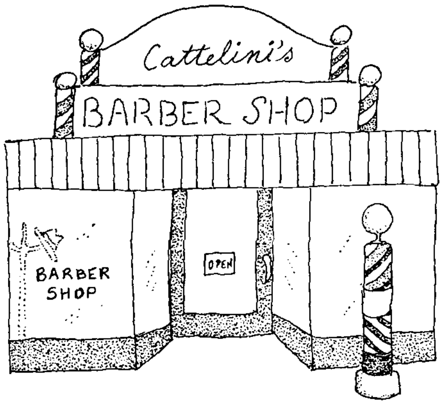
THE SPORTING SCENE

MR. TREVINO AND MR. NICKLAUS

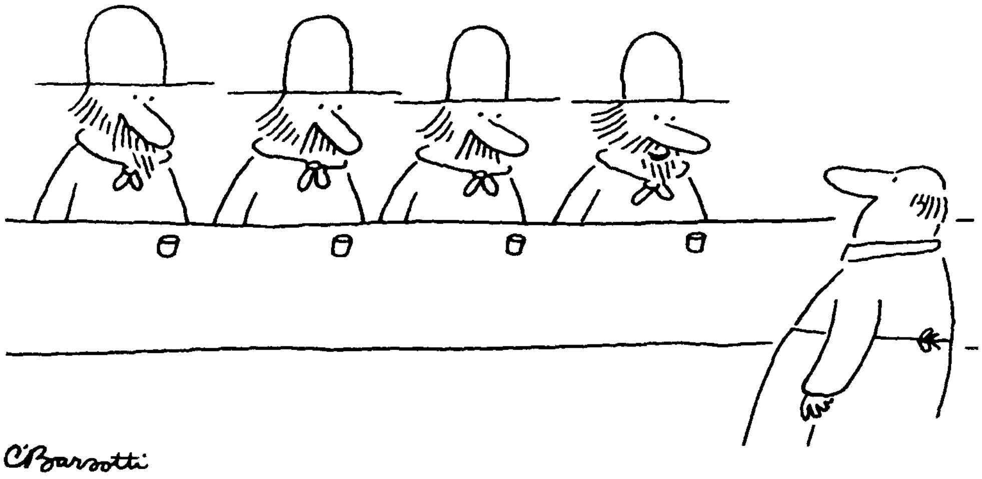
ON the eve of the recent United States Open, which was played last month at the Baltusrol Golf Club, in Springfield, New Jersey, and was eventually carried off with a flourish by Jack Nicklaus, there was, along with the usual resounding prognostications by the savants in seersucker, a good deal of conversation about the five earlier Opens held at Baltusrol—in particular, the last one, in 1967. This was understandable, for the 1967 Open was a sort of watershed championship. Among other things, it marked the final appearance in our Open of Ben Hogan. Nearly fifty-five years old at that time, Hogan fell well off the pace with a 76 on the third round, and ultimately finished seventeen shots behind the winner. Thirty-one years before, Hogan had appeared in the national championship at Baltusrol; he did not score low enough to make the thirty-six-hole cut, and no one at that time had the faintest intimation that the intense young Texan would go on to become one of the greatest golfers of all time.

The 1967 Open also marked the last head-to-head duel in a major championship between the arch-rivals of that period, Arnold Palmer and Nicklaus. In the 1962 Open, at Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, Nicklaus, who had only just turned professional, was the victor in their first confrontation, winning a playoff for the title by standing up sturdily to one of Palmer's celebrated charges. At Baltusrol in 1967, it worked out that Nicklaus and Palmer were paired on both the third and fourth rounds. Neither was at his best on the third round; instead of playing the course, each seemed preoccupied with what the other was doing, as if it were match play. Nicklaus had a 72 (two over par), Palmer had a 73, and both stood at 210 at the end of the round. On the final day, the other contenders faded rapidly, and it became evident almost from the start that Palmer and Nicklaus were battling it out for the championship. Both played beautiful golf from tee to green. It was the putting that made the difference. Palmer failed to get down a number of holeable putts and had to be satisfied with a 69; Nicklaus, who missed nothing on the greens and made a few long ones, had a 65. This gave him a total of 275 for his four rounds—a stroke lower than the Open record that had been set in 1948 at Riviera, in Los Angeles, by Hogan. Nicklaus was twenty-seven when he won at Baltusrol, and his victory was his ninth in a major championship. Today, at forty, he has won eighteen major championships—which, as hardly needs to be pointed out, is a record.

THE 1967 Open served to spotlight one other remarkable golfer, Lee Trevino. At that time, he was completely unknown except in his native Dallas, where he had worked at a combination driving range and par-3 course, and in El Paso, where he was then the pro at the Horizon Hills Country Club. He was already twenty-seven, but for some reason he had played in only a handful of tournaments. In 1965, he had been the runner-up to Homero Blancas in the Mexican Open. In 1965 and 1966, he won the Texas Open. He also finished fifth in the Panama Open in 1966, and later that year he picked up six hundred dollars by tying for fifty-fourth in our national Open, at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco. That was it. At Baltusrol, he started with a 72 and added a 70. A 71 in the third round put him within reach of the leaders, and for the first time people began paying some attention to this stocky, black-haired, garrulous young man. He was the grandson of a Mexican gravedigger, we learned, and he had put in a four-year hitch in the Marines. On the day of the fourth round, a group of us made it a point to watch Trevino play a couple of holes. We caught up with him on the third, a par 4 that slopes downhill to a tricky green. He played it easily and well: a drive down the middle of the fairway, a pitch twenty feet from the flag, two putts. It was impossible, however, to see what Trevino looked like. A golf cap was pulled down low over his forehead, and most of the rest of his face was hidden by large scuba goggles. In the El Paso area, we were later told, quite a few golfers wore scuba goggles to keep windblown dirt out of their eyes, and he had got used to them. For another thing, he was not reacting to the strain of the Open the way one would expect a newcomer with sparse credentials to do. As he came bouncing down the hillside on the third, swinging his arms confidently and patently enjoying himself, he was talking a mile a minute to his playing partner, Dave Hill. While Trevino's control of the ball was impressive, his swing wasn't. It was exceedingly flat, and he moved into the ball with an ungraceful, down-low lunge. He had a 70 on that last round, and this put him in fifth place and brought him six thousand dollars in prize money. There have been many occasions when a golfer without a clipping to his name has turned in an eye-popping performance in a big championship and never been heard of again. I confess that I wouldn't have been surprised if this had happened with Trevino. However, that summer and fall, on the strength of his showing in the Open, he received special invitations from many of the sponsors of tournaments on the Professional Golfers Association tour, and he played so well in their events that he picked up over twenty thousand dollars in prize money. In those days, this was a pretty fair haul. Gene Littler, for example, earned less than forty thousand that year over the full tournament season.



The following year, Trevino showed us just how good he really was. During the first five and a half months—up to the week of the Open—he won more than fifty thousand dollars on the P.G.A. tour. Then he won the Open, and that changed everything. The 1968 Open was played at Oak Hill, an old Donald Ross layout in Rochester, New York, which had been remodelled and lengthened to 6,962 yards. In retrospect, only three players were actually involved in the winning and losing of that Open: Nicklaus, who was in a contending position all the way; Bert Yancey, a Floridian with a handsome, Jonesian swing; and Trevino. At the end of three rounds, Yancey led Trevino by a stroke, so they were paired on the last round. Trevino went out in front on the ninth, which Yancey bogeyed. Trevino then drew away, widening his lead by a



"Now the boys and I would like to sing you a little number."

stroke on each of the next four holes. Two of these strokes came on difficult birdie putts—a thirty-footer across the slippery eleventh, and a twenty-two-footer rapped firmly up a slight grade on the twelfth. The prospect of winning the Open has overwhelmed and destroyed many men, but it didn't seem to bother Trevino. On the long thirteenth, as he walked up the fairway with Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the executive director of the United States Golf Association, he reached out impulsively and slapped Dey on the back. "I'm just trying to build up as big a lead as I can, so I won't choke," he explained. He didn't choke, but he wobbled a little on the last two holes. On the seventeenth, after mis-hitting his second shot he scrambled out his par by holing from fourteen feet. On the eighteenth, a demanding par 4, he hooked his drive into trouble, and his recovery shot ended up in a tight lie in matted rough some ninety yards from the pin, just on the brink of a steep gully. There was no way that Trevino, still in front by four strokes, was going to lose the championship, but when I looked at his lie I didn't think he'd be able to play much of a shot. He took out his sand wedge, got comfortable over the ball in a twinkling, and punched a lovely high pitch three feet from the pin. He made the putt. Trevino's third shot was one of those helpful reminders a spectator receives from time to time when he watches the best golfers up close. From a distance, it all looks much easier than it is, and one is apt to forget how skillful these players are. If you or I had had to play Trevino's third shot, we would have been lucky to chop the ball halfway to the green, but he made contact with the ball so precisely and smoothly that it looked as if it had been sitting on a hairbrush. That final par enabled Trevino to become the first man ever to play all four rounds in the Open under par and all four rounds in the 60s: 69, 68, 69, 69. It also enabled him to tie Nicklaus's record Open total of 275.

From his breakthrough at Oak Hill right up to the present day, Trevino has stayed at the top of his highly competitive and wearing profession. Over those dozen years, of the four major championships—the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open, and the P.G.A. Championship—only Nicklaus has won more. Over that span, only Nicklaus and Gary Player have produced such consistently excellent golf. Trevino has now earned over two million dollars on the P.G.A. tour and added a drachma or two in tournaments outside this country. He has been admirably generous with his money. After his victory in the Hawaiian Open in 1968, he gave ten thousand dollars of his purse to the family of Ted Makalena, the Hawaiian professional, who had died in a surfing accident. He and Makalena had been close friends on the tour, and Trevino, as a person who grew up in poverty—his grandfather's four-room shack had no running water or electricity—knows what money can mean to people. Frequently when he has won a tournament, he has donated a portion of his winnings to charity. For example, after taking the 1971 British Open, at Birkdale, he saw to it that forty-eight hundred dollars of his purse went to a local orphanage. "The world's a funny place," he once said. "When you have no money, no one will do anything for you. If you become successful and pile up enough money to buy anything you want, people deluge you with gifts you don't need and try to do all kinds of things for you."

TREVINO probably reached the apex of his career in the summer of 1971, when, within the space of twenty-three days, he won his second U.S. Open, the Canadian Open, and the British Open. The following year, although he won the British Open again and collected over two hundred thousand dollars in prize money during that season, his life had become more complicated and less pleasurable. His affluence had arrived so quickly that he hadn't had sufficient time to understand some aspects of his new position. He was also physically run down. Lured on by the pots of money that could be made on the tour, he had pushed himself too hard, playing in some thirty tournaments a year. In the early nineteen-seventies, the stress of chronic competition at length got to him, and he began to suffer all kinds of strange maladies. During this period, he played some stretches of marvellous golf—in 1974 he won his fifth major title, the P.G.A. Championship—but there were also weeks when he was so tired that he showed none of his characteristic bonhomie. What is more, his golf became uneven, and this bothered him terribly. Some weeks, he was convinced that he was overgolfed and should be back home taking things easy. Other weeks, he was equally certain that he was undergolfed and the cure was to stay on the tour and fight out his problems there. He persevered, and got through this difficult phase, only to run headlong into some troublesome physical setbacks. In 1975, when he was playing in the Western Open, at the Butler National Golf Club, near Chicago, he was struck by lightning. It was a freak accident. There had been no distant thunder or lightning. When the storm suddenly broke, it broke directly over the course. The force of the lightning lifted Trevino off his feet and knocked him out for an instant. Jerry Heard, who was Trevino's playing partner, and Bobby Nichols were also hit. The three were rushed to a hospital. Trevino was kept in the intensive-care unit for twenty-four hours. Three weeks later, he was able to rejoin the tour, but he was by no means a hundred per cent fit. His muscle tone had been damaged considerably. However, the most serious aftereffect of the electrical shock was intermittent back trouble. (Trevino holds with a theory that electrical shock can cause a drying out of the intervertebral discs. He points out that Nichols and Heard have also been afflicted with back trouble since that afternoon at Butler and that Heard's career as a professional golfer has been in danger.) In June, 1976, a year after being struck by lightning, he injured his back gravely when, working around his house, he attempted to move a heavy potted plant. That November, he was operated on for a herniated disc by Dr. Antonio Moure, a Spanish-born neurosurgeon on the staff of the Park Plaza Hospital in Houston. It was a most successful operation. Three months later, Trevino returned to the tour. He had to be careful and space his appearances, however, and he played in only twenty tournaments that year. He won just once, but his victory came in a fairly big event, the Canadian Open. He has had to continue to be careful not to overdo things, but his last two seasons have been active and productive ones. In 1979, for instance, he captured his third Canadian Open. This year, he has already won the Tournament Players Championship, which ranks just below the majors, and (last week) the Memphis Classic, making this year the seventh in which he has earned over two hundred thousand dollars in tournament prize money. Only Nicklaus has won more prize money during his career.

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Although in many ways Trevino's achievements are not sufficiently appreciated—many people tend to regard him primarily as a colorful showman, who communicates with his galleries as do few other sports figures—this June, at forty, thirteen years after he came out of nowhere and announced himself so memorably at Baltusrol, he returned to that course as a man who has gained for himself a secure position in golf history. He is one of only four players who have won both the U.S. Open and the British Open at least twice. (The others are Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, and Jack Nicklaus.) From 1968 on, he has never gone a season without winning at least one tournament. Trevino, who is extremely modest when he talks about his accomplishments, thinks that his best claim to fame is his consistency. He likes to point out that since 1968 he has averaged under seventy-one strokes a round in all but two seasons—1975 and 1977. In 1970, 1971, 1972, and 1974, he won the Vardon Trophy, which annually goes to the touring professional with the lowest strokes-per-round average over a minimum of eighty rounds.

He continues to approach competitive golf with the enthusiasm of a young man. This, he feels, can be explained by the fact that he did not begin to play a steady run of tournaments until he was twenty-seven, whereas Nicklaus, for instance, who is exactly his age but has played in relatively few events in recent years, was a youthful prodigy, who won the Ohio Open at sixteen and was then already carrying a rather full tournament schedule. Trevino's favorite relaxation is fishing—bass fishing especially—but even when he leaves the tour for a change of pace, he plays golf. "Golf isn't just my business, it's my hobby," he said when he and I had a nice long talk recently. "My idea of a perfect vacation is to go to Mexico with some friends and play golf." In his undiminished, and apparently undiminishable, enchantment with golf, he is like Sam Snead, who for over fifty years has played a round of golf just about every day. He also reminds one of Ben Hogan, whose idea of bliss is to practice hitting balls daily, cerebrating unceasingly before, during, and after each shot.

THREE facets of Trevino's career and personality seem to me unusually fascinating and well worth further examination: his background, his singular technique, and some of the key moments of his major victories. His life has a strong Dickensian quality, partly because of the hard times he endured as a boy and a young man, and partly because of the improbable turns of fate that marked his road to the top. He left school when he was fourteen and in the eighth grade, and found a job helping out at a driving range in Dallas that was owned and operated by a professional named Hardy Greenwood. Trevino had already been around golf for several years. While his grandfather's shack had many limitations, it also had a few advantages. There was a lake behind it, along with some big willow trees and a beautiful cottonwood that he remembers wistfully. More to the point, the shack was situated a hundred yards from the Glen Lakes Country Club. Trevino had started caddying at Glen Lakes when he was eight. He also started playing at that age, for he got to know the greenkeeper's son, and they would go out together and hack around the course during the hours when it was empty. It didn't take Trevino long to become a pretty fair little golfer and also to become thoroughly enamored of the game. That is why he gravitated to the driving range in 1954 when he left school and went looking for a job. The following winter, he helped Greenwood build a nine-hole par-3 course on twelve acres adjacent to the driving range. They did all the work themselves: they designed the holes, installed the pipes for the watering system, mixed the sand and loam and peat moss for the fairways and greens, seeded the course, and, when the grass came through, mowed it and spruced up the green areas. The longest hole at Hardy's pitch-and-putt course was 120 yards, and the shortest was 65 yards. The course was lit at night, and it was a highly profitable operation. Trevino was happy with this life for a while, but late in 1956 he grew restless and signed up for a four-year tour of duty in the Marine Corps. He spent a good deal of it on Okinawa and got in a lot of golf on a course called Awase Meadows. At this time, Trevino was, in his own estimation, "just a good 4-handicap golfer," although he turned in some low rounds in interservice matches. (One of the golfers he played against was Orville Moody, then in the Army and stationed in Japan, who subsequently won the 1969 U.S. Open.) "My main trouble in those days was that I was a right-to-left player," Trevino recalled during our talk. "On some rounds, I would hit the most awful-looking hooks you ever saw, and I paid the price for them. I had to do something about my method of hitting the ball, I realized, or I would never become a really sound golfer."

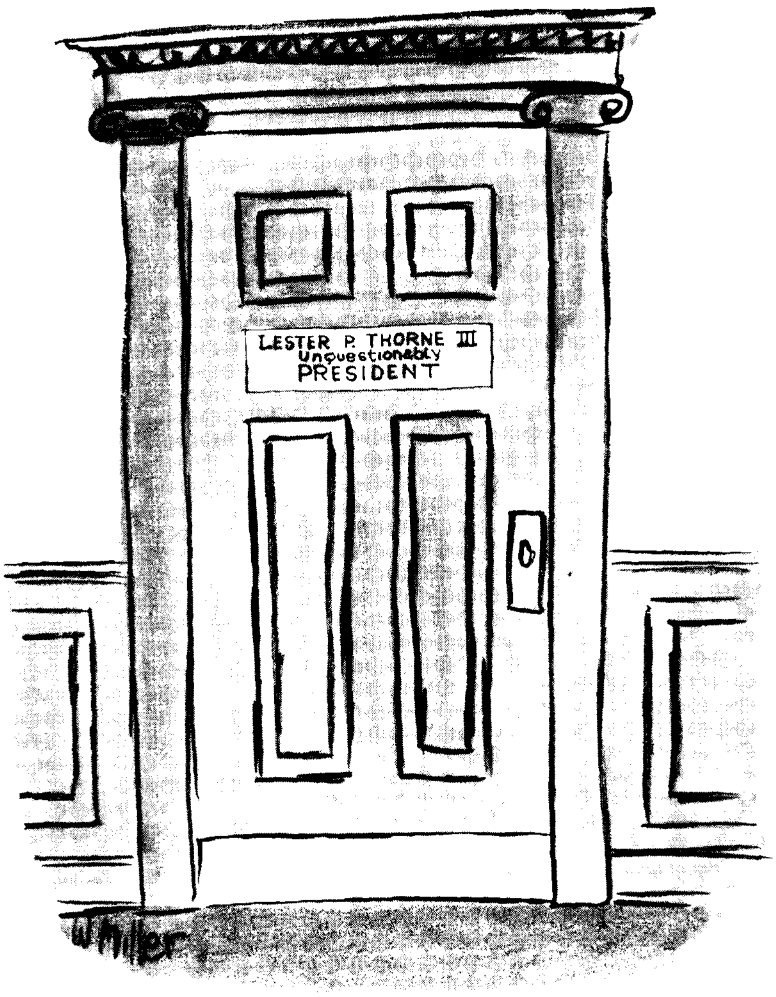
Upon getting out of the Marines, Trevino went back to Dallas and to his old job at the driving range and the par-3 course. One day shortly after his return, he was invited to play at Shady Oaks, in Fort Worth, Ben Hogan's home club. As usual, Hogan was hitting out practice balls. Trevino stopped and watched him from a distance. He was impressed by two things: every shot that Hogan hit was cut slightly—that is, it curved a shade from left to right—and on shot after shot the caddie never had to move; the ball hopped up into his hand on the first bounce, as if it were on a string.

Hogan, like Trevino, had struggled for years with a hook when he was a young man, and he didn't become a champion until, completely altering his approach to the game, he started hitting the ball not from right to left but from left to right and patiently mastered a controlled fade that made him the most accurate golfer since Harry Vardon. Trevino, like all golfers, had heard about this, but it was watching Hogan in action that drove the point home. In a word, when a right-to-left player hits the ball badly and hooks it, the spin on it carries it sharply and fast to the left, and it frequently ends up in heavy rough or even out of bounds, but when a left-to-right player hits the ball badly, it spins in a comparatively soft and slow arc to the right, often stops in the fairway, and rarely causes him much grief.

Back at the driving range, Trevino got down to the job of learning to cut the ball. He took a very open stance, aiming well to the left of his target, and, after some experimentation, he developed an individual way of achieving the results he was after. He used an exceptionally strong grip on the club, and he took it back with the club face closed. Then, as he came into the ball, he tried to open the club face just before impact. He worked on developing a firm left side on the downswing, knowing that if he didn't he'd spray the ball all over the place. He also worked on keeping his body down low in the hitting area; the longer a player stays down at impact, the less he can pronate his arms and hands, and too much pronation causes hooking. As he hit through the ball, he extended his club as far forward as possible. This exaggerated extension was not at all a natural move for him. One gimmick he found invaluable in training himself to do this was to pretend that there were four balls lined up in a row and on his downswing try to hit through all four of them, and not just the first one.

It took Trevino about a year of daily practice before he felt confident that he could fade the ball more or less as he wanted to. He began to play very well, so he continued with the method he had devised. Off the tee, he would aim for the left-hand rough and slide his low, buzzing drives ten or fifteen yards to the right and comfortably onto the fairway. On his irons, if the pin was positioned on the left side of the green he aimed for the left edge and slid his approach into the pin. It should be noted that in the mid-nineteen-seventies, after his back trouble, he had to modify his technique slightly. He couldn't stay down as low in the hitting area and also had to come up a little more quickly, and this meant he couldn't keep the club face on the ball as long. In addition, the right hand got into the shot more. Consequently, after setting up in his open stance he did not try to cut across the ball from the outside in on the downswing to give the ball the outer spin that made it fade; instead, he swung straight through the ball almost on the direct line to the target. This is the technique he employs today. On his full shots with his woods and most of his irons, the ball falls in a shade from the left. On some of his short irons, he actually draws the ball a fraction from right to left. Unlike most athletes with an unorthodox style, who are interesting mainly because they nevertheless manage to get results, Trevino is an aesthetic delight. On his best days, there is no visible exertion at all as he moves into his shots; his magnificent hand action and timing quietly do the work. He strikes the ball much more purely than most of the paragons of copybook style, and it flies toward the flag with perfect rotation and on just the right parabola. The fact is that he is not only one of the finest strikers of the ball in modern times but one of the best shotmakers in history. Trevino is generally content to let his golf speak for him, but he likes to point out that he thinks his unorthodox method is more than just an effective means to an end. "Do we know what the correct golf swing really is?" he asked me during our session. "I may have the best swing, the right swing." He broke into his impish grin, but when he resumed speaking there was an unmistakable seriousness beneath his bantering tone. "The only reason the old Scots a couple of hundred years ago swung the way they did was that they played in heavy wool coats that were a couple of sizes too small for them, and they couldn't get the upright swing. They had to swing flat. They used a tremendous amount of pronation. They had to swing opening and closing the club face because, with all the clothes they wore, they couldn't get any body movement."

Down through the years, the leading golfers, whatever their method of hitting the ball, have more often than not been able to play their best when it counted the most; otherwise, they would not have been the leading golfers. Most of the time when Trevino has been in the hunt in a major championship, he has shown a gift for playing spectacular shots at the critical moments. When he won our Open for the second time, at Merion in



1971, after an eighteen-hole playoff with Nicklaus, he made only one faulty shot on that exacting course in the playoff round: on the first hole, he pushed a 9-iron pitch into a bunker and took a bogey. On the remaining holes, he rattled off fourteen pars and three birdies. A cluster of three splendid putts decided this hard-fought playoff. On the twelfth green, one of the slickest at Merion, he curled in a sidehill birdie putt of twenty-five feet, which increased his lead to two strokes. Then he held Nicklaus off by holing from ten feet to save his par on the fourteenth and from twenty-five feet for his birdie on the fifteenth. The final scores were 68 and 71. The week after the championship, Trevino played in the Cleveland Open, and finished back in the pack. The week after that, he played in the Canadian Open, and won it in a playoff with Art Wall by sinking a fifteen-foot birdie putt on the first extra hole. He should have been exhausted by then, but somehow he wasn't. He hopped a plane for London, hurried out to Birkdale, on the Lancashire coast, north of Liverpool, for the British Open, and won that championship. This must have been a particularly sweet victory, because the year before he had thrown away a wonderful chance in the British Open at St. Andrews. With a round to go, he was out in front, two shots ahead of Nicklaus, Tony Jacklin, and Doug Sanders. The spit of duneland on which the Old Course at St. Andrews was built is so narrow that, except for four holes—the first, the ninth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth—an outgoing hole and an incoming hole share an immense double green. The flags on the outgoing holes are white, and those on the incoming holes are red. On the final round, Trevino had a most untypical mental lapse on the par-4 second hole. He fired his approach not at the white flag but at the red flag, which marked the sixteenth hole, on the left side of the green. With his ball lying about a hundred and eighty feet from the white flag, marking the second hole, he had to work hard to get down in three putts. At that time, Trevino was perhaps the best putter in the world, save for Billy Casper, but on this round, upset by his mental error and further bothered by a whipping west wind, he three-putted three more greens on the first nine and was out of the tournament. (Nicklaus won it after a playoff with Sanders.) At the end of the first three rounds at Birkdale, Trevino was once again the leader. A stroke behind him were Jacklin and Lu Liang-huan, the soft-swinging, polite Taiwanese known to the golf world as Mr. Lu. On the final round, Trevino rushed to the turn in thirty-one strokes, using only twelve putts, but on the last nine the edge began to come off his game, and his pursuers were closing the gap. On the seventeenth, a 526-yard par 5, he nearly blew the Open. He aimed his tee shot for the left rough, counting on his well-schooled fade to swing the ball back onto the fairway. His tee shot was ripped low and hard, but for some reason his fade didn't take, and the ball thudded into a scrub-covered sand hill. On his second shot, he advanced the ball only a few yards, and on his third he knocked it across the fairway and into the rough on that side. He wound up with a seven on the hole, and suddenly his lead was down to a single stroke. He held his poise and played the eighteenth, a 513-yard par 5, coolly and well. In those days, when the small, lively British ball could still be used in the British Open, he had no trouble getting home on the last hole with a drive and a 6-iron. He played a daring approach, going straight for the pin, which was tucked behind the bunker that guards the entrance to the green on the left. The ball landed close to the pin, but on that resilient green it rolled some forty feet past. He made no mistake with his approach putt. The ball died two and a half feet to the left of the hole, and he tapped it in for the winning birdie.

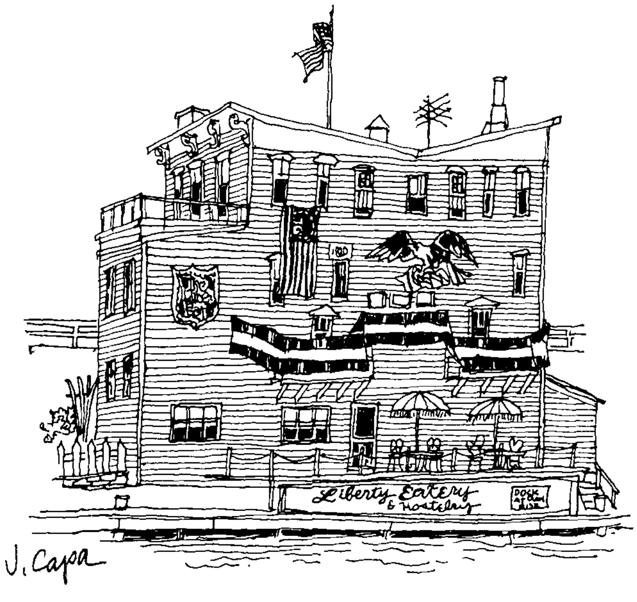
WHEN Trevino defended his British Open title the following July, at Muirfield, near Edinburgh, he stole the championship back after he had seemingly kicked it away. For the third year in a row, he led the field into the last round, a stroke in front of Jacklin, six strokes ahead of Nicklaus. He had moved into the lead with a 66 in the third round, which he finished with a run of five birdies, twice holing out from off the green. On the par-3 sixteenth, where he was bunkered on his tee shot, he had skulled his explosion shot, but the ball had struck the flagstick on a fast bounce and fallen straight down into the cup. Then on the eighteenth, a long par 4 on which his second shot ended up fifty feet from the flagstick in the stubbly rough to the left of the green and beyond it, he had chipped his third into the cup. There were fireworks all over the place on the last round. Briefly, Trevino and Jacklin, playing together in the last twosome, both eagled the ninth, but the leader by a stroke midway through the afternoon was Nicklaus, who, in one of his most amazing fourth-round rushes, birdied six of the first eleven holes. However, he missed a five-foot putt for his par on the sixteenth, and after that the winning and losing of the championship came down to Jacklin and Trevino. It was decided on the seventeenth hole, a par 5 to a small, saucerlike green hemmed in by rough. Trevino could not have played the hole worse. After hooking his drive into a bunker and hitting a weak recovery, he hooked a fairway wood into the rough and then scaled his fourth shot, a little pitch with his sand wedge, clear across the green and up into a bank of thatchy rough close behind the green, twenty feet or so from the pin. The tournament looked like Jacklin's—he lay four only three and a half feet from the cup after missing his putt for a birdie. "When I walked over to play my fifth, I was totally red hot with myself about that fourth shot," Trevino told me. "I'd tried to put some spin on the ball, but I never got my wedge under the ball correctly—I did what you call dropkicked it. As I say, I was so damned mad with myself when I went over to play my fifth that I didn't take any time at all with it. I just grabbed my 9-iron from the bag and hit the ball. The film shows I didn't even have my feet planted when I chipped it. The ball just happened to go into the cup." Jacklin then carefully lined up his short putt and missed it. Trevino was out in front again. On the eighteenth, he played an absolutely airtight par, and that did it.

Trevino's victory in the 1974 P.G.A. Championship, the other major title he has won, is a different kind of story. (That season, he captured only one other tour event, the New Orleans Open—a tournament that is worth mentioning because he didn't make a single bogey over the seventy-two holes.) In 1974, the P.G.A. was held at the Tanglewood Golf Club, in Clemmons, North Carolina. As is his practice at many of the big championships, Trevino rented a private house for the week. The one he rented in Clemmons belonged to a widow, a Mrs. Mayberry. One day, when he was looking around the house, he happened to come across a bag of golf clubs that had belonged to Mrs. Mayberry's husband. He pulled out the putter, took a couple of practice strokes, and said to himself, "Isn't this something! This is the putter I've been looking for." It was the model that Arnold Palmer had designed for the Wilson company back in the nineteen-fifties—a blade-type putter somewhat resembling the immensely popular Tommy Armour model, which featured a small flange. Trevino asked Mrs. Mayberry if he could buy the putter. She didn't want to sell it, but said he was free to use it, which he did. During the tournament, in which he putted very well, he again asked Mrs. Mayberry if she would sell him the putter. She again declined, but told him that if he won the tournament she would be delighted to give it to him as a present. He played the last two rounds in 68 and 69, and edged out Nicklaus by a stroke.

Trevino changes putters quite frequently. He always uses the same type of putter, however, and carries six or seven spares with him. What he does when he doesn't like the way he is stroking the ball is to switch to a spare whose head has a slightly different look to it or one whose shaft has a slightly different feel. The change usually proves to be beneficial. In any case, Trevino has a wonderfully simple and direct putting stroke. He takes the club back low to the ground and uses a short backswing. He keeps the blade low as he brings it forward. His left hand controls the stroke entirely.

LET us retrace our steps a bit. One of the most important stretches of Trevino's life is the period we know least about—the years between his return home from the service at the end of 1960 and his sudden explosion on the national golf scene in 1967. Soon after getting back to Dallas and reëstablishing his ties with Hardy Greenwood's driving range and par-3 course, he turned professional and joined the Professional Golfers Association. He quickly fell into a daily regimen. He would rise before daybreak and arrive at Tenison Park, a public golf course, at around five. Tenison Park received a lot of play, but at that early hour it was empty, and Trevino, if he wished, could whirl around the eighteen holes in no time at all. Other mornings, if he had a match lined up—and he often did, since Tenison Park was a harbor for hustlers—he would play a few holes before the match to get warmed up for his morning's work. He nearly always wore Bermuda shorts, and as often as not he played barefoot. When his practice round or his match was over, he would move to the practice tee and hit dozens and dozens of balls. After that, he would take a shower, put on his work clothes (slacks and a golf shirt), and drive to Hardy's. He began work there at two in the afternoon and closed the place down between eleven and midnight. He alternated between its two facilities: one day he would run the driving range and the next day the par-3. During slow afternoons, he hit out more balls. Trevino estimates that during those years he had a golf club in his hands an average of fifteen hours a day. It is unlikely that any other golfer in the country in the nineteen-sixties practiced as hard or as long. By 1965, when he won the state open championship, he was probably a good enough golfer to have made it on the P.G.A. tour, but personal problems prevented him from taking that step. In any event, he was very much at home at Tenison Park and was prospering to some degree from his matches there. He was also able to augment his salary from Hardy's by playing matches on the par-3 course. His chief difficulty was that he had become so expert at pitching and putting on that familiar terrain that it wasn't easy to get people to play him. Finally, after running out of even those customers who were willing to take him on provided he played right-handed with left-handed clubs, he hit upon a gimmick that, once he was firmly ensconced in the big time, received reams of publicity. His new specialty involved the use of a twenty-six-ounce Dr Pepper bottle—made of very heavy glass—which he wrapped with adhesive tape, so that it would not shatter when he hit a golf ball with it. Wearing a glove on his right hand, he held the bottle at the neck, tossed the ball in the air, and batted the ball with the big end of the bottle. He practiced with the bottle almost as much as he did with his regular clubs. After a while, he could flight the ball in the proper arc for a golf shot, and he could also hit it 120 yards—the length of the longest hole on the par-3 course. He putted billiards style, with the neck. Trevino's average score for nine holes with the bottle was 29 or 30—two or three strokes above par. He was able to persuade his opponents to give him half a stroke a hole, which meant that if he tied them on a hole they lost it. The stakes generally were fifty cents or a dollar a hole. He accepted all challenges for over three years and never lost a match with the bottle.

IN the winter of 1966, the course of Trevino's life changed abruptly. Shortly before, he had quit his job at the par-3 and the driving range, and for a while his only income came from his matches at Tenison Park. One night that January, he received a phone call from El Paso. A man he had never met was calling him. "He was connected with the Horizon Hills Country Club, and he wanted me to come out and play a golf match for him," Trevino explained to me. "You see, quite a few people were getting beat pretty badly at Horizon Hills in matches with a certain guy. One young fellow who had lost his shirt had been asked, 'Do you know someone who can play—someone nobody knows?' This kid told them, 'Yeah. I know a Mexican boy in Dallas who can really play, and no one's ever heard of him.' Well, this man at the other end of the phone said he'd send me a plane ticket and give me three hundred dollars if I'd come out to El Paso and play for him for two days. I told him I'd have to ask my wife about it. She was working then as a file clerk at Blue Cross-Blue Shield for fifty-five dollars a week, and that's what we were basically living on. We were having a hell of a time making ends meet. So I told Claudia—that's my wife—about the proposition this



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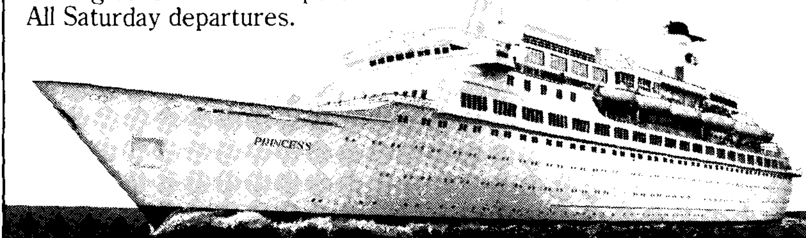

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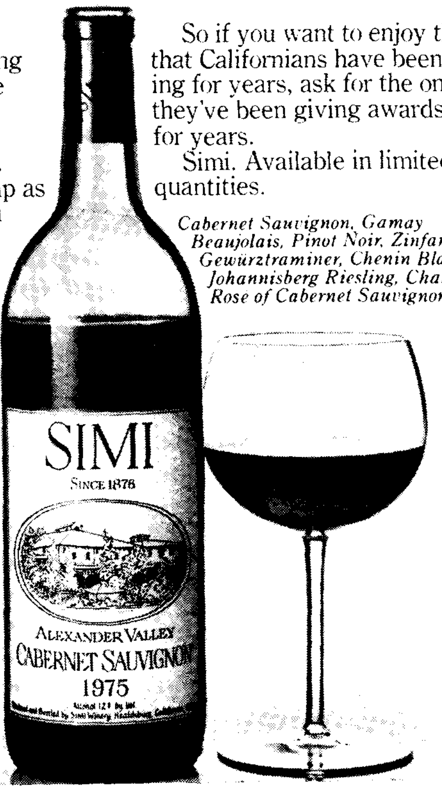

guy had offered. When she heard the numbers, she said, 'O.K. You can go.' I flew out to El Paso, went to Horizon Hills, and played two rounds—one each day—against a very good golfer, a well-known pro on the tour. I beat him soundly both rounds. About a month later, this man from El Paso phoned me again. There was an amateur who wanted to play me, he said. I said I was interested. 'You got a job yet?' he asked me. I told him no, and after a moment he said, 'Why don't you come out to El Paso to stay?' I had a 1958 Oldsmobile, and I rented a small U-Haul trailer and threw everything into it. When we arrived in El Paso, that's all we had, along with fifty dollars in cash."

Trevino easily defeated the amateur challenger. He then went to work for Horizon Hills as the club professional. He received only thirty dollars a week for his services as the pro, but he gave some lessons and had ample time to play matches with the members, so his take-home pay amounted to a respectable sum. By spring, he was well started on a new life. He qualified for the 1966 U.S. Open, held that year at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, and he made the thirty-six-hole cut, but he finished with two unimpressive 78s, mainly because of his inability to cope with the bunkers. There hadn't been a single bunker at Tenison Park. The next year, he didn't feel much like trying to qualify for the Open, but his wife set aside the necessary twenty dollars and sent in his entry. He did very well in the local and sectional qualifying tests. Two of the key men in the operation of Horizon Hills, Jesse Whittenton (who had played cornerback for the Green Bay Packers) and his brother Don, lent him four hundred dollars to help him meet the cost of the long trip East. At Baltusrol, he had the good fortune early in the week to meet a club member—Chuck Smith, now deceased—who found him delightful company. At the close of each day's play, they spent part of the evening together, Smith working on his gin-and-tonics, Trevino on a succession of beers. There is no question in Trevino's mind that Smith's friendship had a good deal to do with his feeling almost as much at home at Baltusrol as he had at Tenison Park, and that that put him in the proper frame of mind to play his best golf. After his fifth-place finish in the Baltusrol Open, he was on his way.

TREVINO continues to be a tremendous drawing card. The crisp, sophisticated golf he plays accounts in good measure for the large galleries he attracts, but his popularity derives to a good extent from his outgoing, jovial nature and his incessant, high-velocity badinage with his colleagues and the spectators. He is the first to admit that he loves being onstage, and he is onstage from the moment he arrives at the golf course in a courtesy car until some eight hours later, when, with his pre-round practicing, his round, and his post-round practicing behind him, he steps into a courtesy car and is driven back to wherever he is staying that week. He is fond of referring to himself as "a complete hermit," by which he means that at the end of a day's work he seldom attends the après-golf parties or frequents the local glamour spots. His energy is depleted by that time, and he prefers to relax in the company of a few old friends. (These include the Salinas brothers, Arnold and Albert, who manage Lee Trevino Enterprises, in Dallas, and who take turns travelling with him on the tournament circuit.) On the course, it is no easy thing for Trevino to put on a show for his thousands of admirers over a period of hours, and there are stretches when he has to fall back on shopworn, comparatively corny material or on one-liners he has been using for years. However, few people in sport can be as entertaining as Trevino when he is away from the golf course regaling a group of friends with a series of anecdotes and opinions, supplying, as he goes, an obbligato of contagious laughter. In other moods, when he is more serious and reflective, he can be equally spellbinding, for he knows a little about life. Not many people talk golf as well as he does, either. Here are a few typical examples of his conversation as he flows from one subject to another:

On putting: "I don't putt as well now as I used to, but when I first came on the tour I was an exceptionally good putter. You know what made me into a good putter then? It was those terrible greens at Tenison Park and the other public courses I played on. The grass on those greens was always too high, and the surface was bumpy and worm-cast and inconsistent and ragged. When I came out on the tour and looked at the greens, my feeling was: How does anyone ever miss a putt on these things? What a change! It was like sleeping on dirt floors and all of a sudden they let you sleep on a spongy carpet. I got a tremendous amount of confidence in my putting practically overnight."

On the importance of application: "There's nothing better for you than

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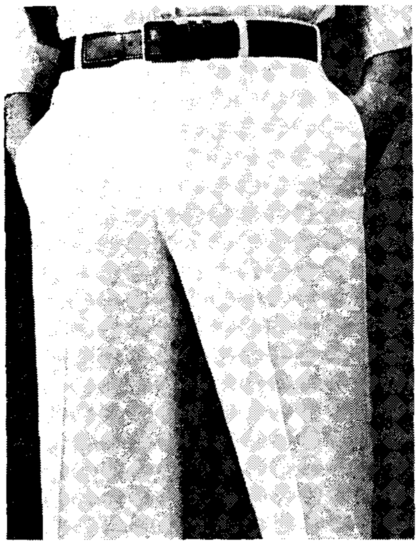

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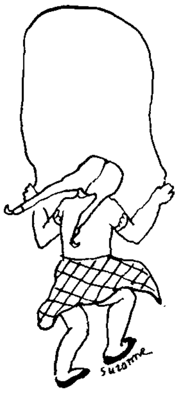
hard work. If a guy has the fundamentals—a basically good swing—then all he has to do is work on his golf. Of course, some folks are blessed with more natural ability and pick the game up quicker than others, but even those fellows have to work. When I first came out on the tour, in 1967, there was one man in particular I looked up to. He never got credit for being the player he was. That was Billy Casper. He was then in his prime, and he was a wonderful golfer. At that time, he was winning the most tournaments. I watched Billy Casper and I studied him as he hit balls, and I evaluated myself with reference to him. I asked myself, 'I wonder how much better he is than I am.' I concluded that he was three times as good. You know what I said to myself then? I said, 'He may be three times as good, but I'll practice three times as hard, and I'll eventually catch up with him.' "



On Jack Nicklaus: "A lot of people ask me why I've played so well head to head with Nicklaus, why I'm one of the few players who aren't overawed by him. I should begin by saying that Jack and I are good friends. Each of us respects the other's game. I consider myself a very capable shotmaker, but I would never put myself in the same class with Jack Nicklaus as a golfer. During my time in tournament golf, there has been no one else in his class. There are several reasons, I think, why I've done well when we've met. First, he'd already scaled the heights. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain. I started with a big psychological advantage. I was the underdog. I've always had the underdog image. I enjoy that role. It's like bringing two football teams together. You can have, for instance, a Notre Dame playing a William and Mary. If William and Mary wants it bad enough, they'll give Notre Dame all it can handle."

On why he thinks he was able to become a champion: "I believe that in order to play good golf you have to be able to feel what you're doing with your hands. I just happen to be one of the guys who can feel the golf club throughout the swing—where it's at and the position of the club face. Most people get up there hypnotized by the ball, and they have no idea whether their swing is upright or flat, whether they're coming down inside, outside, open, closed, or whatever."

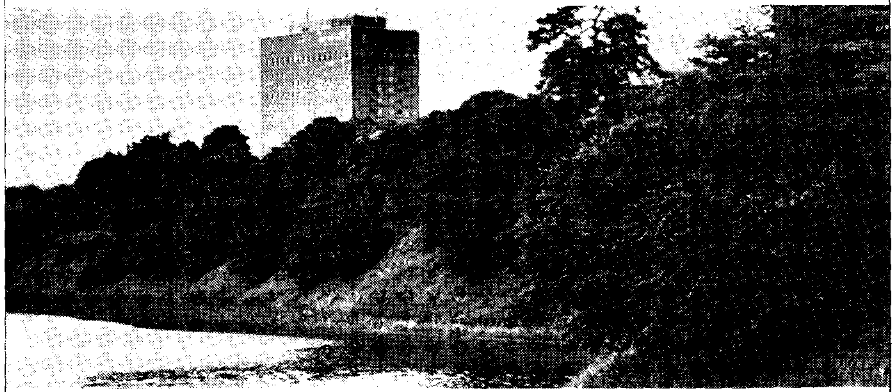
On having the right approach to getting things done: "The problem for the majority of people is that they set goals that are too high. They're never able to achieve them, and that becomes demoralizing. I've been lucky. I've set goals for myself that I've been able to reach, and I could go on from there."

On the changing face of Dallas: "Many of the landmarks in the part of Dallas where I grew up no longer exist. Hardy's pitch-and-putt course is now a shopping center. I hear that they'll be closing down the range this year and that some outfit is planning to build apartments on it. Two years ago, a real-estate-development company started building houses on the old Glen Lakes course, where I caddied and learned to play. Mary Kay Ash, the head of Mary Kay Cosmetics, bought the lot where my grandfather's shack used to stand. She built what looks to me like a half-million-dollar house on it. When I drive by it, I say to myself, 'You didn't have it so bad.' My grandfather died in 1969, by the way. He lived long enough to know I had won the Open championship and had found a place for myself in golf."

ON his return to Baltusrol in June for the 1980 Open, Trevino, while not in top form, gave a good account of himself. As the Lower Course at Baltusrol (on which the Open was held in both 1954 and 1967) was set up for the championship, it measured a little over 7,000 yards and played to a par of 70. (The Upper Course was used for the Open once, back in 1936.) Trevino led off with a 68 and then had rounds of 72 and 69. Going into the final round at one under par for the tournament, he was only five strokes behind the leaders, Nicklaus and Isao Aoki, of Japan, and still had an outside chance to get into the fight, but he fell away on the last nine holes and finished with a 74, for a total of 283 and a tie for twelfth. Trevino would undoubtedly have acquitted himself better if he had putted as efficiently as he normally does, but from the start he did not like the feel of his putting stroke, and the greens of Baltusrol, with their hard-to-read shimmers and weaves, bothered him all the way.

The story of the 1980 Open is, of course, the story of Jack Nicklaus who in winning the championship for a fourth time tied a record previously shared by Willie Anderson, Bobby Jones, and Ben Hogan. Over the past year and a half, Nicklaus has played such mediocre golf that rumors of his impending retirement circulated periodically. They were without foundation. Nevertheless, in 1979 he did not win a tournament, and his earnings in prize money on the P.G.A. circuit fell from more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in 1978 to less than sixty thousand. This year, prior to the Open, he had not won a tournament, and his general form had been unimpressive. Never known for his zest for practice, he worked harder on his golf this winter and spring than he had in years, but his slump continued. He seemed to have lost both his enthusiasm for competition and his fierce concentration, and golf fans wondered if this was a perhaps inevitable result of his having lately given increasing attention to his business interests. In May, he began hitting the ball somewhat better, but the first week in June, when he entered the Atlanta Classic specifically to tune up for the Open, he shot a horrendous 78 on the opening round and, despite a 67 on the second round, suffered the indignity of failing to make the thirty-six-hole cut. As old Nicklaus-watchers immediately sensed, this was the best thing that could have happened to a man of his colossal pride. He was sure to descend on Baltusrol determined to show the world that he was not through by any means. He was bound to be a force in the Open.

The first round of a seventy-two-hole stroke-play tournament rarely means much. The players with a chance of winning are generally content to play a safe-and-sound round that will get them off on the right foot. They are already looking ahead to Saturday, the day of the third round, and to Sunday, the day of the final round, when championships are decided. It was different at Baltusrol. The first round, on Thursday, had a tremendous influence on the winning and losing of the tournament. There has never been a first round anything like it in the history of he Open. Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf both fired 63s, tying the record ow score for an Open round which ohnny Miller set in 1973, at Oakmont. Like Nicklaus, Weiskopf is a product of Ohio State who became a rofessional golf star at an early age, but, unlike Nicklaus, he has never had the requisite mental toughness to fulfill his exceptional natural talent. In the pinion of many shrewd observers, ver the past decade Weiskopf has had



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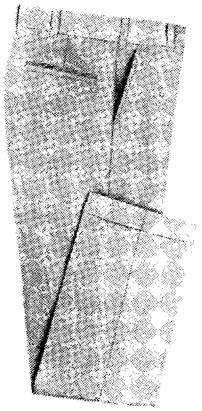

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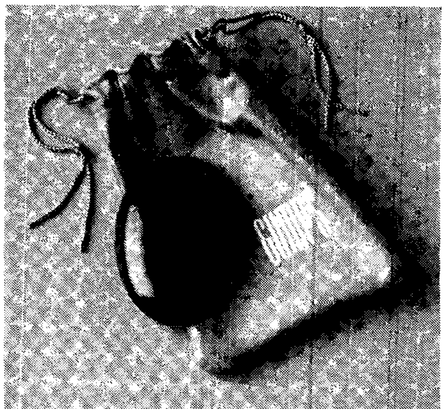
the best swing in golf from a technical point of view, yet he has managed to win only one major title—the 1973 British Open. In any event, after starting with a bogey at Baltusrol, Weiskopf ripped the course apart with eight birdies and nine pars. Nicklaus went out shortly afterward, four threesomes behind Weiskopf, accompanied by a large gallery that included his wife, Barbara, who is one of the game's best walkers and watchers, and the youngest of their five children, Michael, who is pushing seven. Nicklaus started shakily and bogeyed the second. However, on the third he rifled a superlative 7-iron approach, which landed just beyond the flagstick and spun back and hit the stick, leaving him a putt of only a yard for his birdie. He holed it and was off on one of the finest rounds he has played since 1959, when, at the age of nineteen, he became an international figure by winning the United States Amateur Championship. He made seven more birdies on this round: he holed from forty feet on the fifth, from twelve feet on the seventh after an elegant 6-iron approach, from twenty feet on the eleventh, from fourteen feet on the twelfth, from a foot on the thirteenth after a 7-iron pitch, from eight feet on the fifteenth, and from eighteen feet on the seventeenth—a good, bold, slightly uphill putt. In the weeks preceding the Open, Nicklaus's putting, which had distressed him more than any other phase of his game during his protracted slump, had improved, but no one—certainly not Nicklaus himself—had expected him to put on an exhibition of this order. The only holeable putt he missed all day came on the eighteenth, a par 5 whose green is perched well above the fairway and is guarded by a forbidding front bunker and a cordon of rough. A player can get home on the eighteenth with two big shots. Nicklaus didn't that day; his second, a fairway wood, ended up in the rough to the left of the green, but from there he played a soft little pitch that ghosted slowly across the down-slanting green and stopped three feet short of the cup. He had that putt for a 62—a score that no other golfer has ever made in one of the major championships. The awareness that they might be in on a truly historic moment hushed the thousands crowded around the eighteenth green. There is no getting away from it: it was a huge letdown for Nicklaus and everyone else when he failed to make the putt. He later explained that his original intention had been to allow for the obvious left-to-right break on the



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putt but that he had begun to wonder if this might not be dangerous—the ball might spin out of the upper corner of the cup, fast, and he might then be left with a difficult breaking putt coming back. The prudent course, he decided, was to putt straight for the hole. He blocked out the putt a fraction, however, and the ball veered just to the right of the cup.

This round by Nicklaus was one of the most masterly I have ever seen him play—as totally impressive as his 64 in the 1965 Masters, his 65 in the 1967 U.S. Open, and his 66 at Muirfield in the 1972 British Open, to list a few of his many outstanding performances that come quickly to mind. On the last sixteen holes, he looked like anything but a man who has been struggling to find his game. He drove extraordinarily well, never reaching back for all his power. I thought his swing looked much better than it had in recent years, when both his move into the ball and his follow-through seemed too angular and abrupt, like the two strokes of a V. At Baltusrol, his swing more closely resembled an arc of a circle, and he swept *through* the ball so smoothly that his swing concealed the hitting action. He was up for this first round. He obviously gave careful thought to just where each shot should be placed. On his irons, he made sharp, incisive contact with the ball. He worked diligently over the four- and five-foot putts that can make or break a round, staying fixed over some short putts for twenty seconds or longer, until he felt he had everything under control. The more good shots he played, the more confident he became—even as you and I.

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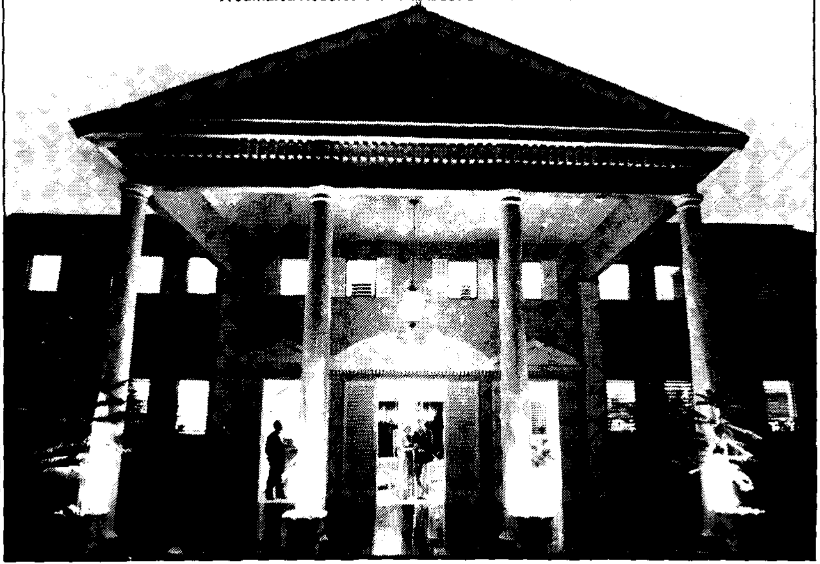

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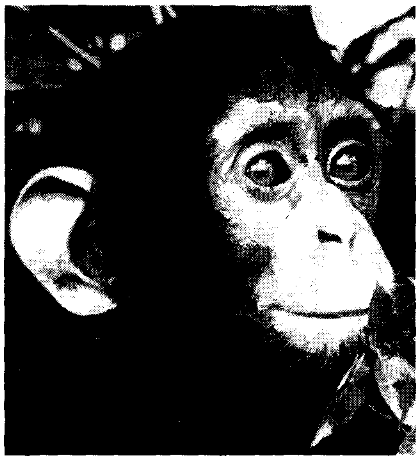

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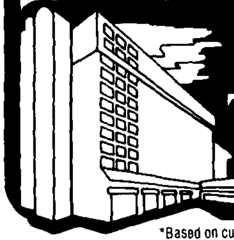

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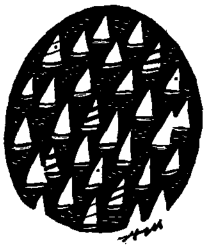
ly is for the championship. After the two 63s had been posted, some people were concerned that the course might not be sufficiently testing and would continue to yield indecently low scores, but anyone who studied Weiskopf's and Nicklaus's rounds felt that this would not happen. Weiskopf had knocked in as many long putts as Nicklaus—it had been just one of those days. Moreover, the greens were certain to become faster and more treacherous as the sun baked them out and the greenkeeping staff double-cut them each morning. As a matter of fact, no one except Aoki putted them very well over the seventy-two holes, and on the final day even that master of the raise-the-toe-and-hit-the-ball-on-the-heel school of putting had a little trouble with them.

ON the second day, Nicklaus had a 71, a good working round, and ended up two strokes ahead of Aoki, the tall, supple thirty-seven-year-old world traveller; Lon Hinkle, a Michigander who now lives in Dallas; Mike Reid, a young man from Utah who has played well on the tour this year; and Keith Fergus, a native Texan who in 1975, when he was a junior at the University of Houston, was the runner-up in the U.S. Amateur. As it turned out, Aoki, Hinkle, and Fergus remained in contention throughout the tournament. Weiskopf, however, had an uneven 75 for the second round, and after that he slipped further and further off the pace. Early that day, while Weiskopf and Nicklaus were coping with the first nine, an arresting incident took place: Seve Ballesteros, of Spain, the reigning British Open and Masters champion, who was due to tee off at nine-forty-five, arrived late and had to be disqualified. For some unfathomable reason, Ballesteros and his advisers had got it into their heads that he was due to tee off at ten-forty-five. This is the sort of mistake that no serious golfer should make. Most touring professionals, rookies and veterans alike, make it a practice to arrive at the course ninety minutes before their starting time. They also allow sufficient time to get from their hotel to the course, anticipating that the route will be clogged with traffic. On the first round, Ballesteros had shot a loose 75, and there is no knowing whether he could have played himself back into the running, but he is a prodigiously capable and colorful golfer, and his presence was missed. There seems to be a streak of capriciousness in Ballesteros—almost as if he had risen to stardom too suddenly and had trouble adjusting to the realities of the world.



To return to Nicklaus: On the second and third rounds, he had a chance to walk away from the rest of the field, and on both days he threw it away. On Friday, he was moving along pacifically, one under par for his round, until he bogeyed the eleventh by driving into a fairway bunker. He double-bogeyed the next hole, a 193-yard par 3. Going with a 4-iron, he lost his rhythm on the swing and dumped the ball into the bunker in front of the green. He followed this with a poor sand shot, a poor chip, and a poor putt. He collected himself rapidly, however, and played the remaining holes in a stroke under par, birdieing the seventeenth. (Interestingly, when the U.S.G.A. sets up the Lower Course at Baltusrol for the Open, the two par 5s on the front nine, the first and the seventh, are converted into long par 4s, and so the seventeenth and eighteenth—630 and 542 yards, respectively—are the only holes that play as par 5s.)

The third round proved to be much more costly for Nicklaus. At the end of the first nine, he was two under par for the day and eight under par for the tournament—three strokes ahead of the nearest man, Aoki, who was his partner on this round. They saw a lot of each other at Baltusrol. They had played in the same group on Thursday and Friday—Gene Littler completed the threesome—and, as things turned out, they played together not only on Saturday but also on Sunday. (The system of pairing the players on the last two rounds of the Open is not intricate. Briefly, if several men are tied for second, the leader is paired with the man who first posted his score. Of course, if two men are tied for the lead they play together.) Anyhow, halfway through the second nine on this third round Nicklaus began to waver. He failed to get his par on the fourteenth after pulling his drive into the rough and pushing his recovery into a bunker. On the fifteenth, he cut his drive deep into the rough, but he was fortunate in having a good lie and an unobstructed path to the green, and floated a nice pitch about twenty-five feet from the pin. Nevertheless, he bogeyed this hole, too: he took three putts after misreading the speed of the green badly and leaving his approach putt about seven feet short. He continued to play erratically. On the long seventeenth, he half topped his second, a fairway wood, rectified this with a 4-iron that ended up twelve feet from the pin, and then foozled his birdie putt. On in two on the eighteenth, he took three putts from about thirty feet after knocking his approach putt six feet past the cup. Over the last six holes, Aoki was able to pick up three shots on Nicklaus. He finished in glittering fashion, holing from thirty-five feet to birdie the seventeenth and from fifteen feet to birdie the eighteenth. Aoki is a pertinacious player. Not a powerful hitter or a stylish one—he cocks his hands on his backswing and punches strongly through the ball with them—he relies on his superb short game and his skill on the greens to stay among the leaders. On the second day, he one-putted no fewer than eight of the last nine greens, and after that it was not hard to understand how he had won the World Match-Play Championship at Wentworth, England, in 1978.

As for Nicklaus, he had to be fuming inside after the third round. He appreciates only too clearly how difficult it is to win a national championship, and there is no doubt that he was greatly displeased with himself for having tossed away two golden opportunities to take command of the Open. On the eve of the final round, his total of 204 placed him in a tie for the lead with Aoki, who had put together three 68s. Hinkle stood at 205 after a 69, Fergus at 206 after a 70. There were two other players at 206: Mark Hayes, who had brought in a 69, and Tom Watson, who at one stretch of his round of 67 birdied five out of six holes. Watson can get his game going like that. Few other players can. Over the last three years, he has generally been rated the best golfer in the world, although during this past season a number of people have come to think that he must now share that eminence with Ballesteros, since Ballesteros has demonstrated that he can win the big championships and Watson has failed to win any since 1977, when he captured the Masters and his second British Open. Now thirty, he has yet to win the U.S. Open, and, strangely, he has never even come close to doing so since 1974, at Winged Foot. Throughout the early rounds at Baltusrol, one always kept an eye on Watson, and

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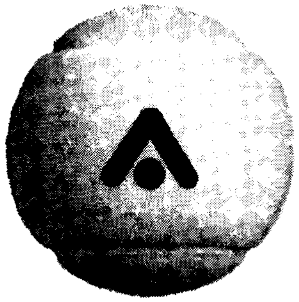

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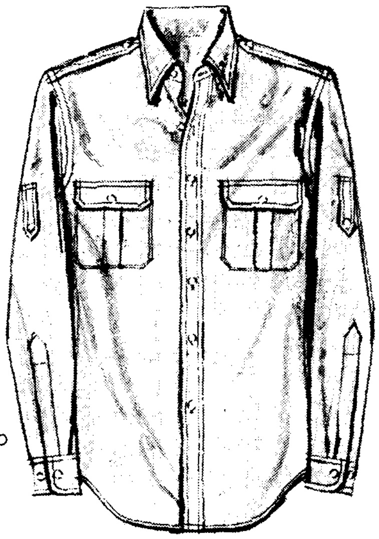

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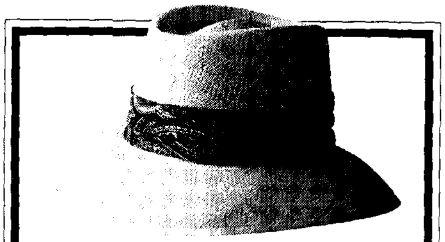

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now, only two strokes behind the coleaders with a round to go, he was in the best position in years to finally capture the championship.

It is hard to imagine a more dramatic climax to an Open than the one we had at Baltusrol. There was Nicklaus, one of the greatest golfers of all time—there has never been a better one—reasserting his genius just when the pundits had decided that he was definitely over the hill, wrapping up his victory with birdies on the last two holes of the grind, holing from twenty-two feet on the seventeenth and from ten on the eighteenth for a round of 68 and a total of 272, a new Open record. It was entirely in keeping with this gala conclusion that Aoki, who finished second, two shots behind Nicklaus, also birdied the last two holes. In the days following the championship, whenever I talked with people who had watched the last round on television I learned that they felt, almost unanimously, that it was one of the most exciting sports events they had seen in years. "Exciting" was invariably the word they used. It certainly was exciting to watch a legendary figure like Nicklaus once again play such controlled, intelligent, and courageous golf and top off his performance with a bravura finish, yet I must admit that in some respects I found the final round slightly disappointing as I watched it unfurl on the course. I am not referring to the probability that this was the most poorly marshalled Open in history, though I believe that to be true. It is simply that in order for a tournament to be rousing the leader must be challenged, and throughout that long Sunday afternoon none of the players in a position to do so mounted a rush at Nicklaus. (Two of Nicklaus's victories that I remember most vividly came in the 1963 Masters and the 1966 British Open, in both of which, after being out in front all by himself on the last round and then falling back, he had the stuff to rally and regain the lead.) In Watson's case, it was a matter of too little and too late. He started off the round on the wrong foot, bogeying the first hole after shoving his tee shot into a thick stand of trees on the right. He compensated for this with a birdie on the second, but he did not make another birdie until the sixteenth, and, what with lost opportunities on the greens, he was too far back by then for his final flurry to make any difference. Fergus and Hinkle hung in there stubbornly all the way, but neither of them

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ever looked likely to overtake Nicklaus. As for Aoki, it took him three putts to get down on the second hole—his first three-putt green of the tournament—whereupon Nicklaus once again moved into the undisputed lead. In order to catch Nicklaus, Aoki would have to display some of his wizardry on the greens, but he did not manage to sink a putt of any length until the seventeenth, and by then Nicklaus was safely home. If I have one persistent image of the 1980 Open, it is of Aoki and Nicklaus surveying each green as if they were Mason and Dixon. There is Aoki, bent over lithely, his face expressionless, reading the break and the grain of the green from behind his ball, from behind the cup, and from the two sides, frequently raising his putter and using the plumb-bob method of ascertaining the degree of undulation. And there is Nicklaus, his brow furrowed, completely unaware of the thousands surrounding him, examining each putt from the many different angles, taking more time than he has taken in years. On several greens, it seemed to me that Nicklaus started to study his line when it was Aoki's turn to putt, and vice versa, and this set me to speculating about whether they were trying some form of gamesmanship on each other. There was a lot at stake for both men. One realized how deeply it mattered to Nicklaus to win this Open, but think of what it would have meant to Aoki to become the first golfer from the Far East to carry off one of the game's traditional major championships.

On that last day, Nicklaus, two strokes ahead of Aoki at the turn, rose to the occasion and played the last nine holes flawlessly. He birdied the tenth after sticking a 7-iron three feet from the pin, and it was a good thing he did, for Aoki chipped in from off the edge for *his* birdie. Nicklaus maintained his two-stroke margin by playing the next six holes in par, every shot extremely well executed. By the time he reached the fourteenth, the sixty-eighth hole of the tournament, you could sense as you watched him move down the fairway—his stride longer than it usually is, a certain calmness beneath his frown of concentration—that he thought he had the tournament won. For all that, he didn't permit his purposefulness to flag for an instant until he had holed his putt on the eighteenth. On those last nine holes, as on the first sixty-three, he poured everything—all his instinct, experience, discipline, and limitless resolution—into each shot. I think he

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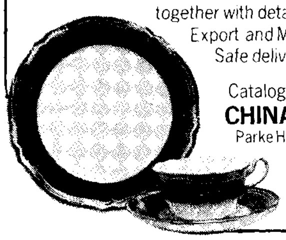

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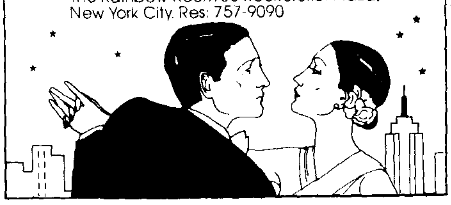

may have hit the ball with finer timing on those last nine holes than he did even in shooting the opening 63 that set him on the road to victory.

Jack Nicklaus has now won the U.S. Open in 1962, 1967, 1972, and 1980. The eighteen-year span between his first victory and his most recent one is a record for our Open. It is not a world record, though. J. H. Taylor won his first British Open in 1894 and his fifth in 1913, nineteen years later. However, the field today, I would hazard, is a mite stronger and more international than it was in Taylor's time. In our Amateur Championship, by the way, there was a spread of seventeen years between Francis Ouimet's triumphs in 1914 and 1931. Only the very exceptional champions possess that kind of longevity. And I am not at all sure that we have seen Nicklaus win his last major title. He is only forty, after all, and, for a golfer, that isn't old. Ben Hogan, for example, was nearly forty-eight when he barely failed to win our Open in 1960, and at that time it was customary to play thirty-six holes on the final day. And then there is the Honourable Michael Scott. When Scott won the British Amateur in 1933, he was fifty-five.

All this reminds me of my recent chat with Lee Trevino. I inquired at one point if he thought that he was too old, at forty, to win another big championship.

"How did you feel when you were forty?" he asked.

"I didn't give any thought to age then," I answered.

"That's right," he said, nodding. "You don't. I really don't feel much different today from the way I felt when I was eighteen. All a guy needs to keep going in tournament golf is good health, the same ambition he had when he was younger, and maybe two or three putts that fall at the right time." —Herbert Warren Wind

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

In Jane Kramer's article "A Reporter in Europe: Paris," in our June 30th issue, there was a reference to the magazine *La Vie*, which is popularly called *La Vie Catholique*. Somewhere along the line in our editorial process, without the author's knowledge, the name of the magazine was erroneously changed to *La Vie Catholique du Berry*. —The Editors

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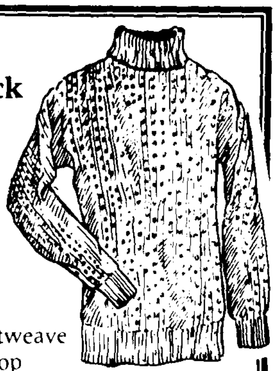

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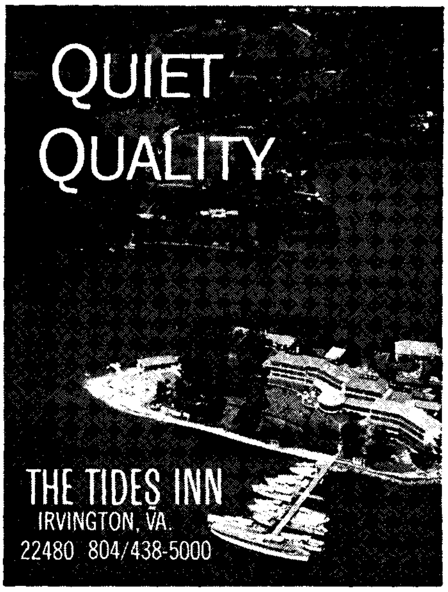
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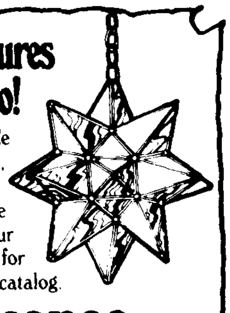

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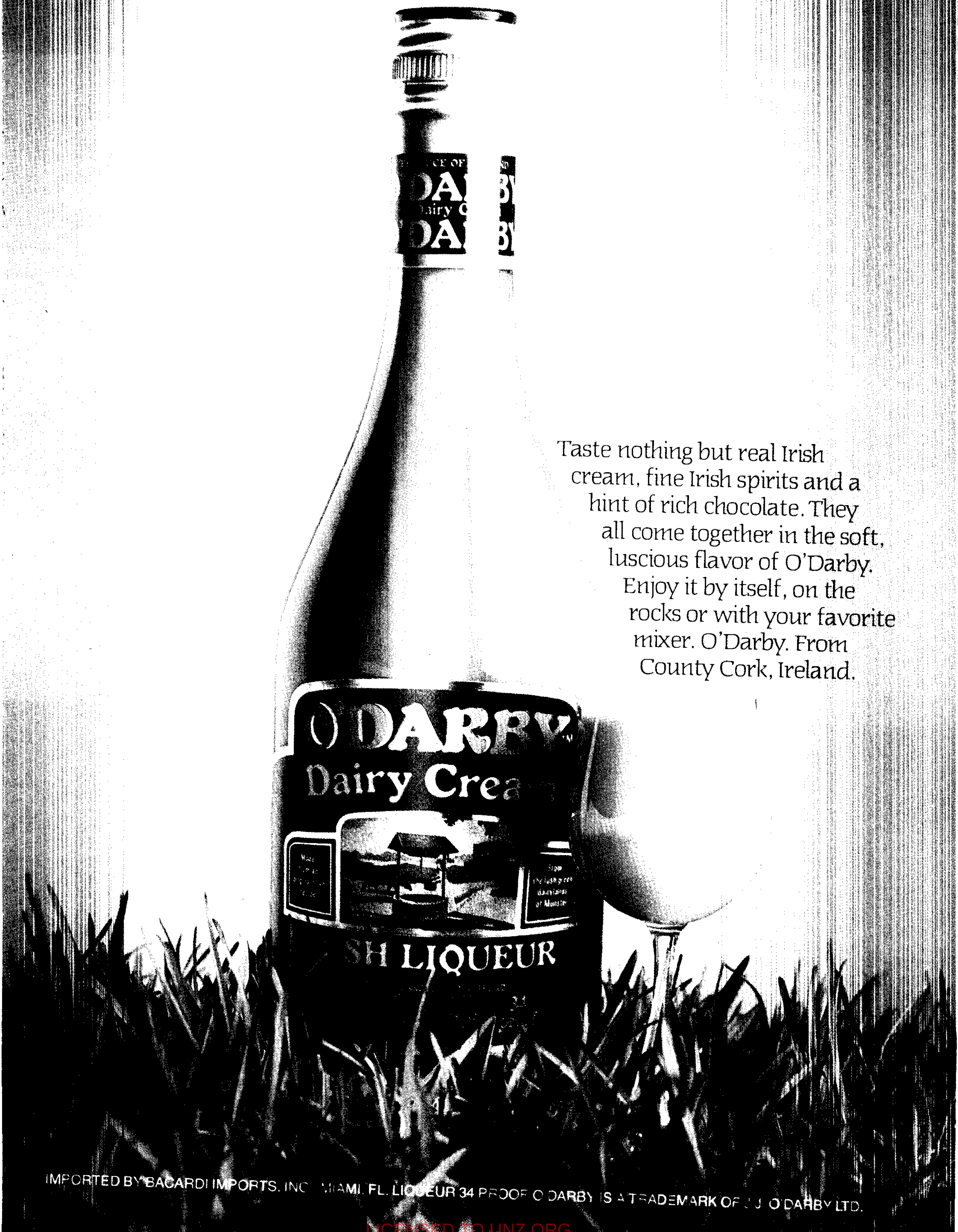

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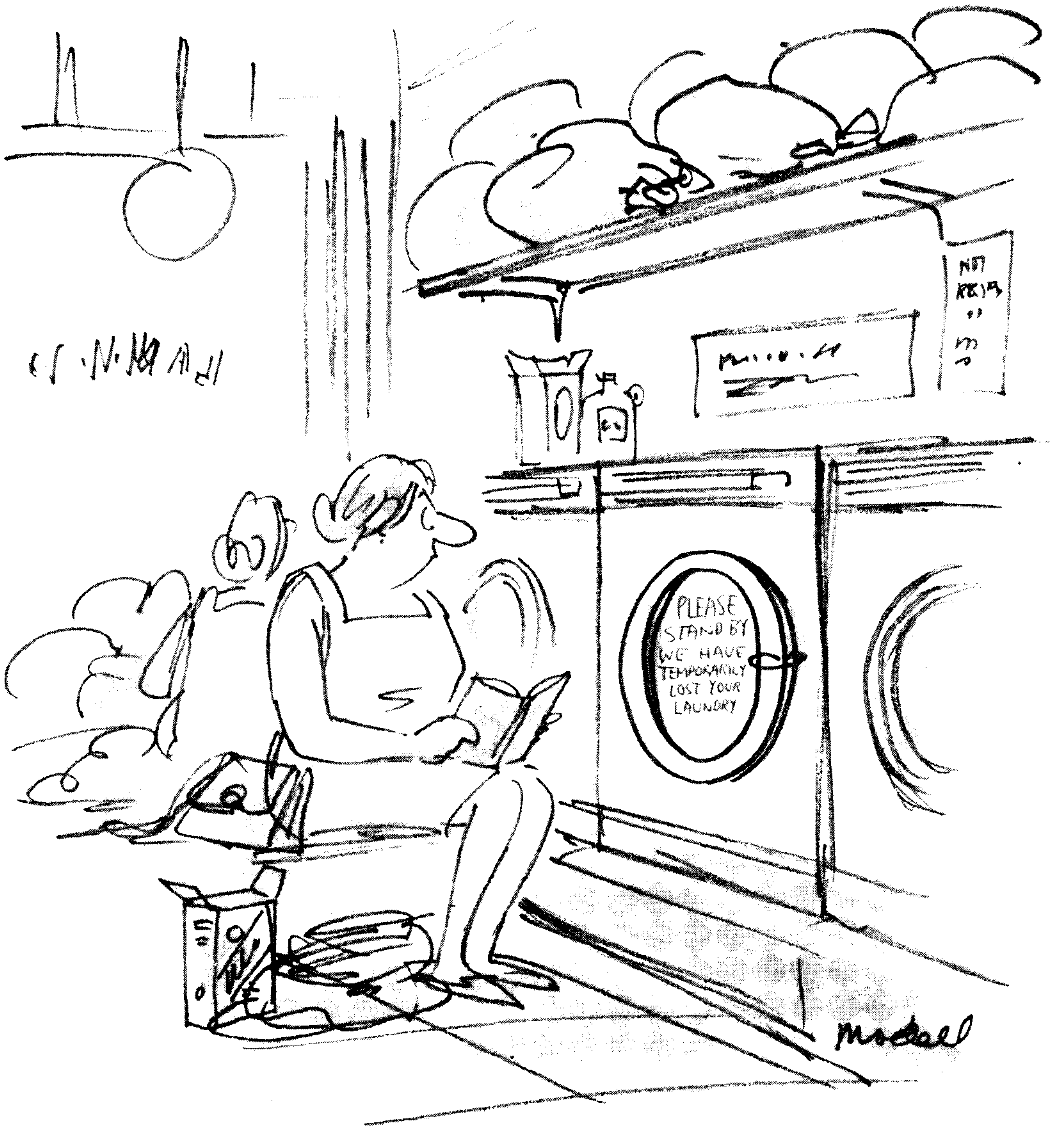
MUSICAL EVENTS

Albertus Magnus

THE aim of the Aston Magna Foundation for Music, as set out on its latest broadsheet, is "to bring together artists, scholars, instrument makers, and serious students to contemplate the meaning of the glorious music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—considering not only the instruments, techniques of playing and of improvisation, and pitch and tunings proper to the music but also the broader social and cultural context in which the music was created and originally functioned." For three summers now, the foundation has held a three-week Academy on the campus of Simon's Rock of Bard College, outside Great Barrington, in the Berkshires. The theme of the first Academy was music in the Rome of Queen Christina and Cardinal Ottoboni; of the second, music in the age of Louis XV. This year's theme is "Confluences and Contradictions in German Culture" for the half century 1725 to 1775. It was the age, as the broadsheet reminds us, of Frederick the Great and Joseph II, of Winckelmann, Lessing, and Schlegel, of Balthasar Neumann and the Bibienas, of Bach's sons, Gluck, and the young Haydn. The contradictions are between the revived classical ideal and the new "Storm and Stress," or early Romanticism. The confluences bring currents from France and Italy into the German streams.

The artists of the Academy also give public concerts at St. James' Church in Great Barington—a mid-nineteenth-entury, aisleless, Gothic buildng of no particular distinction ut apt enough in sound and size. (It holds about four undred people.) At the second of this year's concerts, Gluck's cool, poised flute concerto in G major, which began the program, and John Christian Bach's celebrated symphony in G minor, Opus 6, No. 6, which ended the irst half, illustrated contradictions—by way of both the big, evident contrast between them and, more subtly, their wn inner complexities of motion. Gluck's mature opras draw life from tensions etween their classical clarity—Winckelmann's ideal of "noble simplicity and calm greatness" rendered in forms, melody, harmony, and orchestration—and their passion and intensity of utterance. Passion is not prominent in the concerto, but I enjoyed its boldness (there is brave writing for the two horns that join the string band), its grace, and the poised playing of John Solum, the soloist. The Bach symphony, on the other hand, sets its listeners atingle from the start and ends with a chilling, almost spectral recession into silence. The goblins that Helen (of "Howards End") heard in Beethoven's Fifth are stalking here, too; but in the central movement, andante più tosto adagio, there is a foretaste of Schubert in his most poetic and charming orchestral vein. "*Galant*" is the textbooks' regular epithet for the London Bach. A fair amount of his instrumental music is available on records, most of it played on modern instruments and in a conventionally *galant* way. What I have heard of his operas (a pasticcio entitled "Temistocle," assembled by Edward Downes and H. C. Robbins Landon, including some noble stretches of the "Temistocle" Bach composed for Carl Theodor together with numbers from his "Amadis de Gaule," "Artaserse," "Orione," "Catone," a prentice fugue, a symphony, and a concert scena; and his last London opera, "La Clemenza di Scipione") suggests a more vigorous and potently temperamental composer. So did the Aston Magna performance of the symphony.

Confluences were represented by a virtuoso Vivaldi trio for recorder, bassoon, and continuo, two sacred arias by Joseph de Mondonville for soprano, violin, and harpsichord, and two operatic arias by Niccolò Jommelli. The violinist was the poetic Stanley Ritchie, playing a 1679 Stainer. The singer was Judith Nelson, a Californian who has been winning golden reviews in Europe for her skill as a Baroque interpreter. The voice is small but beau-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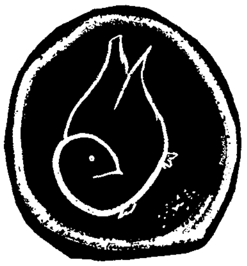
tiful, and finely audible, because it is pure, true in pitch, and firm in timbre. It is also steady; Miss Nelson uses vibrato—a touch of slow, gentle vibrato—as an expressive device to be added at will only when the music seems to call for it. Her command of phrasing and articulation, of attack and release, of linking or dividing notes seems to be complete. Tones so exactly struck and lines so stylishly drawn delight mind and ear. But she had a failing, a serious one: her words lacked color and force. The text of the second Mondonville aria was not the text printed in the program; what it was, one could not tell. The second Jommelli piece was a grandly dramatic scene from "Ifigenia in Tauride"—a violent recitative and a broad yet brilliant aria of lament sung by the heroine on learning of her mother's slaughter. I am glad Miss Nelson chose it, and was thrilled to hear it; we hear all too little Jommelli nowadays. She sang it with understanding. The long-sustained notes at the start of the aria, "Ombra cara," were exquisitely shaped and moving. But the fierce outbursts were less vivid than the composer plainly intended.



Aston Magna overrates the erudition or underrates the curiosity of its audiences. Program notes were confined to a few lines about Jommelli and a spoken introduction—admirable but very brief—by Albert Fuller, the founder, artistic director, and daily inspiration of Aston Magna. There was no "placing;" connections were not made. Of the "Ifigenia" aria, the program said simply "originally sung by Anna de Amicis." Was that enough to remind any but academicians that John Christian Bach discovered and developed de Amicis' merits as a tragedian; that she was later Jommelli's leading lady in Naples; that Mozart heard her in both London and Naples (writing home that she "*cantò à meraviglio*") and later composed the great prima-donna role of his own "Lucio Silla" for her? Giunia's wonderful "Dalla sponda tenebrosa," in that opera, seems to be recognizably for the voice and the art that inspired "Ombra cara."

Mozart ended the program: his violin concerto in D major, K. 211, composed in 1775, tenderly, lyrically, and buoyantly played by Jaap Schröder, on a Stainer of 1665. It was a freer, more flowing, more graceful performance of the concerto than the one Mr. Schröder recorded some years ago with the Amsterdam Mozart Ensemble (ABC Records on its SEON label). It filled the spirit with joy. But then all these performances were of a kind in which the instruments "sang" and "danced."

A few years ago, I had reservations about the Aston Magna performances I heard. Now intentions have become achievement. The string band is probably as good as any in the world. The winds are in tune. The old self-consciousness has been replaced by confidence, by character, and, beyond that, by something one might almost describe as a philosophy intelligently and joyfully embraced. For there is more to Aston Magna than authentic instruments, stylistic insights, and technical ability. What it is is hard to describe but was very easy to feel on even a brief visit to the Academy, during which I talked to its members, discovered what they had been learning about, heard them rehearse and play informally as well as at the public concert. (The setting helps—a wooded hillside away from the never-ceasing mechanical rumble that is continuo to life in New York. On ears attuned to the fine sound of a clavichord, the call of a bird outside struck with trumpet tones.) Is it "escapist," this retreat into the eighteenth century? Mr. Fuller began his opening address to the Academy by quoting Wallace Stevens:

> Just as my fingers on these keys
> Make music, so the selfsame sounds
> On my spirit make a music, too.
>
> Music is feeling, then, not sound.

He put the question "What are we al doing here?" In part, he suggested, i was to rediscover with *all* the sense what the great composers sought t communicate by their music—to hea the sounds they heard, to move hand as their hands must have moved to ex cite a particular instrument to speak But he went on to talk, earnestly and without embarrassment, of the idea "Noblesse oblige" as it was understood by Louis XIV and as it should be understood now by anyone with special knowledge or a special vision. That phrase in the foundation's statement o aim "to contemplate the meaning o the glorious music" is important. A Aston Magna, much time is spent con sidering what the music meant to th men who wrote it and those who firs heard it; that is preparation for learn ing and revealing what it can mea now.

Music's realm is large. A few miles away, at Tanglewood, hundreds of students were massing for the courses of the Berkshire Music Center. At the Tanglewood concerts, the Boston Symphony will play Vivaldi, Haydn, and Mozart to audiences of thousands. Lessing's theory of limitations—that each art achieves its greatest results within the borders of its special functions—can perhaps be extended to the various fields of music-making. Some eighteenth-century music was written for large-scale performance; most of it must be distorted if it is to be played before an audience of more than hundreds. But thousands can hear it on its true scale and in intimacy when it is recorded or broadcast. In time, one hopes, this country will have a coherent national broadcasting system to carry such concerts as Aston Magna's from coast to coast. There was, in fact, a television crew all too evidently present at the concert I attended, taping the event for PBS. Its methods were crude: bright lights were shone into the faces of the audience, a camera moved back and forth, a stream of audible chatter poured from the cameraman's earphone, and between pieces there were long, long waits while the players' placing was adjusted for the sake of the picture. At public concerts, good television teams are seen as little as possible and heard not at all. But the distractions can be forgiven if there was no other practicable way in Great Barrington to capture for the small screen and the big public a glimpse of Aston Magna and its director at work. In troubled times, they provide a model of dedication, discipline, idealism, beauty, ferment made fertile, and tumult ordered. As the company sings in one of Britten's operas, "Albert the Good! Long may he reign!"

—ANDREW PORTER

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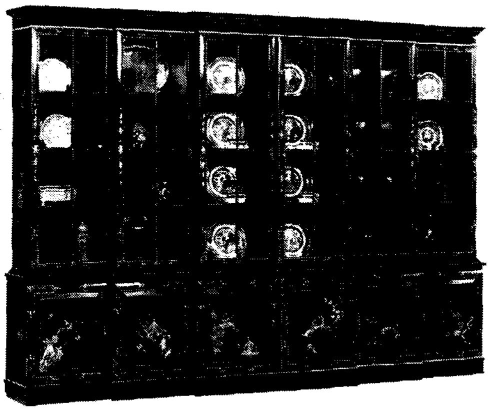

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BOOKS

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SAMUEL JOHNSON and James Boswell have become, for better or worse, inseparable. Without Johnson, Boswell would be a minor, if vivacious, Scottish diarist who liked to push himself on the famous. Without Boswell, Johnson would be an admired but odd and largely unapproachable littérateur who might have ended up in Edith Sitwell's "English Eccentrics." (A better place, in some ways, than Sir John Hawkins' graceless, fatty contemporary "Life.") For the twenty years of their friendship, the splendid vision of Johnson down in London kept Boswell going until his next trip south. Johnson's great moral overflow forced Boswell to have a sense of respect for himself and for (most) others. Johnson also forced him to become the fine and modern writer that he is—the author of two of the best books ever written. Boswell repaid Johnson with immortality. He raised the craft of biography to an art to make it accommodate Johnson. In the opening pages of the "Life," he writes:

> Indeed I cannot conceive a more perfect mode of writing any man's life, than not only relating all the most important events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote, and said, and thought; by which mankind are enabled as it were to see him live, and "to live o'er each scene" with him, as he actually advanced through the several stages of his life... I will venture to say that he will be seen in this work more completely than any man who has ever yet lived.

Johnson bounds out of the book—alarming and unbelievable and hypnotic. He was big and eventually shapeless, and he had a rolling, hobbled gait. He was beset by tics. He punctuated his talk with half whistles and clucks and hums that sounded as if he were saying "too, too, too." He gesticulated at air, jerked his head about, and exhaled like a whale when he had finished a statement. He had a loud voice and frighteningly blue eyes. (He was deaf in one ear and almost blind in one eye, but neither ailment hindered him.) He sometimes laughed uncontrollably, and his attacks of melancholy brought him to the edge of madness. He drank tea by the quart and spilled food all over himself. His clothes looked dirty and worn, even when they weren't, and his wig was always askew. He lived a life of the mind and spirit, but he was surprisingly physical. He loved jolting along fast in a coach. He rode horseback, swam, and liked to roll down hills. He hurled men about who displeased him, and he knew how to fire a pistol. He once mimicked a kangaroo perfectly. He was a kind man who could be cruelly blunt. He worked in great spurts, and in between he talked the night away and slept until noon. He drank little after his early days, probably because he suspected he had a weakness for wine, and he never smoked. He rarely read a book through, yet he seemed to absorb its contents. He married a woman twenty years older and cherished her through her last, alcoholic years.

Boswell loved Johnson's writing. He compares Johnson's style to Joseph Addison's:

> Johnson writes like a teacher. He dictates to his readers as if from an academical chair. They attend with awe and admiration; and his precepts are impressed upon them by his commanding eloquence. Addison's style, like a light wine, pleases everybody from the first. Johnson's, like a liquor of more body, seems too strong at first, but, by degrees, is highly relished; and such is the melody of his periods, so much do they captivate the ear, and seize upon the attention, that there is scarcely any writer, however inconsiderable, who does not aim, in some degree, at the same species of excellence.

Boswell's admiration hasn't sent readers back to Johnson's writing, which began to go out of favor after Macaulay's vicious attack in the nineteenth century. (Who reads Macaulay now?) But the Boswell industry of the past forty years has helped reactivate the Johnson industry, and i has become as vigorous a it was in the decades immediately after Johnson' death. Full-length biog raphies have been writte by Joseph Wood Krutch James Clifford, Joh Wain, and W. Jackso Bate, whose "Samue Johnson," though hu morless and wearyingl Freudian, is commanding Sir John Hawkins' "Life" has been reprinted, and nearly a dozen volumes o the Yale edition of Johnson's works have bee issued. A good deal o fresh work has been don on Johnson's unsigne writing, and Paul Fusse has made an excellen critical study, "Samu Johnson and the Life o Writing." And now th Arno Press has issued facsimile of the original edition of Johnson's "A Dictionary of the English Language." (The original edition was published in 1755. An abridged version was published almost immediately and is the book Becky Sharp threw from a coach window in "Vanity Fair." Johnson also put out a corrected folio edition.)

The "Dictionary" was, of course, a one-man job. It is at once a dictionary, an anthology of English prose and poetry, and a self-portrait of the author. Its boards are nine inches by fifteen and a half, and each of the columns of type, two to a page, is three and a half inches by thirteen and a half. The facsimile edition weighs twelve pounds (the original was published in two volumes) and has twenty-three hundred pages. There are forty thousand entries and more than a hundred and fourteen thousand usage illustrations, taken from the King James Bible, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Donne, Congreve, Dryden, Richard Hooker, Sidney, Locke, Pope, Swift, Addison, Prior, Gay, Suckling, Samuel Butler. The "Dictionary" was begun in 1746, when Johnson, who was thirty-six and full of what V. S. Pritchett has called "the iron of the eighteenth century," signed a contract with five London booksellers (the equivalent of today's book publishers). It was completed, with the help of half a dozen amanuenses, in 1754. As he went along, Johnson was given sixteen hundred and seventy-five pounds, out of which he lived and paid his help. He compiled the "Dictionary" hind and to. He read English literature rom Shakespeare to his own century, marking words he wished to include, long with illustrations of their usage. When his helpers had compiled the words of one letter of the alphabet, he list was checked against earlier dictionaries, particularly Nathan Bailey's 1736 "Dictionarium Britannicum." Etymologies were made though they are often weak or nonxistent), words were accented, and ohnson wrote his definitions, some f them exhaustive. ("To take" has hundred and thirteen meanings.) Then he listed his usage illustrations chronologically, junking over a hundred thousand to keep the "Dicionary" from running to four volmes. (All this was done in a low, ramped room on the top floor of his ented house on Gough Square. He sat t a small pine table in a three-legged lbow chair propped against a wall.) As the work went forward, he rereshed himself by writing his noble

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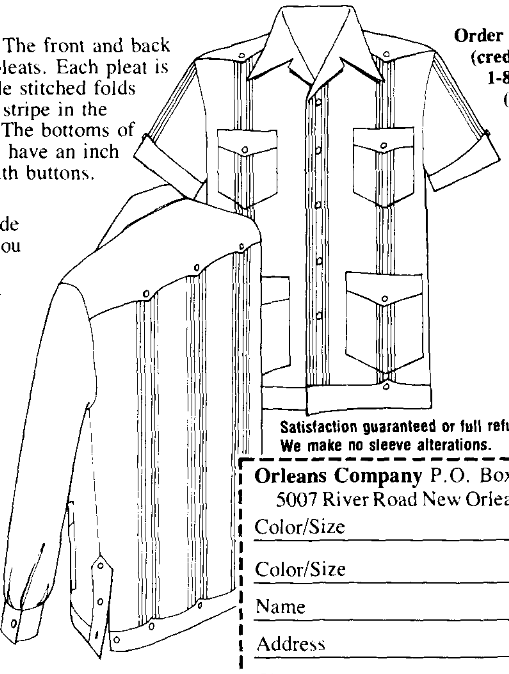

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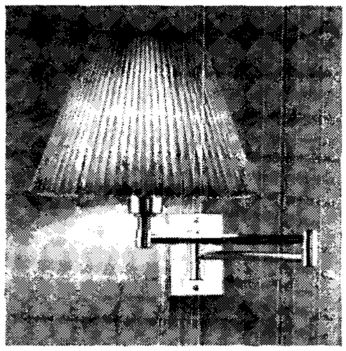
poem "The Vanity of Human Wishes," which was his first signed piece of writing (the "Dictionary" was the second, and the two made him famous); two hundred and three biweekly essays for *The Rambler*; twenty-nine essays for *The Adventurer*; a couple of biographical pieces for the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and assorted prologues, prayers, letters, and dedications.

JOHNSON is visible everywhere in the "Dictionary." Certain words move him almost to anger: "peevish" is "petulant; waspish; easily offended; irritable; irascible; soon angry; perverse; morose; querulous; full of expressions of discontent; hard to please," and "mischievous" is "harmful; hurtful; destructive; noxious; pernicious; injurious; wicked." He regards "mercy" as "tenderness; goodness; pity; willingness to save; clemency; mildness; unwillingness to punish." Johnson was frightened of death ("No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension"), and his definition of "perish" suggests why: "to die; to be destroyed; to be lost; to come to nothing." He believed that his sins would bar him from Heaven, which he describes as "the habitation of God, good angels, and pure souls departed." "Soul" moves him to nine different meanings, among them "the immaterial and immortal spirit of man," "vital principle," and "interiour power." "God," not surprisingly, is the "Supreme Being." Johnson was fascinated by electricity:

> The industry of the present age, first excited by the experiments of *Gray*, has discovered in electricity a multitude of philosophical wonders. Bodies electrified by a sphere of glass, turned nimbly round, not only emit flame, but may be fitted with such a quantity of the electrical vapour, as, if discharged at once upon a human body, would endanger life. The force of this vapour has hitherto appeared instantaneous, persons at both ends of a long chain seeming to be struck at once. The philosophers are now endeavouring to intercept the strokes of lightning.

His precision is sometimes decorated by the poetic: "Thunderbolt" is "lightning; the arrows of heaven." "Melody" is "musick; harmony of sound." A "nightmare" is "a morbid oppression in the night, resembling the pressure of weight upon the breast." His definition of "laughter" is unimpeachable: "convulsive merriment; an inarticulate expression of sudden merriment." "Weather" is "state of air, respecting either cold or heat, wet or driness," and a "pillow" is "a bag of down or feathers laid under the head to sleep



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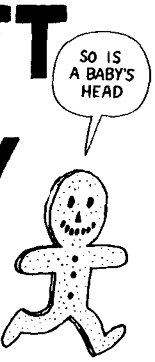
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on." A "trance" is "an extasy; a state in which the soul is rapt into visions of future or distant things; a temporary absence of the soul from the body." A "mad" person is "disordered in the mind; broken in the understanding; distracted."

Old dictionaries are full of the husks that language discards as it grows. Thus in Johnson "fumid" is "smoky; vaporous," and a "losel" is a "scoundrel," and "fap" is "fuddled," and "odible" is "hateful." "Facinorous" means "wicked," and "chitty" means "childish," and "grum" means "sour," and "saltant" means "jumping; dancing." "Mazy" is "perplexed; confused," and an "ouphe" is a "fairy; a goblin." A "porwigle" is a "tadpole." Johnson's dislikes are clear. A "gossip" is "one who runs about tattling like women at a lying-in," and "traipse" is a "low word" meaning "to walk in a careless or sluttish manner." A "poetaster" is a "vile petty poet." Johnson once wrote, "The town is my element." He is steady on such nonurban things as "cedar" trees, 'camel," "porcupine," and "bindweed," but he grows impatient elsewhere. He says a "lizard" is an "animal resembling a serpent, with legs added to it," and a "turkey" is a 'large domestick fowl brought from Turkey." (The European turkey originally came from Mexico.) A 'rat" is "an animal of the mouse kind hat infests houses and ships," and a tiger" is a "fierce beast of the leonine ind." A "sled" is a "carriage drawn without wheels." Certain words, enoying the endless hospitality of dictioaries, seem not to change. Johnon's definitions of "minx," "lean," mince," "master-key," "personable," rotgut," "wiseacre," "solo," and zany" are, with minor exceptions, xactly the same as ours. Johnson also ives us familiar words whose meangs are tricky and unfamiliar. "Poinant" means "sharp; stimulating the late," and "feral" means "funereal," d "to wallop" means "to boil." A salvo" is "an exception," and "pomous" is "splendid; magnificent." Crisp" is "curled."

N the preface to his dictionary, Johnson writes of his delighted intenons:

> When first I engaged in this work, I solved to leave neither words nor things nexamined, and pleased myself with a rospect of the hours which I should vel away in feasts of literature, the obure recesses of northern learning, which should enter and ransack, the treasures ith which I expected every search into

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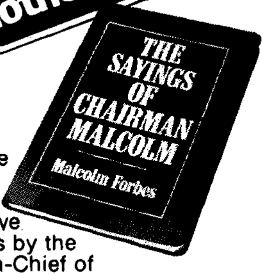

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those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my acquisitions to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every science, to enquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical. But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer.

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The Arno Press has published two versions of "A Dictionary of the English Language." The deluxe one has gold stamping and a silk place marker, and costs a hundred and thirty-five dollars. The regular one, for ninety-five dollars, has imitation-gold stamping and no marker and is just fine.

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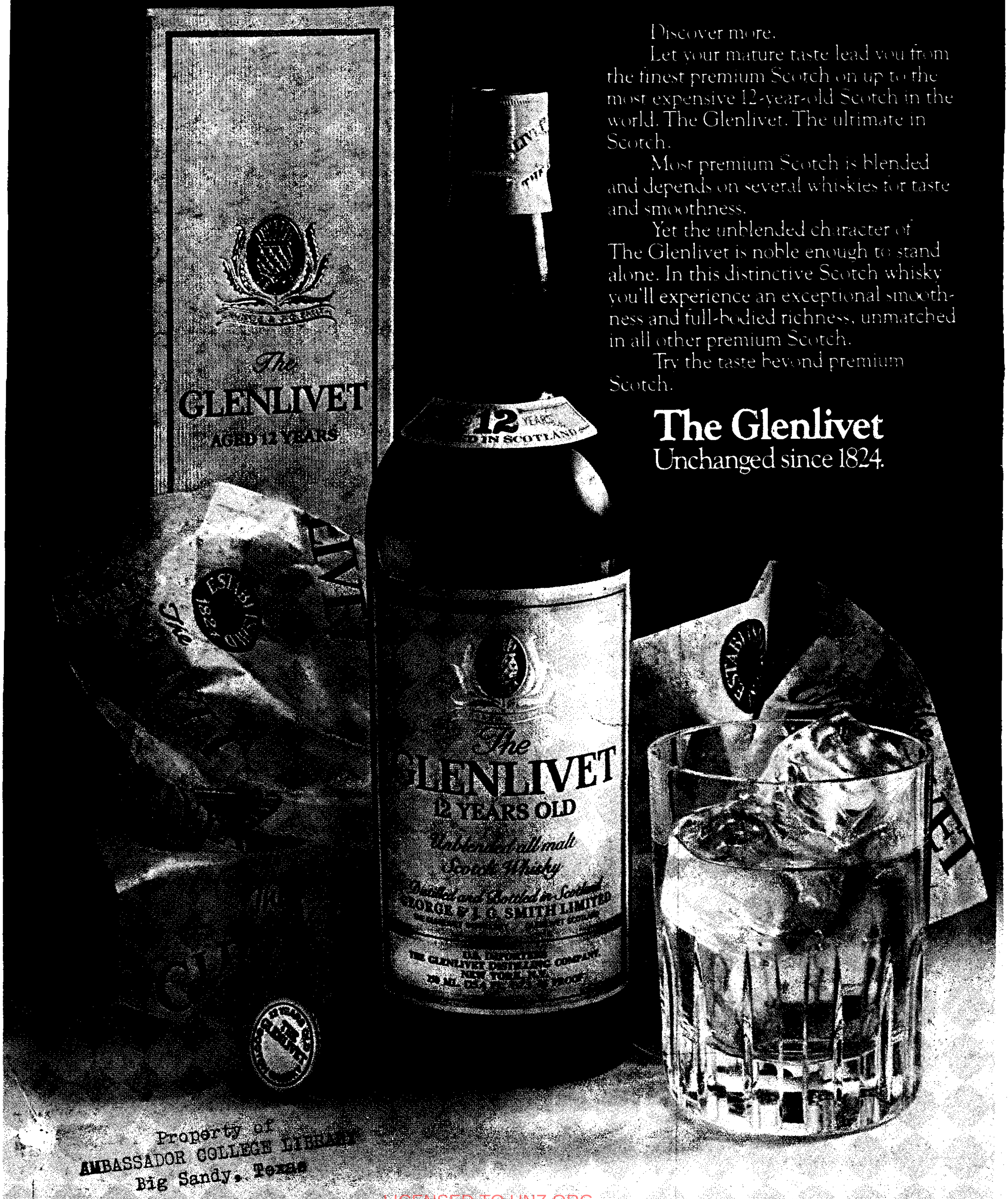
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